My Life & Times

D. P. Faure.

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PREFACE.

This book is mainly intended for my children. I wished to give them information about the events which occurred partly before their birth, partly during their childhood, when they were too young to understand what was going on around them. This explains why references to domestic affairs are almost entirely wanting, for these are well known to them, and what happens in the home circle does not interest the public, certainly does not concern the world outside.

Men like those books best with the contents of which they agree. If I am correct in this, my book will be liked by very few. Many who assent to the theological views expressed in it will dissent from the political opinions for which it contends, or *vice versa*, and the few who concur on both these points will object to chapters in which other subjects are discussed. Ample food, therefore, is here supplied for critics to feast on. Let me express the hope that they will

> Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice.

MY LIFE AND TIMES.

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I.

ANCESTRY.

I am a Huguenot of the Huguenots. Every drop of blood in my veins is French, with only one drop of Dutch added, as appears from the genealogical tree of which a brief sketch follows. Yet whatever the constituents of my blood, South Africa is my country, and I am a South African, proud both of my country and of my people.

The genealogy referred to has as its heading an introductory paragraph, in which the first known ancestor of our family is stated to have been Antonius Faure, or, as our Latinized forefathers in the Middle Ages wrote it: Faurus. In alluding to this ancestor we are indeed transported to the confines of the Middle Ages, for the year of his birth was 1553, and he died in 1620. He bore the title of Knight, Baron of Peroges, and was First President of the Council of Savoy. He is described as "celebrated both on account of the important offices held by him at Court and for his learning, as illustrated by his excellent writings." He was born at Bourg, in the Province of Bresse, near Dauphiné, "where, as well as in Languedoc and Angoulême, the family was distinguished for its noble birth, position and inter-marriage with the first families." His wife was named Benoite Faure, Lady of Vaugelas.

The above, however, does not exhaust the merits of my esteemed forefather and his Lady. They placed the world under an obligation to them by presenting it with sixteen sons, but we are left in ignorance as to the number of daughters that gathered around the old couple's hospitable board. Of this noble army of sixteen, I have particulars concerning two, Pierre and Jean, both of whom, being Huguenots, had to flee from France when the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685. They left Orange, where they had settled, and took refuge in Holland, then the stronghold of Protestantism in Europe, and the asylum, which it has ever been, for all victims of religious intolerance. Jean went to Bergen op Zoom and Pierre to Borkulo. When the Peace of Ryswyk was concluded in 1697,

both brothers returned to Orange, but their children, who had by that time obtained situations in the Netherlands, and had settled there, remained in their adopted country—a course which their parents would have done well to have followed, for Pierre died shortly after his repatriation, while Jean had once more to seek safety in flight when religious persecution re-commenced, and returned to Bergen op Zoom in 1702. From this Jean is descended the Dutch branch of the family, of whom there are still a few left, now known as Van Boneval Faure, the name of their maternal grandmother having been added. Pierre, who was married to Justine Pointy, had three children, of whom a son and a daughter settled in Switzerland, and the other son, Antonie, born in the very year of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope, where he married Rachel de Villiers. One of their sons, Abraham, became the father of my grandfather, Jan Pieter Faure, who was Secretary to the Orphan Chamber, now called the Master's Office, and he married Anna Catharina Brand, the aunt of the late Sir Christoffel Brand, who therefore was my father's first cousin. Jan Pieter had five daughters and two sons; one of the latter, Abraham, was my father, my mother being Dorothea Susanna de Villiers, daughter of a wine farmer at Banhoek, in the Stellenbosch District, David Pieter de Villiers and his wife, Dorothea Susanna Retief. It will thus be seen that all my ancestors, male and female, bear French names, the single drop of Dutch blood to which I have alluded, was added to this by my paternal grandmother, Brand. The younger brother of my father, also named Jan Pieter, had only one son, who has left a few descendants. The majority of the Faure's in South Africa, constituting what, for brevity's sake, I may call the "orthodox" branch of the family, are the posterity of Jacobus Christian Faure, who was my grandfather's younger brother.

In his eighteenth year my father left home, and proceeded to the University of Leyden to study law, and on the 16th of June, 1819, he obtained his LL.D. degree, after a public defence of his dissertation "De Emphyteusi ex Jure Romano et de Titulis Agros possidendi in promontorio Bonæ Spei." After his return to the Colony, and after having practised his profession as Advocate in the Supreme Court a short time, Lord Charles Somerset, the then Governor of the Colony, issued a decree to the effect that after a certain date all the proceedings in the Supreme Court were to be conducted exclusively in the English language. This exclusion of their language from the Law Courts of the country was regarded as an insufferable grievance by the Dutch-speaking Colonists, who were then in an immense majority, and it was one of the most efficient causes of that discontent with British Rule, which, a few years later, led to the Great Trek, in order to escape it. This Proclamation was strongly resented by my father and some of his contemporaries, Advocates Jan de Wet, Joubert and Hofmeyr. Attempts to obtain the cancellation of this innovation, to them so distasteful and obnoxious, were vain; there was nothing for it but

to submit or to go, and accordingly my father and his above-mentioned colleagues went, and ceased to practice. This, as far as I am aware, was the first instance of a colonial "strike," and it proved as abortive as the many others which have since occurred elsewhere.

Shortly afterwards, the Government offered my father the Magistracy of the District of Stellenbosch, which he accepted, his term of office commencing on the 1st of January, 1828. The salary attached to the office, £500, was a very liberal one for those days, and especially at Stellenbosch, where living was very cheap, it enabled him to live very comfortably. But after having held that position for about three and a half years, he was required by the Government to enforce one of the many regulations, considered extremely vexatious by the owners of slaves, the sole tendency of which was according to them to undermine their authority over their slaves, and to encourage insubordination. As a fact, slavery never obtained a very firm footing in the Cape Colony. This abominable and iniquitous system could not take root in the hearts of the Dutch and Huguenot stock, who valued individual liberty above all things. Under the Dutch East India Company but few slaves were imported. After the restoration of the Colony to the Batavian Republic, it looked, under the administration of Commissioner De Mist, as if the days of the slavery system were numbered in this Colony. But when the Cape again, and for good, came under British Rule, many cargoes of slaves were landed here, and were, of course, bought up by the Colonists, who were forced to do so by the chronic deficiency of labour. Yet slavery was as tolerable here as such a system could be. The Negroes were well treated, and instances of cruelty were rare. Emancipation was by no means a terror to the Cape slave-holder. On several occasions it was publicly discussed, and gradual emancipation was favoured and recommended by the farmers themselves. Their idea was that all children of slaves born after a certain date should be declared free.

Under these circumstances, the slave-holders took great offence at the Regulation by which they were directed to keep a register, in which they had to record the punishments inflicted on their slaves, the offences which had occasioned the infliction, and the nature of the punishment; and these records were to be submitted to periodical inspection by officials appointed for that purpose. The farmers of Stellenbosch determined to disregard the order. But a few of them, of a more submissive disposition, agreed to ride into the village on a certain day in April, 1831, and to hand in their "slaven boekjes" to the official for examination. This became known, and a large body of farmers assembled and demonstrated their disgust at the conduct of their fellow burghers in a very practical manner, by insults and jeers, and by pelting them with dirt and eggs which did not answer the description of "newly laid." In fact, there was a general riot, and very serious consequences seemed at one time extremely probable. My father's position was most unenviable,

for however anxious he may have been to quell the disturbance, he was perfectly helpless, the only force at his disposal being half-a-dozen policemen, whose interference with the highly-excited and incensed crowd would certainly have had the effect of the proverbial spark in a powder magazine.

This non interference, however, brought my father's magisterial career to an end. He was deprived of his office ostensibly for not putting down the rioting, but what influenced this decision was probably the fact that he allowed some days to pass before reporting the matter to the authorities in Cape Town. This must have been regarded as sufficiently clear proof of his sympathies being, from the Government point of view, on the wrong side, and naturally he had to make room for a differently constituted official. He thereupon went into partnership with his cousin, Jan Faure, in an auctioneer's business, and on the 1st of November, 1834, his marriage, to which I have already referred, took place, the issue of which was a daughter and two sons. My sister, the eldest, is still living, my elder brother died in infancy. The auctioneer's business was, I believe, fairly prosperous during the first years, but in 1845 or 1846, it came to a disastrous end. My father lost his all, everything was sold off, and he left Stellenbosch to make a fresh start in Cape Town. There he obtained the situation of cashier at the South African Association, and from 1853 he was with Messrs. Redelinghuys and Wessels, the well-known firm of attorneys, up to 1866, when he retired. At the same time he was employed by the proprietors of the *Zuid Afrikaan* newspaper, as Translator, and assisted in the editing of the *Zuid Afrikaansch Tydschrift* during the twenty years of its existence ; the " Kroniek " at the end of each number being his work.

He died in December, 1869, in his 74th year ; my mother surviving him till 1894, when she passed away at the age of 84, respected and beloved by all who knew her, and her memory ineffaceable in the hearts of her children.

II.

CHILDHOOD.

I was born at Stellenbosch on the 11th of November, 1842, in the house on the Braak, now the property of the Rhenish Missionary Society, and converted by them into a boarding school for young ladies. As only the first four years of my life were spent there my recollections must necessarily be few, and most of them not of sufficient interest to be recounted here. It would seem, however, that I was a somewhat precocious child. Before I could read I knew Van Alphen's Kinder Gedichten by heart,—a sister of my father who lived with us, repeating them to me over and over again, till they were fixed in my memory—as they are to this day. According to universal custom, this cleverness was not permitted to be hidden under a bushel, but was made to shine before men. When visitors called I was placed on a chair, and told to recite some verses. And when on one occasion two of my mother's younger sisters had the audacity to burst out in irreverent laughter at my performance, my youthful resolution, previously formed, to become a clergyman, was at once changed into the determination to pursue the career of a policeman, which would afford me the opportunity of keeping my giddy, disrespectful young aunts under control and restraint. It was at this period also that my father one day thought it necessary to punish me, and as this was the only occasion in my life when I was made to undergo this experience, it naturally made an indelible impression on me. There was a fig-tree at the further end of our backyard, the fruit of which I had been forbidden to pick. But the temptation proved too strong, and aided and abetted by a cousin I transgressed, and we were caught in the act by my father. He led us into the dining room where both of us where placed on a chair, and ordered to sit there till four o'clock, it being then about two in the afternoon. My father evidently felt the punishment more than we did ; for within half an hour he returned, and asked me what time it was. I looked at the clock and promptly answered : Four o'clock. "Well," said my father, "I told you that you might get up at four, you may go." So ended my first and last paternal punishment, and I may here add that I have never punished one of my children. I have acted on the theory that if a child cannot be managed and governed by words, punishment is no remedy. And as regards corporal punishment ; there is no better means of utterly spoiling a child. No treatment is better calculated to rob him of his self-respect, and if self-respect is lost, everything is lost, and the case is hopeless. Force is brutal, reason is human. I know that many, even most parents, regard punishment as being necessary and indispensable. Let those who believe that they would neglect their duty if they failed to punish their children, at all events see to it that the punishments stand in relation to and are the natural consequences of the

deeds for which they are imposed. Let the relation of the punishment to the wrong done be that of cause and effect. Let them read Herbert Spencer's little book on "Education," and especially the third chapter on "Moral Education," where they will find this subject treated with admirable good sense. No parent can afford to leave unread what England's unrivalled intellectual giant has to say on this matter.

In 1846, after my father's financial ruin, we removed to Cape Town. The journey from Stellenbosch to Cape Town which is now thought nothing of, was in those days an undertaking of considerable importance. It was performed in a "post wagon" drawn by eight horses, and some 6 or 7 hours were required to cover the distance. That part of the Cape Flats beyond Maitland was at that time crossed by a broad belt of deep, loose, perpetually shifting white sand, several miles in width, through which vehicles had to plough their way at a snail's pace,—a sore trial to the patience and temper of travellers and coachmen, and a far more painful experience to the draught animals, which were expected to convey heavy loads through this sandy desert. It was not till about five years later that a hard road was made across this sand barrier, and in order to prevent this road from being buried under the ever travelling sand drifts, sour figs were planted over the whole area, which effectually stopped this "perpetual motion," and to-day that very section of the Flats is the one most densely covered with shrubs and trees, no vestige of sand remaining. The heavy, unwieldy "postwagon" was in due time superseded by the omnibus, and since 1861 the railway train has secured the monopoly of the traffic.

Our new home was a house, bought for us by my grandfather, at the south western corner of Bree and Castle streets—a house which, being in Bree Street, is now, of course, a boarding house. With our now limited income there was no luxury in that home, but we had enough to supply our wants, and my mother, being the ablest of housekeepers, there was no waste, but simplicity and comfort ; and I think I am well within the mark when I say that in those days a family could live respectably on one-third of the sum which would now be required for that purpose. But my mother held other views about domestic economy, and the woman's sphere of work, than are prevalent in the days of her grandchildren. She managed without a new summer hat and a new winter bonnet every year, she could be content and happy without a new summer dress, and without a new winter cloak, as each successive season came round. The tyranny of "Fashion" did not exist for her. She wore her clothes as long as they would last, and made her children do the same. She was not above mending and renewing garments. With her "Society's" claims were not supreme. She had higher ideals than posing as a fashion puppet, and it was her aim to inspire her children with these more sensible, sounder and loftier principles. We lived at home, and were brought up to regard home life as *not* old fashioned or

ridiculous. She received and visited friends, did not live in seclusion, but nothing was sacrificed to "show," and we were satisfied and happy without entertainments, without garden parties, without dances, without theatres. We could also manage to walk 500 yards without finding it necessary to enter a cafe or refreshment room, and spending money there as a tribute to Fashion. When will people learn to be above "doing as others do," whether they can afford it or not, and that it is the part of the true man and the true woman to "stand out," and to do only that which according to their own conviction, is right and proper, and thus take up a position as individuals, be themselves, instead of nonentities in the common herd? I am thankful that it was early impressed upon me that heaven is within, and that costly amusements and gaieties do not lead to it. What endless misery, worry and ruin would be averted if the present generation could be brought to grasp this simple yet all important, truth !

But my young life was soon made very miserable and unhappy by an historical event of supreme importance. In 1848 rumours were current that the Convicts were coming, and I daily heard so much about the dreadful results which were to follow such an event that peaceful sleep became impossible. My childish imagination peopled the whole country with murderers and fiends; I never went to bed without first looking to see whether a convict was not hiding himself under it, and every night I dreamt of being tortured by merciless ruffians, my eyes gouged out, my throat cut and my bowels ripped up, and during some eighteen months I was a prey to these horrors. For it soon appeared that these rumours were the shadows cast by an actually coming event. In the beginning of 1849 it became known that the Imperial Government had decided to make the Cape a penal colony. Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania) was becoming overcrowded with British convicts, a new outlet had to be found, and that outlet was to be the Cape Colony. But Earl Grey, the Colonial Minister, and his colleagues (among whom, incredible as it sounds, was Gladstone) had made their arrangements and their calculations without taking into account the resistance, and the veto of a determined and free people. The whole Colony to a man, without distinction of race, colour or creed, at once resolved that this should not be. In every town and village all over the Colony petitions were signed against the measure, and public meetings were held protesting against it. No detailed history of that memorable struggle has as yet been written. Some fifteen years ago I decided to make the attempt. I obtained permission from the Committee of the Public Library to take home the newspapers of those days. I have in my own possession a collection made by my father of documents, blue-books, squibs, cartoons and caricatures bearing on the matter. I had read up the subject, and filled a manuscript with notes when I received a letter from the librarian stating that these newspapers were continually asked for by readers and subscribers, that they could no longer be spared, and requesting me to return them. I did so, and

as it was impossible to proceed with the work without these, and as it was impossible for me to spend whole days in the Library building, I had to abandon the task in disgust. I am still hoping that such a detailed account will one day be written by someone else. It would teach the world how, in a righteous cause, dogged, passive, unanimous resistance by the weak, can baffle, overcome, and vanquish the strong, and that tyranny is possible only when people are cowardly enough to submit to it.

The Anti-Convict Association was formed, of which Mr. Fairbairn was the leading spirit. Under the auspices of this Association the memorable great public meeting was held, which I well remember, on the 4th of July, 1849, in the open air, outside the Commercial Exchange—for there was no room inside—and there thousands of citizens stood several hours in the pouring rain to listen to, and to express their sympathy with, the movers and seconders of ten resolutions. The sixth of these was moved by Dr. Changuoin, and my father spoke in support of it; it reads thus:—"That it is the right and duty of the inhabitants of this Colony, individually and collectively, in their private and public capacities, to oppose the execution of this injurious, degrading, despotic and dangerous measure by all constitutional means, and that one of the most effective means will be to sign and rigidly adhere to the following pledge: 'We, the Undersigned, Colonists and inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope, hereby solemnly declare and pledge our faith to each other that we will not employ or knowingly admit into our establishments or houses, work with or for or associate with any convicted felon or felons sent to the Colony under sentence of transportation, and that we will discountenance and drop connection with any person who may assist in landing, supporting or employing such convicted felons.'" At a later meeting of the Association a clause was added to the effect that no one should be permitted to supply any person belonging to the Military, the Naval and the Civil Services with food or other necessaries of life. Those who broke or ignored this pledge were at once excommunicated by the Association, and notice was given in the newspapers that no one was permitted to have anything to do with them. Thus did we boycott in Cape Town long before Mr. Boycott was heard of. And it is very significant, and shows the unanimity of the population, that it was found necessary to boycot only about half a dozen men; one or two of these, whose names I shall not help to rescue from oblivion, who had done their utmost to thwart the will of their people and to ruin their country, were rewarded by being recommended by the Imperial Ministry for knighthood, and were knighted accordingly. Since that date Cape Colonists have learned to estimate such titles at their true value, and now like

. . . men of independent mind
They look and laugh at a' that.

How effectual the pledge was, and how drastic in its working appears very clearly from the case of Mr. Letterstedt. This gentle-

man was a dealer in grain and flour who was reported to the Association as having sold grain to the Government. The charge proved to be well founded, and notice was given in the papers that all dealings with Mr. Letterstedt were forbidden. Mr. Letterstedt then brought an action in the Supreme Court against some members of the Association who, as he alleged, had conspired against him, and demanded £5,000 damages. Plaintiff's declaration illustrates the unenviable position of the man who broke the pledge. The Declaration states—and that the statements were true is beyond question—that as the result of the Association's resolution, persons who had contracted with him for the supply of goods, had broken their contracts, that when he went to the public market to buy grain, his bids were refused by the Marketmaster ; that the owners of the coasting steamer *Phœnix* refused to admit his grain on board ; that he had wished, by public sale, to dispose of a cargo consigned to him in the *Emelie*, but that the auctioneers Jones, Blore and Bartman and Cauvin, had refused to sell it ; that the firm Home, Eager and Co. had refused to deliver wheat which they had sold to him ; that the owners of wagons plying for hire refused to carry his goods to customers ; that the firm of Ebden and Co. declined to sell wheat to him upon credit ; that the bakers Villet, Marais and Decker who had previously bought their flour from him, now declined to have any further dealings with him, etc.

In December, 1849, this curious and interesting case came before the Supreme Court, consisting of the Chief Justice, Sir John Wylde, and Judges Menzies and Musgrave. The Attorney-General (W. Porter) and Advocate Ebden appeared for the plaintiff, and Advocates Christoffel and John Brand and Advocate Watermeyer for the defendants. The defendants pleaded an exception recusing the Chief Justice and Judge Menzies as having extra judicially expressed opinions, and given advice in the matter (to the Governor). They went even further, and the whole of the first day was devoted to Mr. Brand's arguments to show that the recused judges had no right to decide this exception, but should make room for assessors to be appointed by the Governor. The next day the Chief Justice and Judge Menzies declared their intention to retain their seats, whereupon Mr. Brand stated that he would retire, and that defendants would appeal direct to Her Majesty the Queen, and having handed in a protest sat down. Judge Musgrave, however, held a different opinion, he wished the hearing of the case to be postponed, and stated that he had resolved to retire from the bench, while this case was proceeding. The amiable Chief Justice, after having told Judge Musgrave that he was wasting time, left the court while that Judge was stating his reasons, and returned when his brother had finished. When the court met on the next day the Attorney-General announced that his client had determined to postpone the case, which was but another way of saying that the action was abandoned, and as a fact, this was the end of it, and there can be no doubt that this wise counsel was given by the great and good William Porter.

But Mr. Letterstedt's troubles were not at an end. Shortly afterwards a large mob assembled in the evening, and attacked his stores at the lower end of Bree Street, smashed the windows, and did whatever damage their hands found to do. Thereupon they proceeded to the Parade, where he was burnt in effigy. Now Mr. Abraham de Smidt, who as a member of the Legislative Council had made himself extremely unpopular by supporting the Government, resided in Riebeek Square, and had a faithful old Malay servant. This old man hearing in the streets that Mr. Letterstedt had been burnt on the Parade (in the hurry the "effigy" was left out), and that they were now going to do for his master, rushed home with this information adding : that the mob was now coming to fetch the master to burn him also on the Parade. Mr. De Smidt, in full dress ready to proceed to Government House, where he had been invited to dine, perceiving that there was no Government House dinner for him *that* evening, lacking the spirit of the old Martyrs, and entertaining objections against being burnt alive, hastily took refuge in his carriage standing in his coachhouse, where he was supposed to have spent the dreadful night. But his house did not escape, his windows were broken, and I have a very distinct recollection of the sad remains of a beautiful chandelier which was hanging in his drawing room. The times were very much out of joint then.

On the morning of the 19th of September, 1849, the citizens of Cape Town were awakened from their sleep by the doleful tolling of all the church bells. No one asked what it meant. Everybody at once understood. The dreaded convict ship *Neptune* had dropped anchor in Simons Bay. It was felt to be the darkest day in the history of the Colony. With tears in their eyes men shook hands in silence. The calamity was crushing. Feelings were too deep for words. The first rush was, of course, to the office of the Anti-Convict Association. There it was at once resolved to adhere to the Pledge more firmly than ever, and that parties of citizens should be sent to Simonstown, which were to be daily relieved by others, to mount guard, and to prevent anyone leaving the ship. My father had his turn also, and it continued while the *Neptune* was lying there, nor did the excitement and agitation cease till near the end of February, 1850, when the *Neptune* with unbroached cargo left for other shores, the British Government having found that the attempt to convert the Cape Colony into a Penal Settlement was futile and hopeless. The Colony had triumphed, and had proved itself worthy of the Representative Institutions which soon afterwards were conferred upon it. And with the *Neptune* below the horizon my nightmares also vanished into thin air. But before taking leave of this episode, I should add that when normal conditions and tranquillity were restored, the Municipal Board, of which my father was a member, on his motion, resolved to change the name of the Heerengracht, the principal street in Cape Town, into Adderley Street, in recognition of the services rendered by Mr. Charles Adderley, who had so vigorously defended the cause and the rights of the Cape Colony in the British House of

Commons. Adderley Street, therefore, is the monument commemorating the grand and glorious victory of the Colony. Why Fairbairn Street has not supplanted St. George's Street is an unfathomable mystery. Cape Town and Cape Colony unquestionably owe a heavy debt to the sturdy indomitable Scotch Colonist, they owe nothing to the Saint.

The Cape Town of my youth is gone. If a traveller who had visited it in the fifties were now to return, he would not recognize it. The greater part of the now so populous District No. 6 was veld, Orange Zicht a fir forest, Tambour's Kloof a vineyard. There was no train, no tram, no cab. Table Mountain and its satellites still stand there in undiminished grandeur and beauty, but little else is to be seen that has retained its old shape and appearance. Even the perfect oval of Table Bay has been spoilt by human interference, and the graceful bend of beach from Chavonne Battery to the Castle has been transformed into a straight line since the construction of the Breakwater and the Docks, and by the reclaimed land formed by the deposits of town rubbish and refuse, with the result that the Dock Road has now usurped the old domain of the sea. The transparent blue waters of the Bay have had to make way for a turbid, stagnant pool, into which the sewers of the town and Woodstock empty themselves, and from which the purifying currents and tides are shut out by the Breakwater. While in my boyhood, standing at the end of the jetty, the smallest pebble could be distinctly seen on the sands under some twelve feet of water, one now looks into a murky, foul fluid. Modern progress has indeed made Table Bay a safer harbour, but in order to attain this object its beauty has been ruthlessly sacrificed. Also in another way Table Bay has been robbed of its good looks by the Docks. For the Bay is now empty, scarcely a vessel riding at anchor. Then they were all lying in the roadstead with a fleet of boats engaged in shipping and discharging cargo. There were three jetties, one at the end of Bree Street, one at the end of Adderley Street, and one near the Castle. The latter was already at that time disused, but the two others presented a most lively and busy scene, with scores of coolies loading goods on scores of wagons. Now these same sites are the most forlorn, silent and deserted in the vicinity of the City.

The changes which have taken place in the City itself must be seen to be believed. The fifty years have revolutionized its appearance and aspect. Double-storied houses were the rule then, three-storied ones the exception, and every house had its "stoep," and these stoeps were utilized for tea-drinking and smoking. All Cape Town now is shop. Then only Adderley and St. George's Streets were business streets, and even these not entirely; I can remember a couple of private residences in the former, and more than a dozen in the latter. In the other parts of the city there was a shop here and there, but for the rest, all the houses from Buitengracht to Burg Street, were dwelling houses, which have now been supplanted by skyscrapers and shops. Verily, Napoleon I.—

though he never saw Cape Town—was right when he said that the British were a nation of shopkeepers. Now the inhabitants are scattered over the various suburban villages; then they lived in Cape Town, close together, next door to each other, and this explains why social life was then on a much more satisfactory footing; everybody knew everybody else, those who were not friends and neighbours, were at all events acquaintances; in the streets one saw only familiar faces.

I cannot help thinking that, in spite of all our vaunted progress, life was then much more worth living than it is now; men then had time to enjoy it, they took things easier, money-grabbing was not yet the be-all and end-all of existence. Certainly, life *was* easier in those days. Now Cape Town is perhaps the most expensive place to live in of all places in the world; then living, especially food, was cheap; meat was twopence per pound, and better than the stuff for which ruinous prices are now demanded. Fish, vegetables and fruit were plentiful, and everybody could have them. Then four oranges were sold for one penny, now it sometimes happens that one is sold for four pence. That is the difference. But then there was no Johannesburg to which everything is now exported. But nothing so well illustrates the startling change which prices have undergone in the interval, as the fact that for a snoek, which then cost one penny, sometimes a half-penny, now as much as 4s. 6d. is charged, and it is rarely to be had for three shillngs.

In those pre-railway days, Cape Town presented an interesting appearance in the forenoon. All farm produce was then sent to market in ox wagons, and these conveyed supplies from town back to the farms. In the morning the streets were crowded with these antediluvian machines drawn by fourteen or sixteen oxen, which one saw lying down in the yoke in front of the merchants' stores where the coffee, sugar, rice, etc., for home consumption, were being loaded. It was a marvel to see these long spans turn the sharp street corners without collisions or accidents of any kind ever happening.

Another, to me, singularly attractive feature of old Cape Town was that on moonlight nights small parties of Malays, about eight or ten in number, slowly strolled up and down the streets singing the most sentimental Dutch songs in perfect time and harmony. The streets are there still, and the Malays likewise, and the moonlight is as bright as it was in the middle of the last century, but those voices are hushed, the vocalists are in their graves, and the generation that succeeded them has different tastes, the amusement is too innocent to suit them. A still more strikingly beautiful performance could often be enjoyed on the jetties after sunset. Then the coolies, some eighty or a hundred of them, who had been coaling a steamer, were brought back to shore in a large cargo boat, and as the boat was being slowly rowed over the dead calm blue waters, in which it was mirrored, the leader, generally a clear tenor, would strike up a few bars, after which the whole company

would fall in, a chorus of stentorian voices resounding over the Bay, entrancing in its grandeur and with thrilling effect. I have heard some of the greatest and most celebrated singers in the world, in operas and oratorios, assisted by the largest and best-trained choirs, but they have never moved me as these swarthy coolies, begrimed with coal dust, chanting their vespers in the twilight on the still waters of Table Bay. Fifty years have gone by since those notes fell upon my ears for the last time. I hear them still.

III.

SCHOOL DAYS.

During the first years after our removal to Cape Town, while I was still too young to be sent to school, my mother instructed me in the elementary subjects. The "Tot Nut van 't Algemeen" was my first school. This Institution was under the management of a Board of Directors, and, though a public school, all the Directors, I believe, were either ministers or churchwardens of the Dutch Reformed Church, and the school language was principally Dutch. The De Kock family was identified with it. There was "Lang Mynheer De Kock" (Servaas), who just about that time resigned, after many years' service, and became secretary to the Fire Insurance Company, the Protecteur; there was "Kort Mynheer De Kock" (Stephanus), so called, not because he was below the average height, but because he was one inch shorter than his brother, who was over six feet; there was Willem De Kock, who had charge of the Junior Department; and there was Daniel De Kock, who also taught the Junior Classes. Mr. Otto Landsberg, who recently died in his 104th year, was the drawing master. The school was attended by as many girls as boys, but the girls were taught by lady teachers in another part of the building. The central portion of the building was the residence of the English teacher, Mr. Berry, and his family. The lower wing was the girls' school, and the upper the boys' quarters. It was the building now known as the Art School in Queen Victoria Street. The street was then called New Street, and half of it, the portion adjoining the wall of the Public Gardens, was taken in by a "gracht," or open water-course. Mr. Berry was a typical Englishman, in that he ignored all languages except his own, and thought it unnecessary to learn to pronounce and to understand the name of the Institution in which he obtained his living. As stated before, the building had two wings; on the upper one were inscribed the words "Tot Nut van," and on the lower "het Algemeen." Accordingly, Mr. Berry always called the school the "Tot Nut," with a very strong accent on the first word.

It would be difficult to assign a place for this Institution among the schools as they are now graded. Mathematics formed no part of the curriculum, and it was only in the year before I left it that a certain Mr. Wilson was appointed to impart to us some elementary knowledge of Latin. The extra subjects were singing, drawing, and, strange to say, the use of globes, which latter, judging from my own experience, might with advantage be introduced into our modern schools, for by it I was thoroughly grounded in geography, and, even in those early days, acquired a very fair general knowledge of simple astronomical facts, such as the movements of the earth and the heavenly bodies, the causes of the changes of the seasons, eclipses, etc. Many things which one learns at school are soon forgotten, and

never missed in after life, but the thorough training I had at this school in grammatical Dutch, has been of incalculable advantage to me in my later career, and it was imprinted by having daily to correct misspelt and ungrammatical passages written on the black-board, and to give reasons why they should be so corrected—a mode of teaching languages which, I believe, is utterly condemned by modern educationists, on the ground that it tends to spoil the literary taste. I am thankful that Kort Mynheer De Kock was not up-to-date in his method, for in my case, it was a success, and the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof.

After I had been in this school for about five years, and had reached the position of top boy in the highest class, it became necessary to make a change. My father was thinking of sending me to the South African College, when Dr. Changuion generously offered him a free scholarship for me in his Seminary, which at that time was in no way inferior to the South African College. Dr. Changuion, who had graduated in Literature at the University of Leiden, had come to the Cape in 1831 on receiving the appointment of Professor in Classics at the South African College, but eleven years later he established a private school, which during many years proved a successful rival to the College. It was in Strand Street, facing Burg Street, now Fletcher & Co., White House. The school, to which a boarding establishment was attached, was divided into two departments. Of the Junior department, his son François was the head, and in the Senior department he employed many able assistants. Before my time, one of these had been Mr. Aitchison, afterwards Postmaster-General of the Colony; my teachers were, besides the Doctor himself, who took the modern languages, history and elocution classes, Dr. van Oordt in classics, Mr. R. Noble and Dr. Cameron, while Mr. L. Marquard, afterwards Surveyor-General, taught arithmetic and mathematics. There seems to have been a peculiarly political atmosphere about the establishment, for Dr. Changuion was leader writer for the *Zuid Afrikaan*, Mr. R. Noble did the same for the *Cape Argus*, Dr. van Oordt was afterwards Editor of *Het Volksblad*, and Mr. L. Marquard edited a Liberal Theological paper, *De Onderzoeker*. Dr. van Oordt, also from Leiden, was a very clever and very learned man, but his faculty of imparting knowledge was not highly developed. He was very strict, very dry, and not popular among the boys. He could make us do our work, but he could not, and did not attempt to, make us love it. Reitz Themata, a series of Dutch exercises for translation into Latin, I worked through with him, and these have been a greater help to me than aught else in acquiring a knowledge of that language. The Greek verb the Doctor rammed into me mercilessly and indefatigably. I read with him, Ovid, Virgil, Cicero, Sallust and Terrence, and in Greek, Xenophon, Herodotus and Homer, so that when I entered the University I found myself quite as well equipped in these subjects as the rest. Of the mathematical subjects, Mr. Marquard was an ideal teacher, also severely strict, but he understood the art of making things plain and clear.

In me, however, he had poor material to operate upon, for I never had a liking for mathematics.

Science was not taught in those days. The one subject useful to all, and the knowledge of which becomes more necessary every day, was entirely neglected then, as to a sad extent, it is still. Classics and mathematics are still regarded by many as the Alpha and Omega of education. As to Latin, Greek and Hebrew, what student can hope to become so thoroughly at home in these that he will be able to translate them more correctly than they have been translated by the greatest scholars? We are assured that the study of the Dead Languages is necessary for the development of literary taste, and to form the literary style. The Latin and Greek orators are held up to us as models of eloquence, refinement and close reasoning. It requires courage to indulge in such assertions, for it is clear as the noonday sun that if a man were to-day to deliver addresses from pulpit or platform, at the Bar or in Parliament, with such involved and interminable sentences as those of Cicero or Demosthenes, he would, far from convincing, persuading and inspiring, either drive his audience away or excite their risibility. Such modes of speaking are as dead as the languages are in which we find them. The only thing they seem to me to teach is how *not* to do it, and to learn *that* it is a pity to waste so many precious years on classical studies.

Mathematics, of course, are of far greater practical use, but for me, and for many others who were not destined to be surveyors, engineers, etc., the time devoted to plane and solid geometry, to plane and spherical trigonometry, could have been spent to infinitely greater advantage on physics, chemistry, natural history, astronomy, etc. The educational value of mathematics is asserted to be that thereby the reasoning powers are developed, but as so few people can and do argue logically, it would seem that the value of such training is considerably over-estimated. In any case, for the purposes of intellectual discipline, familiarity with the first book of Euclid would suffice. Of spherical trigonometry I know absolutely nothing to-day, and throughout my life I have never had reason to regret that I had forgotten all I learnt at school about it. On the other hand, I have constantly had ample reason to regret that science teaching was thought unnecessary in my youth. And finding in my practical work that such knowledge is indispensable, and becoming more invaluable every day, I had to make up for the arrears caused by a faulty system of education, and had to gather from books in after life information which ought to have been imparted to me at school; so that in later years, the time which should have been devoted to the application of knowledge, had to be given to acquiring it.

After this digression, I return to Dr. Changuion and his school. The Doctor was known among the boys by no other name than that of "Ou Stroop" (old syrup). It was a term of endearment. He was so named because of his "sweet reasonableness." He was

beloved by his pupils, he understood them, could enter into their feelings, and could appreciate the schoolboy humour. He had a profuse crop of snow-white, crisp, woolly hair, and when he appeared in the class-room, after having been operated upon by his barber, one half of the class would shout: "Wie heeft u gekapt?" (who has cut your hair?) to which the other half promptly would respond: "Lodewyk, de Kapper" (Lodewyk, the hairdresser) which, being quotations from Dutch and English translation exercises published by the Doctor, would call forth an amused smile, which plainly indicated that he enjoyed the joke as much as they did, and as he walked to his desk, he would say: "I am glad to see that you are so at home in your school-books." Then again, when on the first hot day in summer, he entered the room in a long, white coat, he was greeted on all sides with the exclamation: "Schildpad het een nieuwe dop gekry" (the tortoise has got a new shell) and again he would make it evident that he greatly enjoyed the application of the proverb. Among the boys, there was one, named Ekermans, who presented a most peculiar appearance, with the features of a man of advanced age, and decidedly the reverse of handsome, upon whom the boys had bestowed the nickname of Erasmus, probably on account of his venerable countenance, for his mind and abilities by no means reminded one of the renowned Rotterdam philosopher; and this *lucus a non lucendo* seemed to tickle the Doctor's fancy so immensely, that he also often addressed the boy as Erasmus, who, so far from taking offence, accepted it as a compliment. Among the collection of recitations used in his elocution class there was a peculiarly silly one, commencing thus:—

> The rose has been washed, just washed in a shower,
> Which Mary to Anna conveyed.

When it fell to my lot one day to recite this piece, I stopped suddenly at the end of the second line, and said to the Doctor: "Can you explain, sir, how Mary managed to convey a shower of rain to Anna?" "Ah," said he, "I see your critical faculty is well developed, you promise to be an acute critic some day." These words have continually recurred to me in later years, for criticism is my element, as it were; in fact, with advancing years, I find that I have become hypercritical.

From these instances of familiarity it must not be inferred that there was disorder in Dr. Changuion's classes, or that insubordination prevailed. On the contrary, we loved him too well to give trouble. During the five or six years I was with him, he only once had occasion to cane a boy, while the other teachers had daily to take recourse to some form of corporal or other punishment. Schoolboys are known for not being very charitable in their judgment of their teachers, they are soon ready with charges of unfairness and injustice, but such things were never said of the good old Doctor. They knew him to be their friend, and they repaid him with their respect and affection.

It is a great satisfaction to me to be able to say that I had a special opportunity of making some small return to him for my free scholarship. He offered me the situation of assistant teacher in the Junior department at a small salary. I accepted the post, and taught the Juniors two hours a day during the last three years of my school life, but I declined to accept remuneration for the work. When I told him that I could not accept a salary from him who had given me an education gratis, the old man simply nodded his head in silence; it seemed to take him by surprise; evidently it was something outside his ordinary experience. For the world had not rewarded him as he deserved. It had not supplied him with the means of spending his last days in comfort. His educational establishment had not been a paying concern. He ultimately had to give it up, being no longer able to carry it on at a loss. He left the Colony in 1862, and went to Switzerland, where he could live on a smaller income, and there still continued giving private lessons till death made an end to his busy, active, useful life. He has not lived in vain. Peace to his ashes!

My school-holidays were always spent with my mother's relatives at Stellenbosch, sometimes at Somerset West Strand, but mostly on the farm of my uncle, Jan de Villiers, at Banhoek. The name of the farm is Zeven Rivieren, and it was the heaven of my boyhood. As its name indicates, it was particularly well watered, the Dwars River spreading over it in several branches. It was a wine farm, with abundance of fruit, three orange orchards, an extensive forest of grand oaks, by which also the commodious dwelling house was surrounded. The chief attraction and enjoyment was going out shooting with my cousins. Game was plentiful, grysbok, reebok, klipspringer, partridges and pheasants. Those days in the veld and on the mountains can never be forgotten. Then there was fishing and bathing in the rivers, milking the cows, attending to the lambs and kids, snaring birds, trapping bucks in the vineyard, watching the wine-making, assisting at the brandy stills, sampling the grapes and fruit on a huge scale all day long, smoking reed pipes (fluitjes-riet), manufactured by ourselves, in secluded nooks in the river bed, the bitterness of which pipes was sweetened by the consciousness of its being a forbidden luxury, riding on horseback, and other similar delights which can be thoroughly appreciated only at that age.

And also at a later period, up to 1881, I always managed to find time for a few days' shooting there twice a year. The killing part of the work never was agreeable to me, the great charm was the excitement and the mountaineering, but the sense of the cruelty of the sport gradually grew upon me, and at the date mentioned it had become so strong that I could no longer bring myself to kill these graceful, harmless animals for sport, and my gun was laid aside, and now I would as soon think of shooting myself as of shooting a klipspringer (the chamois of the Cape); in fact, this love of animals has so grown upon and mastered me, that I have

often shocked people by telling them that I would rather see a man maltreated than an animal. I say this because men can call their fellows to their aid, or can seek and obtain justice in a law court, but the horse, the dog, and the cat are helpless victims with no redress. After 1881, I also ceased my visits to the farm, for it was to me a painful sight to see its glories passing away. First came the Australian Bug (*Dorthesia*), which destroyed all the orange orchards, later followed the Phylloxera, which killed all the vines. In my youth, there was no happier, no more prosperous community than the wine farmers of that neighbourhood and Groot Drakenstein. They were not wealthy men, but all were in comfortable circumstances. My uncle told me that in one year he cleared £600 on his oranges alone. Theirs was then an ideally happy existence. They were not harassed by anxieties and cares; there was nothing to disturb "the even tenor of their way." But when the two above-mentioned insects appeared, there was an end to all this. All, or nearly all, of them were reduced to poverty, nearly all sold, or had to sell their farms, and these are now in the hands of newcomers. I cannot think of Groot Drakenstein now without identifying it with Goldsmith's "Deserted Village":—

> Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
> Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
> Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
> And parting Summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
> Dear, lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
> Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
> How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
> Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
> How often have I paused on every charm,
> The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm. . . . . .
>
> Our Sweet Auburn also is no more.

Besides what I learnt at school, I learnt a good deal from my father's library. Besides law books, it contained books on all sorts of subjects, and I read them indiscriminately. Among the books I still remember having read at that time were: Blair's "Lectures on Eloquence," Rollins' "Belles Lettres," Plutarch's "Lives," Goldsmith's works and similar books, not usually read by boys of that age. I also devoured all the works of Swift, Sterne, Smollet and Fielding, which, though highly undesirable reading for boys, did me no harm, as far as I am aware, probably because at that age I was too innocent to see any harm in them and too ignorant to understand many allusions contained in them. I also read a large number of Dutch novels and Dutch poets of the old school, such as Vondel, Bilderdyk, Tollens, etc., and a Dutch translation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." With the twenty volumes of the *Zuid Afrikaansch Tydschrift* I made myself quite familiar, and I read and re-read everything contained in them—except the sermons. Beets' "Camera Obscura" I almost knew by heart. In fact, with

the free and unrestrained use of my father's library, I think I was at 17 as "well read" as any other boy in the Colony.

In my 17th year I was attacked by "Zinking koorts," a disease which, according to the dictionary, is "catarrhal fever," but the popular translation of which is, I believe, "Rheumatic fever." This fever was very common among the youth of those days, it generally attacked them between the ages of 16 and 20, and was in very many cases fatal. One of the characteristics of the malady was that in those who recovered it often reappeared after twelve months. In my case it was so severe that at one stage it looked as if my biography would never be written. It is an unexplained mystery that this "Zinking koorts" is now never heard of, and that instead of it Typhoid and Enteric fever have become endemic diseases, though they were unknown here fifty, or even forty years ago. This phenomenon has to my knowledge attracted no attention hitherto. Will not one of our medical experts attempt the solution of this problem, which would supply material for a highly interesting treatise? The disappearance of the one and the appearance of the other is certainly remarkable.

IV.

STUDENT LIFE.

In March, 1861, at the age of 18, I left the Cape in the Mail Steamer *Dane*, and went *via* London to Holland, to study Theology at the University of Leiden. If I am asked what influenced my choice, why I selected this profession in preference to any other, the only answer I can give is that I was driven to it by a Power not myself, which there was no resisting, which left no choice, which I felt I *must* obey. The driving of this mysterious Power I have felt at several critical periods in my life. It is the Call which no man ought to ignore, which, perhaps, no man *can* ignore. Many of my readers probably have had the same experience. The modern Dutch poet, De Genestet has tersely and accurately expressed this truth in lines which I will not spoil by translating.

Om ons, in ons werkt en fluistert
Hooger Geest en Macht,
Die ons stuwt en buigt en kluistert
Met geheime kracht.

I left in March because it was thought necessary at that time that Cape students should arrive in Europe in the beginning of summer, so as to become gradually acclimatized. I discovered too late that this was a needless precaution; the cold did me no harm, and nothing but good; the only result of this excessive prudence was that I wasted half a year, for the summer vacation commences in June, and the Academic year begins at the end of September, so that before the latter date there were no lectures for me to attend. My going to Leiden was likewise unpremeditated. The "driving" above alluded to must have had to do with this also. Theologically, Leiden had a bad name at the Cape, for it was the heterodox University, and the Cape was orthodox. For many years past all the Cape ministers had been trained at Utrecht, which was conservative, or in Edinburgh, which was sound in doctrine. Yet I went to Leiden, not attracted by its Liberalism, for at that time we knew nothing about doctrinal differences. At home I had received the ordinary orthodox religious education. We were all members of the Dutch Reformed Church, regularly attending it twice every Sunday*, and we all believed the accepted, the popular,

* We never picked our preachers, we invariably went to the Bree Street Church in the morning and to the Adderley Street Church in the evening. Of the ministers then connected with the Cape Town Church, the Rev. A. Faure preached unadulterated Calvinism, the blood and hell theology which is no longer heard. His favourite psalm, which he made us sing four Sundays out of six, was the 68th, the comforting and inspiring contents of which were to the effect that the Lord would go forth to battle, would destroy and scatter His enemies, that the proudest foe would flee before His awful eye. That the godless would be reduced to ashes and melt away as wax on

doctrines; doubts were foreign to us, the Bible and the creeds were simply accepted as infallible, because we had been taught to regard them as such, and we had never heard of anyone, within the Dutch Reformed Church, who denied it.

With me went P. Beyers, another pupil of Dr. Changuion, who intended to qualify as a minister of the Lutheran Church, of which he was a member. The Cape students at Leiden at that time were: in Medicine, R. Zeederburg, C. C. J. Kotzé, M. Beyers, E. du Toit and N. Schönberg; in Law, Jac. de Wet; in Theology, P. Beyers, myself, and a year later, P. Vintcent, who had come over with the intention of studying at Utrecht, but preferring the Leiden atmosphere, he remained there. Of all these, I am the sole survivor.

There is a vast difference between the student life at a Dutch University and that at Oxford and Cambridge. The Dutch student is absolutely free, and his own master. There is no one to exercise supervision or authority over him. He attends the lectures if he likes, but if he prefers it, he goes for a walk, or a ride, or plays billiards. He lives in rooms which may be hired from tradesmen or shopkeepers all over the town; he has his door-key, and goes in and out at any hour of the day or night. This system is based on the assumption—the rational assumption—that the young man who cannot be trusted to take care of himself, is unfit for the University. The English system of college life and close supervision is based on a delusion. The supervision can never be so effectual as to leave no opportunity for immoral conduct to those who are inclined to misbehave. It is a wise political maxim to trust the people; it would be as wise to make it a rule in the

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glowing embers, while the pious people would rejoice, dance with joy, and live with the angels. The sermon ended with terrible threats of hell and eternal damnation, the sufferings of the damned and the various chambers of hell were described in the fullest detail. I often felt sick with terror. Nor were these endless agonies to be the portion only of wicked and godless sinners, even the best were in imminent peril, for they might not belong to the elect, and only the elect could escape the clutches of the Devil. The misery I endured after such harangues is indescribable. I felt that no greater calamity was conceivable than that of having been born. I crouched before the omnipotent, malignant Tyrant of the Universe. But what impressed me as powerfully was the complete indifference and insensibility of the congregation. They walked home chatting and joking, as if nothing had happened. The sermon was not referred to, they enjoyed their Sunday dinner. The hell which filled my thoughts did not disturb their equanimity.

I do not know whether this preacher of religion regarded intimidation as a more important part of his duty than instruction and information, but when, as a member of his class for religious instruction, I one day asked him why soldiers who shoot so many men are not regarded as murderers, his reply was, "Soldiers shoot at random, and therefore are not murderers; but if they deliberately aim at a particular individual, they would be guilty of murder." And when my father, whose mind was made uneasy by the text which states that the sin against the Holy Ghost would not be forgiven, went to his kinsman and spiritual adviser and asked him what was meant by sinning against the Holy Ghost, he received this reply: "Do not sin at all, and then you may be sure that you have not sinned against the Holy Ghost!"

educational world to trust the student. Those who know that they are persistently watched feel more tempted to avail themselves of any chance to transgress, than they who enjoy liberty, Treat the student as a schoolboy, and he will behave as such; trust him and self-respect will restrain him. It is usual to take two rooms, a sitting room and a bedroom, completely furnished, even to glass-ware, crockery, cutlery, linen, etc., etc., and service, and for all this he pays the ridiculous sum of £15 a year. The student takes his breakfast and tea in his rooms; he orders what he likes, and his landlady sends for it, and pays for it, and at the end of each week she produces her memorandum book, when the amount is refunded by the student. His dinner he takes either at the Students' Club, or in a restaurant, or half-a-dozen students club together and get some woman to cook for them. The average price of a dinner in my time was 16d. If a student had £120 a year to spend, he could have a very comfortable and enjoyable life. Out of that sum he could pay for his University fees, board and lodging, washing, fuel, cigars, wine, clothes, books, club expenses, etc., and could take part in all amusements and entertainments. Many students had to do on much less, very few spent more.

In spite of the absolute freedom enjoyed at the Dutch Universities, the number of those who go wrong is exceedingly small. A few lazy or incapable ones, men who ought never to have been sent to a University, allow a year or two or even more years to go by without going up for any examination, and this usually results in their being summoned home by their parents, and their University career is at an end. But even these are not always failures; their University life, even though it has been fruitless in the most important respect, yet has been educative and advantageous to them; they have moved in intellectual circles, and their horizon has been widened. But only an infinitesimal number go to the bad entirely. Among the 600 students, I know of only one case during my five years stay there, and he enlisted as a soldier and went to the East Indies. The introduction to professors' or private families in the town is a great help to good behaviour, and a self-imposed means of restraint. The student who associates only with students and knows or is known to nobody else in the town, may have no scruples about indulging in rowdyism and intoxication in public, while shame and self-respect restrain those who are acquainted with respectable families and forces them into decent conduct.

I was on intimate terms with eight or ten families, especially with one of the Law professors, Professor R. van Boneval Faure and his amiable wife, and I spent some of my holidays most pleasantly in Gromingen with his father and sisters. The relationship was very distant, as appears from the first pages of this book, but we could not have been more friendly and intimate if we had been first cousins. His brother, H. van Boneval Faure, who has several times visited Cape Town as commander of Dutch warships,

also lived in Leiden, and with him and his family I was on the same friendly footing. Every Sunday I dined with the professor and his wife, and this, and the very frequent visits besides on other days, kept me in touch with domestic life throughout my students' days. Professor Faure is still living, and we still keep up a correspondence which has now been going on for forty years, and though he is now more than 80 years old, he is still deeply interested not only in my domestic circumstances, but also in the public affairs of the Cape Colony.

Among the other households where I was treated as one of the family, was that of Professor Van Hengel, a retired (emeritus) Theological Professor, then about 85 years old. He presented a wonderful, even—I say it without disrespect—ludicrous appearance, in fact, a bandy-legged dwarf, dressed in old-world fashion in knee breeches and silk stockings, and supporting himself with a stout stick. But his intellectual faculties were even then as acute as they ever had been. He was somewhat eccentric in his manners and conversation, spoke out exactly what was in his mind without paying heed to society manners. I remember once speaking to him about wine-farming at the Cape, and in an unfortunate moment I told him that in the grape season the dogs on the wine-farms grow fat on grapes, which they eat all day in the vineyard. "Eh! What!" said the old man, "that is not true, you are trying to fool me." But it was all in good humour; he shouted with laughter at the story, which he thought as good a one as any of Baron Munchhausen's inventions. But the matter did not end there. Often afterwards it happened that when I was with him, and a visitor entered, he introduced me, invariably adding: "This is the young man who attempted to make me believe that the dogs at the Cape fatten on grapes in the season." The old professor, whose knowledge of the subject was confined to single, sickly vines, which he had seen carefully nailed on to a south wall, bearing a couple of sickly bunches, could not realize that the grapes on such a vine are more highly treasured than those on farms with 300,000 vines; nor did he remember the words of old Van Alphen, that on a fully laden tree five or six plums are not missed. For all that, he was a lovable old man, and very kind to me. When I was preparing for my final theological examination, he told me to come to his study every morning, and there, during a couple of months, he coached me in the subjects in which he thought I was weakest, so that probably I was his last pupil. In 1872 he died in his 92nd year. Among my most pleasing recollections, I should not omit to mention the many happy hours passed in the family circle of Professor Scholten, whose cheerful wife and two highly intelligent and charming daughters, were so irresistible, and made me feel so at home, that I fear that my visits were often unduly protracted.

Having always spoken Dutch at home, and with the sound teaching I had had at school, and my fair acquaintance with Dutch literature, I was as familiar with the language as the other students

were; only the accent had still to be acquired. The lectures on such subjects as Latin, Greek and Hebrew, were then still given in Latin, and examinations, which were all oral, were also conducted in that language, but this, however terrible it sounds, offered no difficulties in actual practice. It is wonderful how soon the ability to understand it perfectly, and even to speak it, is picked up; that is to say, while the conversation is confined to classical subjects. As regards Hebrew, I was much further advanced in this than my fellow-students. They had to begin learning it at the University; I had had private lessons in Hebrew from Dr. Changuion, and could conjugate the verb and translate the historical books of the Old Testament.

An important change has taken place since my time, for now students entering the University at once commence their legitimate studies, and the theological student at once attends the theological classes, but formerly, the first two years had to be devoted to preparatory subjects, chiefly literary, and only after a successful examination in these, he had access to the theological lectures. The first examination was in mathematics, for which students went up three months after entrance. This subject was taught by Professor Verdam, who had a peculiar weakness for interlarding his ordinary conversation with Latin phrases; so, for instance, when he offered a visitor a cigar, he would facetiously inquire whether he could oblige him with "Tabacum in formam cylindricam redactum." So that mathematics did not teach *him* to speak concisely and to the point. His mathematical examinations were a complete farce. He seemed to regard them as a mere formality. Every candidate passed. There is a tradition that he once plucked a candidate, and told him that he might come back after three months. And during those three months, while the student was indulging in jollifications, Professor Verdam was ill in bed, overpowered and crushed by a profound melancholy, and harassed by remorse. The other subjects which engaged the attention of theological students during the first two years were: Hebrew, and History of the Hebrews, Arabic, Greek, Latin, General History, Logic and Metaphysics, Dutch literature and Comparative Philology. In addition to these, I voluntarily attended at the Observatory, the lectures on Popular Astronomy of Professor Kaiser, well-known among the world's Astronomers, and as a lecturer few could compete with him. Of the professors in the literary subjects, Dozy was known all over Europe as one of the most learned Orientalists, and Cobet had obtained world-wide celebrity as the best Greek scholar then living —so much so, that in my students' days a Greek Doctor in Literature came from Athens to Leiden to have the benefit of Cobet's instruction in ancient Greek.

At the end of these two years, in 1863, I passed this literary examination with honours. All the examinations took place in the University building. Each Faculty, and there were five (Law, Medicine, Theology, Literature and Philosophy, or Natural Science)

had its own room. These examinations were oral and theoretically public, but it would be resented as an impertinence and an intrusion if anyone came to listen, except with the consent of the candidate. There was a waiting room, known as the "Zweetkamer" (sweating room) where the candidate, accompanied by some friends, spent the dreadful minutes immediately preceding his summons to the examination room. The only piece of furniture in the room was a large deal table, in which hundreds of inscriptions had been cut, which informed the world that on a specified date, so and so, "*hic sudavit*" (sweated here). In my time, an artistic fellow student chalked in ornamental letters over the door, Dante's well-known line: "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate." (All hope abandon ye who enter here) with a faithful representation of a plucked, and a successful candidate. Thirty years afterwards, in 1897, when I re-visited the old building, these decorations were there still; the whitewashers and painters had been ordered to spare them. If the candidate passed the ordeal and succeeded in obtaining his certificate, the invariable mode of friendly congratulation was to knock his silk hat over his ears, next to send it flying and treating it as a football, after which the candidate drove off with the remnant covering his head. If Paris was worth a mass to King Henry, the student is very decidedly of opinion that a certificate is worth a hat.

These preliminary subjects now being done with, I now commenced my studies under the theological professors. Of these there were four: Scholten (New Testament, Dogmatics and Philosophy), Kuenen (Old Testament and Moral Philosophy), Rauwenhoff (Ecclesiastical History) and Prins (Exegesis and Practical Theology). To English readers, Kuenen is the best known by his Hibbert Lectures, delivered in London in 1882, and by the English translation of his History of the Religion of Israel. But on the continent, Professor Scholten made an enormous reputation by his "Doctrine of the Reformed Church," "Free Will," "Fourth Gospel," and many other works. But it was as a teacher, inspired and inspiring, that he was unrivalled. His were the only lectures I never failed to attend. They were lucid, eloquent, fiery, humorous, often sarcastic in a high degree, and opponents fared ill under his cutting criticism. I called them lectures, but they really were extempore addresses; he had no manuscript, seldom notes, and gave the impression that what he said was quite unpremeditated. Professor Kuenen method was diametrically opposed to this. With him every word uttered was well weighed, his calmness imperturbable, his speech was unruffled as the mountain lake. His strong point was logical argument, and no word could be added to or omitted from any of his phrases without spoiling it. But young people are not attracted or impressed by faultless logic and neat speech, they require to be stirred and roused by enthusiasm. It is the orator, not the reasoner, who keeps them spellbound. It is not the logician who moves men, it is the enthusiast who begets enthusiasm. This Professor Scholten well knew, and his teaching was based on this principle.

About a quarter of a century before the period with which I am now dealing, the Groningen School of Theology had created great commotion in the Church of Holland by its heretical teachings, which, though maintaining that Jesus Christ was a supernatural being, denied his divinity, and therefore, the Trinity. In fact, it took up the standpoint of the antiquated Unitarians. Professor Scholten had formed a school which went far beyond this, but the advance had proceeded step by step. It began by claiming the right to freely criticise the Bible; gradually the infallibility of that book was abandoned; next it rejected the belief in miracles, not because miracles are *á priori* impossible, but because sound criticism of the Bible proved that they were unhistorical. Gradually it eliminated supernaturalism from theology and religion, and I had the advantage of witnessing the last blow administered to the old system, and the triumph of modern Biblical criticism, when Professor Scholten, 1864, dealt with the Fourth Gospel, and demonstrated that it was an entirely unhistorical document. Details would here be out of place, but in his subsequently published book on the Fourth Gospel, the proofs are given, and every unbiassed reader will arrive at the conclusion that the question is settled for good. The shortest and clearest definition which can be given to English readers of Professor Scholten's system, is that it is identical with Advanced Unitarianism. In Holland it is called the Modern School and of that school Scholten was the founder.

I have stated before that I was born and bred in an orthodox atmosphere. When I arrived at Leiden my belief in the ancient creeds was still unshaken, simply because I had met with nothing that could shake it. I was horrified when I first heard from older fellow students that the Bible was not infallible, was of human origin, and had to be read and judged as any other book. Long before I joined the theological classes I had heard enough from the pulpits to set me thinking. For in Holland, ministers who have lost faith in the old creeds, retain their position in the Church on the ground that in a Protestant Church free thought and free speech is not only in its place, but is a sacred duty, and that religion is entirely independent on theological dogmas; and at that time such ministers were in the majority in the Church of Holland, and in the Synod of that Church.

Gradually my views were transformed; one by one I found to be untenable, indefensible, founded on unreliable tradition, contrary to fact, baseless and untrue. But let it not be supposed that the ideas I had imbibed at my mother's knee were cast off wantonly without a pang. I did not surrender my most sacred convictions recklessly and sportively. I had no inducement to do so; on the contrary, there was every inducement to adhere to the old. I had nothing to gain and much to lose by discarding the old theology and accepting the new. There was, in the first place, the disappointment, the shock, the misery, which my falling away from the faith would cause my parents, not only because I had

ruined my career, but above all, because, with the views they held, they could not but regard me as eternally lost, a brand to feed the flames of eternal hell. I had to look forward to the day when I would have to tell them that between their theological belief and mine there was an impassable gulf fixed, that their God was no longer my God, that the God they had worshipped all their lives was an invention of priests, who, knowing no better, had created Him after their own image. I could foresee the agony which such a confession would cause, the bitter tears they would shed over the son lost to them, to the Church, to heaven, aye, even the father's and mother's curse on the degenerated, infidel son, if—and this was the only ray of hope left—in their case, as in so many others, nature did not prove stronger than creed.

Another powerful inducement to cling to the old system, if it were at all possible to do so, was the future which otherwise would be in store for me after my return home, in an orthodox Church and in an orthodox community. If I had come out to the Colony as an orthodox minister, if I had preached the popular doctrines and gone with the stream, there is no reason why I should not have enjoyed a smooth, peaceful life, and gained a good position in the Dutch Reformed Church; but as a preacher of the New Theology, the prospect was dark indeed, by no means alluring, and a successful career seemed scarcely possible. I may therefore claim that I paid a high price for my convictions, and that, if I am permitted to use a vulgar expression, it was not "for the fun of the thing" that I transferred my allegiance from the old to the new. The necessity was laid upon me. It was the choice between being an honourable man and a liar.

But besides the Leiden professors, I had another teacher who exercised a commanding influence over my character and principles, and who had much to do with the shaping of my life, and especially with the rousing and invigorating of my religious sentiments. This was Theodore Parker, the Unitarian preacher, or rather prophet, of Boston. I owe it to Professor Rauwenhoff that I was introduced at so early a stage to this great religious and social reformer and heroic defender of the American slave, the study of whose works has been to me of inestimable advantage and value. It came about in this way: Professor Rauwenhoff invited a few of us to meet at his house on one evening in the week, when we were, as a kind of debating society, to discuss the merits of some well-known authors from a theological point of view. The men upon whom we were to exercise our critical faculties were: Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Strauss, Voltaire, Rousseau, etc. Each student had one of these allotted to him as the subject of an essay, which, after having been read to the meeting, was criticised by the other students, and finally by the professor himself, who summed up the debate. It fortunately fell to my lot to have Theodore Parker assigned to me, probably because I was more familiar with the English language than the rest. Having this task imposed upon me, it became, of course,

necessary that I should make myself thoroughly acquainted with his writings and work. I bought Miss Cobbe's edition of his works in twelve volumes, and the rather voluminous biography of Parker by Weiss, and studied them not only carefully, but with absorbing interest, an interest which did not flag when the work was done, but his stirring religious discourses, permeated with an ardent love of Liberty, Justice and Truth, constituted my mental pabulum for a long series of years. I was, to put it briefly, saturated with Parker, and though his intuition theory has been shown to be untenable, he remains a giant among the many grand figures of the last century. He remains an example of manliness, independence, devotion, uprightness and piety to an age consumed by selfishness, mammon worship and materialism—of the earth, earthly.

In 1865 I passed my B.D. examination with honours, and in 1866 my final examination before an ecclesiastical Commission, the diploma of which Commission furnishes the qualification which ministers in the Church of Holland are required to possess. I was then—and still am—eligible as a minister in any Reformed Church in Holland.

By this time I was, spiritually, completely acclimatized in that country. I had now so many friends there, the life there suited me so exactly, I felt so at home among the people, that I would not have regarded it as a hardship if I had been compelled to remain there, and could have settled down contentedly as a Dutch village pastor. But it was not with this intention and with this aim that I had left South Africa. It was my own country which I had always regarded as my field of labour, as the land and the people having the first claim upon such services as I could render. Moreover, my parents were still living, and they expected me to return home, and disappointing them in this would have been cruelty and ingratitude. I therefore left Holland, and quitted it more sorrowfully and regretfully than I had left home five years before. But I did not feel at all certain that I was leaving it for good. It was my plain, bounden duty to attempt to obtain a sphere of labour at the Cape. If I had failed in this undertaking, if it had appeared that I was not wanted in my native land, and by my own people, I would probably have returned to Holland, where I would have performed ministerial work to the end of my days. Fully realizing that the days of ease and comfort were at an end, and that serious work, days of storm and stress were at hand, I left the five happiest years of my life behind me, to encounter what the future had in store for me—the uncertain, the unknown, mysterious future. What would it bring? What has it brought?

V.

THE BIRTH OF THE FREE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

After an absence of 5½ years I reached home again on the 14th of November, 1866. Even during the last years of my University life it had become abundantly clear to me that, if I succeeded in obtaining a congregation at the Cape willing to accept me as its minister, it would have to be one outside my Mother Church. For during my absence the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church had, in 1862, decided that in future no minister should be admitted or declared eligible, whatever diploma, degree, or credentials he held, except after a Colloquium Doctum with a Board of Examiners appointed for that special purpose. The real aim which this Colloquium Doctum was meant to secure is expressed in the resolution as follows:—"At the Colloquium Doctum a special inquiry shall be instituted as to the opinions on the regeneration by the Holy Ghost and the personal experience of God's Grace, and also as to the fidelity to the doctrine of our Church, which the Synod desires to be understood as being the indispensable requirements by all who offer themselves as ministers." Thus the Synod closed the Church door to all who deviated from the orthodox creed—except to the dishonest.

A day or two after my arrival I called on the Rev. A. Faure, who was then Actuarius, to report myself. To him, aspiring ministers had to submit their papers, and I produced mine to show him that they were in order, but I informed him at the same time that I had not the remotest intention to submit to any Colloquium Doctum, by which announcement any doubts which may have previously existed in his mind as to my heretical opinions, must have been effectually removed. It is scarcely necessary to add that, under the circumstances, his joy at seeing me was moderate. I then went to Dr. Heyns, to whom I handed a letter which Professor Van Hengel had asked me to deliver to him. This letter of his old teacher evidently contained favourable reports concerning me, and induced the Doctor to ask me to officiate for him, which otherwise, perhaps, he might not have done. I, of course, accepted his invitation to preach for him in the Adderley Street Church, on the evening of the 25th of November. My position was a difficult one. It was an opportunity which I felt was not likely to occur again. I was therefore eager to make the best use of it, and yet I could not do so under the circumstances. I had not only myself to consider, but I had to be careful not to bring Dr. Heyns into difficulties, who had kindly given me this opportunity, and who was, as it were, responsible for my utterances, and who was certain to get into very hot water if I should in any way abuse the confidence he had placed in me. In order to make it clear that I

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intended to preach the Religion of Jesus—though it would afterwards appear that I could not preach the Worship of Christ—I spoke on the answer Jesus gave to the question: Which is the great commandment in the law? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thine understanding. This is the great and first Commandment. And the second, like unto it, is this: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two Commandments hangeth the whole law and the prophets." Two days before the 25th, Dr. Heyns called on me, seemed much agitated and uneasy, warned me to be careful not to give offence, etc., and I did my best to reassure him. The big Church was crowded that Sunday evening, but the sermon was, in my own opinion, and probably in that of the audience, poor. It necessarily had to be that. I never could speak or write with any effect, if I could not freely state what I believed to be the truth, and state it in my own way. And here I had to weigh every word, and perpetually to ask myself whether this expression would not give offence, and whether that phrase would not have the tendency to embroil Dr. Heyns with his colleagues and churchwardens. I am sure that there was not a single word in the sermon which need have given any offence to anyone. Yet very serious offence was taken, and, of course, the heresy hunters were specially scandalized at what I did *not* say. Speaking of Jesus Christ without mentioning either His divinity or His blood, was considered an unpardonable outrage. This in itself was taken as ample proof of my hostility to the creed of the Church. Quite contrary to the usual custom, when after the conclusion of the service I descended from the pulpit and went into the vestry, I was left there by myself. Neither Dr. Heyns, nor his colleague, Dr. Robertson, nor any of the churchwardens entered the room; they remained in the church, and when it became clear to me that I was preventing them from reaching their hats, which were in the vestry, I left, and went home, thus relieving them from the necessity of spending the night in the church. Need I add that this was my last, as well as my first sermon in any Dutch Reformed Church in the city of Cape Town.

I had, however, some other opportunities of obtaining a hearing during the first few months. On the 2nd of December, I preached in the Lutheran Church at the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Gohl, and on the next Sunday in the Sea Point Church. This church then had no permanent minister. It was under the management of a Committee, by whom various ministers, mostly Dutch Reformed, were invited to officiate each Sunday morning. The evening services were conducted regularly by Dr. Cameron, for whom I preached on the evening of the 16th. But in order to put a stop to my again holding service there in the forenoon, the churchwardens of Cape Town now entered into an agreement with the Committee by which the church was henceforth placed at the disposal of the Cape Town Church authorities during the whole

forenoon, and after that time, the services there were conducted by ministers selected by them.

At that time there existed at Kruisvallei, Tulbagh, a congregation which had seceded from the Dutch Reformed Church, not because they dissented from the creed of that Church, but, to put it briefly, because they objected to certain rules laid down by the local minister, the Rev. Mr. Shand, who entertained extreme views on ecclesiastical discipline. Of this free congregation, the Rev. Mr. H. Morrees had been the pastor for many years, but he had recently died, and his place was now vacant. His churchwardens asked me to conduct the services in the Kruisvallei Church on the last Sunday in the year, and on New Year's Day. I did so, and created a very favourable impression, more especially by my references to their much beloved and highly esteemed deceased minister. It is beyond doubt that they would have elected me as his successor, had it not been for the zealous efforts of certain emissaries who went about among the congregation circulating information about by heretical opinions. The publishers of these reports were successful in deterring them from giving me the appointment, and another minister was elected. My opponents might have spared themselves this exertion, for I did not aspire to the position, and if I had been appointed I would have declined the offer. The situation would not have suited me at all, for the congregation was as orthodox as all the rest were; I would have been in a false position, my preaching would very soon have given mortal offence, and I should either have had to resign, or to retain my office and salary in defiance of the members, and to preach to unoccupied pews. However great, therefore, the rejoicing in certain circles at my rejection, it was a matter of indifference to me, who had already decided to follow a very different course. After my return to Cape Town, I again filled the Lutheran pulpit on the 1st of February, and for the last time on the 22nd of March. After this date I have never preached to any congregation in Cape Town, except my own.

Before proceeding with my story, and in order to make it more intelligible, I must refer to a custom now unheard of, and a practice now unknown. Theological discussions which are now tabooed by all newspapers, were then regarded by editors as the most interesting and valuable contributions, and were welcomed and devoured by the public. The paper which then appeared without its letter or article about an ecclesiastical dispute or a religious controversy, was contemptuously thrown aside with the words, "there is nothing in that paper." In the English papers, the "Church militant" did not occupy quite so prominent a place; they had hitherto had only the Colenso question with which to entertain their readers. But the Dutch journalists had had a more abundant crop in the many questions which had arisen since the Synod of 1862. In the hearing of that body, the Rev. Mr. Kotzé, minister at Darling, had had

the audacity to state that he could not defend all the doctrines laid down in the Heidelberg Catechism; in particular, he scouted the doctrine "that man was continually inclined to all evil." Both he and the Rev. Mr. Burgers, of Hanover, who was charged with having denied the existence of a personal devil and the sinlessness of Christ, were suspended. But as these men were suspended with entire disregard of the forms of procedure in such cases, prescribed by the Church laws, they appealed to the Supreme Court, by which the judgment was unanimously quashed as illegal. Against this decision the Synod appealed to the Privy Council, but the judgment of the Supreme Court was ratified by the Law Lords, and the Synod had to pay all costs. All subsequent attempts to exclude these men from the Church proved vain. Kotzé remained minister at Darling till age and infirmity compelled him to retire on pension, and Burgers retained his position at Hanover till he was elected President of the South African Republic. These cases, and also those of the Rev. S. P. Naude and the Rev. H. Liebbrandt, who were also under suspicion of heresy, supplied abundant matter to newspaper correspondents. *Het Volksblad* was on the Liberal side, *De Zuid Afrikaan* more or less neutral, while *De Volksvriend* was the organ of the Dutch Reformed Church. Since 1860, *De Onderzoeker*, a liberal theological periodical, had also been published monthly. The Dutch reading public had thus been to some extent educated in matters theological, consequently, when I commenced my work it was from this section of the community that I received most support. In fact, my first supporters belonged so exclusively to the old Dutch families, that at first only Dutch services were thought necessary. To give some idea of the extent to which the newspapers contributed to spread theological light, and directed the attention of the preceding generation to religious concerns, I may here say that I have two stout folio scrap-books filled with newspaper cuttings relating to me personally and to my cause and work during the first years of my ministry. The Liberal *Volksblad*, which was then not a daily, but a tri-weekly paper, supplied me in one year (1868) with no less than 192 such cuttings, many of them two columns long, several filling even three columns.

At this stage I may also record that the fears referred to in the preceding chapter, lest my change of opinions should lead to domestic estrangement, soon proved to have been exaggerated and idle. My parents and all my nearest relatives, with two or three exceptions, accepted the new theology, after having become acquainted with its teachings; it satisfied their religious wants, and when the conviction had taken root in their minds that every system or creed which obscures, denies, contradicts or nullifies the truth that God in infinite in Love, is untenable, incredible, pernicious and destructive of true religiousness, their old age was made happier, brighter, more hopeful, trustful and peaceful, by the belief that the Fatherhood of God is a reality.

With me had returned to the Colony my fellow student, P. Vintcent, who had not yet completed his course of study, but was compelled to recruit his health in a more genial climate, after which he hoped to return to Leiden and take his D.D. degree. He was now with his parents at Mossel Bay, and asked me to accompany him on a trip through the country. I joined him there in April, travelling from Cape Town by postcart, an uncovered box on two wheels to which I had to cling two nights and one day. Fortunately, the weather was favourable, and I reached Mossel Bay without a single broken bone. We left in a Cape cart about the 10th of April, and during the next two months visited George, Oudtshoorn, Prince Albert, Beaufort West, Nieuwveld, Richmond, Victoria West, Hanover, Colesberg, Philippolis, in the Orange Free State, then returned to Hanover, and thence to Middelburg, Graaff-Reinet, Somerset East, Pearston, Uitenhage, Hankey, Humansdorp, Avontuur, and through the Lange Kloof back to Mossel Bay. We spent no Sunday at either George or Oudtshoorn, but at Prince Albert I was asked to preach; the local minister, however, being from home, the churchwardens did not feel at liberty to admit me into his pulpit. The services were, therefore, held in a private house, in Dutch in the forenoon, and in English in the afternoon, and in the evening I addressed a coloured congregation in the Mission Chapel. The next Sunday we were at Beaufort West, but though the Rev. Mr. Fraser was very friendly, he did not deem it necessary to ask either of us to take his place in the pulpit, which he could not himself occupy, having to preach elsewhere, so we went to church to hear an elder read a sermon. At Victoria West I officiated for the Rev. H. Liebbrandt. At Hanover, where we were the guests of the Rev. Mr. Burgers, both of us, of course, obtained a hearing, and the next day Mr. Burgers accompanied us to the Orange Free State. On our return we again did his work for him, and then he went with us to Graaff-Reinet. We called on the Rev. C. Murray, and it need scarcely be said that he was very civil. Yet between the three of us he was placed in an awkward position; and choosing the least of three evils, he asked Vintcent to take the afternoon service on the next Sunday. I was asked by some citizens to preach in the Town Hall on Monday evening, where I had a large audience.

In the afternoon of the 25th of May we reached Uitenhage, and here an epoch-making event occurred, which in those days created an immense sensation. The Rev. Mr. Steytler was then the local minister. I had previously met him at Utrecht, in his student's days, and I went to see him on this Saturday evening, while my companion, who could not venture out in the evening air, remained indoors. The visit was a long one, for Mr. Steytler had a good deal to say about the interesting subject of Liberalism. Amongst other things, he said that the Rev. Mr. Zaalberg, a preacher at the Hague, had declared the existence of God doubtful. I replied that I had read all Zaalberg's published sermons, and

had found no such assertion in them. To this his reply was: "I have not read them." It is superfluous to add that he did not offer to make room for either of us in his pulpit next day. We attended the morning service, when Mr. Steytler saw fit to make a most violent attack on Liberalism and the Liberals. I had never heard anything like it before. I was young then; I was fresh from Holland, where I had spent many years, and had heard theological differences discussed calmly and decently. Ministers there, however widely they might differ in opinion, bore with each other, worked together even in the same congregation; from the same pulpit might be heard an advanced Unitarian sermon in the morning, and a strictly orthodox one in the evening. There was no question there of adherents of one school of thought attributing low, unworthy motives to the followers of the other. Mr. Steytler's unfair insinuations and reckless assertions stirred up my indignation to the highest pitch, and when we met in the vestry after service, I went up to him and said: "Mr. Steytler, I must tell you in the presence of your churchwardens that you abused your pulpit this morning by publishing two untruths. First, you asserted that men adopt Liberalism in order to indulge in their immoral lusts, and in order to do works of darkness. I defy you to name one Liberal preacher of whom this can be said." His answer was: "I said that Liberalism manifests itself in this way in some, not in all." "Well," I retorted, "name only *one* of the 'some'"; to which he replied to the effect that it was unnecessary, and that he had been long enough in Holland to be able to judge of these matters. I then proceeded: "You also said that there are Liberal preachers who deny God's existence, or declare it doubtful; name *one* Liberal preacher who said that." To which he at once replied: "Zaalberg." And this after he had confessed to me the previous evening that he had never read Zaalberg!

Would I act now as I did then, if the same circumstances were to recur? I hardly think so. I am older now. I have since grown accustomed to baseless accusations, to false charges, to misrepresentations, to intemperate condemnations. I see no reason for apologizing, even though I would not in these days repeat the performance. What was a baptism of fire to me then, would not hurt me now. I would pass it over with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile. We have both outlived and lived down such silly allegations. They cannot harm us now. Now they harm only those who utter them. Still, let us not forget that the blow struck at a tree forty years old, and which injures not the tree, but only the hand that strikes, might have crushed that same tree in the days when it was a tiny sapling. On the 6th of June, a garbled report of the scene appeared in *De Volksvriend*, which made it necessary for me to give my version of the affair in *Het Volksblad* of the 13th. There the matter ended as far as I was concerned. Mr. Steytler never wrote about it in the papers over his signature, but

to many writers on both sides the event afforded ample material, of which they eagerly availed themselves.

The decisive step was now taken. The time had arrived to adopt measures in order to ascertain whether there was a possibility of gathering an independent congregation in Cape Town on the broadest principles of freedom, rational belief, and unfettered by creeds. Accordingly, I inserted an advertisement in the newspapers announcing that I would deliver the first of a series of discourses in the Hall of the Mutual Assurance Society on Sunday, the 4th of August, at 10.30 a.m., so that those who wished to become acquainted with the teachings and principles of the New School, would have the opportunity of doing so, and of judging for themselves whether Modern Theology promoted irreligiousness and immorality, as was alleged from many pulpits. No one had asked me to do this, or had even suggested it. I hired the Hall at my own expense; I was sanguine enough to expect that all costs would be defrayed by the proceeds of the collection at the door, and this expectation was fully justified, as the results proved.

Now for the first time I could speak freely,—not only the truth, but the whole truth. All the seats in the large Hall were occupied, and of course, the audience consisted of the most intellectual section of the community, and this continued to be the case throughout the series and thereafter. The first address was merely introductory, on the text: "If this work be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest, haply, ye be found even to fight against God." The subjects discussed on the subsequent Sundays were: Human Reason, The Old Testament, The New Testament, Miracles (2), Jesus Christ, Man, Atonement, Eternal Punishment, Prophets and Prophecies, The Fourth Gospel, and Christians or not? They were the work of a youth "fresh from the University," and looking at them now, I find that many of the statements they contain might have been put far more forcibly, but I may claim for them the merit of being by no means obscure; they are characterized throughout by plain speech, and no reader is left in doubt as to the author's meaning. They were published in Dutch, in March, 1868, and in English, in February, 1869, with three additional discourses on Easter, Ascension and Pentecost.

But here I am anticipating, and must go back to some earlier events. That the Rev. Mr. Gohl, of the Lutheran Church, was a man of liberal views, is apparent from the fact of his having invited me to fill his pulpit no less than three times. But long before this, in 1862, he had delivered a speech at the annual meeting of the Bible Society, in which he expressed sentiments which, at that time, and in this country, were sensationally liberal, and consequently the more liberal minded had deserted the Dutch Reformed Church and attended the Lutheran services. In the controversy which ensued between us I had occasion to remind him of some of his old opinions, and quoted the following passages

from his above-mentioned speech: "How many profess a belief which they have adopted on hearsay, how many surrender their own judgment, bowing down before, and swearing by, the doctrine of their Church, as if that doctrine were an oracle which cannot be modified, changed or improved; how many who cannot or will not understand that in the course of two or three centuries science has advanced, by which knowledge has spread, and consequently religious belief has been purified. There is no stagnation either in the natural or in the spiritual kingdom . . . . . In the Roman Catholic Church this free, independent inquiry is forbidden; there, people believe because it is the teaching of their Church. But if Luther, Calvin and Zwingli had sworn by the creed of the Church, as if it were infallible, the Reformation would never have been brought about, and we would still be Roman Catholics." I contrasted this with his most recent utterances: "It is now openly asserted that man advances in all other sciences, and that he should therefore also advance in religion. This sounds very fine; the only pity is that this assertion is so pernicious in its practical application. . . . . No, in religious matters we cannot advance with the times. It is thoughtlessness and presumption to speak of a new-fashioned or modern school of thought. I can wear a modern dress, I can purchase a modern piece of furniture, but religion, the aged woman of eighteen centuries, must enlighten, comfort, guide me." The controversy between Mr. Gohl and myself both began and ended in somewhat ridiculous fashion. In remarking upon certain statements which had been made at a meeting of Dutch Reformed ministers, I had written that "Jesus had resisted the orthodoxy of His day." To this Mr. Gohl took exception, for he was of opinion that orthodoxy and true doctrine were synonymous terms; and when, after some further correspondence on the subject, I stated in one of my letters that the original meaning of the word "orthodoxy" was a matter of no practical importance, for everybody knew what it meant now, Mr. Gohl announced that with a man who could make so unscientific a statement, he could not continue the discussion. He therefore addressed his subsequent letters to the Protestants of South Africa, and like a cataract these letters were poured upon them in the columns of *Het Volksblad* up to June, 1869, the first having appeared in October, 1868, and if ever a man succeeded in writing himself down, it was Mr. Gohl.

After the publication of my discourses, the agitation reached its height. Leaving out of account the many sermons preached every Sunday all over the Colony, and the stream of letters and articles in the newspapers, especially in *De Volksvriend*, against "Modern Heathenism," there appeared in November, 1867, a circular letter addressed to the members of the Dutch Reformed Church, signed by the Reverends A. Murray, N. Hofmeyr, Neethling, MacGregor, Louw, Luckhoff, and C. Murray, portion of which dealt with the "new doctrines," exhorting them to cling to the old, and not to be led astray by the new. The Reverend Mr. N.

Hofmeyr, Professor at the Theological Seminary, Stellenbosch, delivered, and immediately afterwards published, four lectures against the Modern Theology, which he, with admirable naiveté, briefly labelled "Error." These lectures were delivered by him in Cape Town, Stellenbosch, and in some neighbouring villages, but they contained little argument and much declamation; they were strong in their appeal to prejudice, weak in their appeal to reason. The Rev. A. Murray undertook to give a detailed criticism of my discourses, one by one, in special services held weekly in the Adderley Street Church. Both as regards matter and manner, Mr. Murray's lectures were far superior to those previously referred to, and they represent the only serious attempt made to meet argument with argument. A little later, Mr. Murray also delivered a lecture on the same subject in English, in the Commercial Exchange, also unexceptionable in tone, though vigorous in language. But whether the speaker was himself satisfied with the success achieved, is open to doubt, for when he quoted in his well-known, impressive and eloquent manner, some most brilliant—though extremely heretical —passages which he had translated from Zaalberg's sermons, the audience, somewhat to his discomfiture, cheered them most enthusiastically, thus unmistakably indicating its sympathy and agreement with them. The Rev. Mr. Gohl, who had repeatedly promised in his many letters that he would "sharply, very sharply, criticise" my discourses, when they appeared in print, contented himself with offering a couple of funny remarks on the contents of the first page and thereafter maintained silence. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, of the Scotch Church, also announced his intention to deal with each of them on a week-day evening. I attended on those occasions, but even at the very first lecture the audience was miserably small, and on either the second or third evening a man with a couple of digits amputated, could count the congregation on his fingers; Mr. Morgan therefore deemed it advisable to discontinue his efforts.

These lectures of Professor Hofmeyr and the Rev. Mr. Murray, when they appeared in print, were again attacked by writers on the other side, more particularly by "X. Y. Z." and "Herder," in *De Onderzoeker*. and their articles were reprinted in a stout volume, entitled, *Wederlegging van "Het Moderne Ongeloof,"* Mr. Murray's book having appeared with the latter title. "X. Y. Z." and "Herder" now being both dead, I may here say that in their life-time they were known as the Reverends J. J. Kotzé and T. F. Burgers.

While the leading men in the Dutch Reformed Church were in such dreadful earnest, and treated the matter as of vital importance, as if the To Be or Not To Be of their Church were at stake, there were some who affected to regard the services in the Mutual Hall as beneath notice. They merrily and airily referred to them as firework, which would soon be burnt out, or as "playing at Church." The "game" having now lasted forty years, and

promising to be still further prolonged, these prophets, like many earlier and later ones, have lived to see their predictions falsified. But this cheerful optimism was feigned. The Mutual Hall was to them a painful thorn in the flesh. No wonder that the Rev. A. Murray and those who approached him most nearly in intelligence and in zeal took the matter very seriously. They knew that three of their own colleagues, members of their Synod, the Reverends Kotzé, Burgers and Naudé, had officiated for me on the Mutual Hall platform. They knew that many men occupying leading positions in society, men generally respected, men of irreproachable character, were now regular attendants at the services in the Mutual Hall. That among these there were even ex-elders and ex-deacons of their Church, as for instance, Advocate Jan de Wet (father of Mrs. Koopmans), and Messrs. J. R. Marquard, G. Buyskes and P. J. Kotzé, nay, that even the paid secretary of their Church, Mr. J. C. Overbeek, had joined the new congregation. The situation became yet more alarming when four members, my mother, sister, and two aunts, gave notice in writing to the churchwardens, that having joined my congregation, they resigned their membership of the old Church.

On the Sunday after the receipt of this letter, the Rev. Mr. Murray read out the names of these seceded sisters, and gave expression to his indignation and his grief in a manner said to have exceeded all bounds. His text on that occasion, i. John ii. 18-23, was sufficiently remarkable, and the use made of it by Mr. Murray is easy to conjecture, but his reading Deut xiii. as a lesson for the day was certainly an extraordinary, extravagant and unjustifiable act. In that chapter, the command is given to put all false prophets to death, and further: "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend who is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying: Let us go and serve other Gods . . . . . thou shalt surely kill him, thine hand shall be first to put him to death . . . . . and thou shalt stone him that he die," etc. This incident enables the present generation to form some conception of—I will not say—the excitement, but the frenzy, which had seized upon the defenders of the Faith. It is simply inconceivable that a man of the stamp of the Rev. A. Murray, who, as Moderator of the Synod, represented the Dutch Reformed Church, just as the Prime Minister represents the Government, could, on such an occasion, have read out to his congregation as a Divine Commandment, that they should put me —the false prophet—to death, and that it was also their religious duty to stone the four unfaithful sisters with stones till they died! If his congregation had not on that occasion been wiser than himself, what would have been Mr. Murray's position? There is no getting out of it. Either Mr. Murray read those words merely to while away the time, without believing in them himself, and without believing that they were the words of God, or he did mean to command his flock in the name of God, forthwith to proceed

to the Mutual Hall, and to put the five of us to death. Fortunately for him, I say again, his congregation, in spite of the creed they professed with their lips, felt, and knew in their hearts, that such immoral commands were not the commands of God, but of a Jewish priest of the dark ages of savagery. His congregation, in fact, stood morally higher than the god of Deut. xiii., and of the orthodox creed.

The congregation in the Mutual Hall, where the services were now conducted in Dutch and in English alternately, having now survived its probationary stage, I requested those who wished to be registered as members to send in their names. When a sufficient number of applications had been received, a meeting was called in May, when the Rules and Regulations of the New Church were drawn up and passed. A Managing Committee, consisting of six members, with the minister as chairman, was appointed, and by Article 2 of the Regulations, it was provided that the only declaration or confession required for admission to membership of the Church, should be an affirmative answer to the question: "Do you believe that true Religion consists in Love to God and Love to Man, and is it your earnest desire to practise this religion in your daily life?" This declaration was signed by those present, and the Free Protestant Church was born. The name "Unitarian" was not given to it, as not being sufficiently distinctive, for at that time there were many Unitarian churches, which, while rejecting the Trinitarian dogma, adhered to the popular creed in all other respects, and regarded "Advanced Unitarianism" with suspicion, if not with aversion, as the violent attacks made by some of them on Theodore Parker abundantly proved; but I regret that we did not more consistently and more correctly call it a Congregation, rather than a Church.

The financial affairs of the Church have, throughout the thirty years of my ministry, been on a peculiar and unique footing. In no church that exists, or ever existed, has the voluntary system been carried out with such perfect consistency and fidelity. From first to last there never was any agreement between my congregation and myself as to salary or remuneration of any kind. If a year had passed without my receiving any payment, I would have had no cause of complaint of breach of faith or contract. But no unpleasantness or difficulty of any kind ever arose. A circular was annually sent by the financial committee to the supporters, asking them to contribute according to their means, and no other methods of raising revenue were resorted to, no fees were charged for the baptism of infants or for the solemnization of marriages, or for certificates thereof; above all, unlike all other churches in the Colony, it was never found necessary to raise money by means of those thoroughly objectionable bazaars. The congregation have always been most liberal in their contributions; by few churches, if by any, were they excelled in this respect.

On the matter of the organization of the new church, I consulted my old professors in Holland, and among the letters having reference to this subject, there is one from Professor Rauwenhoff which has escaped destruction, and of which I here give a translation :—

Leiden, 26th, October, 1869.

"Dearest Friend,

"I received your letter this morning, from which, I am ashamed to say, it appears that thirteen months have passed since I last sat down to write to you. Forgive me, I am generally overburdened with work. But whatever may have been the cause of the delay or omission, want of sympathy certainly it was not. On the contrary, I take the greatest interest in whatever I hear or read about you. So, for instance, your address to the new members at your Confirmation service, has given me great pleasure. How well you understand the art of speaking forcibly and seriously! Your whole work in Cape Town is, in my estimation, a luminous point in these times, and often I am there with you in my thoughts, and I see you in my imagination fighting and conquering there, with no other weapon except free speech.

"Your letter causes me some embarrassment. I have been meditating upon that Confession of faith, and cannot yet see my way clear. Is a specific confession necessary? In the abstract, I cannot deny this. It is necessary to lay before those who wish to become members, something which represents the basis of the association. Also with regard to those outside, you should have something to which you can point as your symbol, otherwise it might happen that those baptized by you, when they change their place of abode, may not be recognized as baptized, because they cannot point to something which characterizes the church in which they were baptized. I see the objections against proceeding without a definite confession. And yet I would hesitate to lay down such a confession. In the first place, who is to do this? You may submit a draft, but only the congregation or their representatives have the right to give it force of law. Then, such a confession must be revised periodically. Without such a regulation you are threatened with all the dangers of formularies becoming authoratative. Yet against such a periodical revision there also are objections. It constantly offers an opportunity for dogmatic controversy in the congregation. If my advice were asked, I think I would say: Temporize as long as possible. Do not allow yourself to be tempted by an abstract theory, that every religious association presupposes a religious formula, into laying down a confession, however simple, while it is not urgently necessary. Rather wait till special circumstances or the particular wish of the congregation make the drawing up of a confession unavoidable, but till then let the spirit of your preaching be the bond uniting the members of

your congregation. But besides this, you have already given something. The question you have put when you addressed the new members, and which appears to me to be excellent, is in reality a symbol. By asking that, and nothing more, you have already given a specific character to your church association. I would be content with that for the present, till unmistakable necessity compels you to go a step further.

"Is not, in fact, the making of a new confession a transplanting of the old church idea into your new religious association. Is it demanded by the nature of your relationship to your congregation? What has happened? You commenced with preaching your convictions with entire freedom. Then those who agreed with you came and said: we wish to join you and to form a congregation. This was done. Now what is the basis of the association? In the first place, Christianity, and next, Protestantism, upon which you take your stand. And further, that peculiar line of thought in Protestantism, which exists everywhere, without having anywhere been included in fixed formulas, which elsewhere can organize congregations *within* the existing churches, but must do so at the Cape *outside* the official Church. Is this not sufficiently characteristic? If you are asked what you are, you answer: Christian, Protestant, Modern Protestant. What that means can be ascertained everywhere. It is not an invention of yours, it is an historical phenomenon, which is now sufficiently accredited so that it may be supposed to be well-known. Let him, who is not satisfied with this, come and hear what you preach with the approval of your congregation, and let him judge for himself whether he can sympathize with that.

"I have not the slightest objection to the Articles which you sent me, but is it not, after all, an illusion, that when these have been set down on paper, the congregation would be more firmly established, than when these and much more continue to dwell in your heart, and in that of your church members, as a tacit understanding. And if once that paper is there, some dogmatist will sooner or later make it a subject for discussion, will demand explanations, and will spoil your grand free work. That paper also becomes a sort of contract between yourself and the congregation. As matters are at present, whenever the spiritual sympathy ceases, your mutual relationship would spontaneously be broken off; you would leave them or they would leave you. This would be normal. But in the other case, you would apportion each other's obligations according to the letter of the formula, resulting in discord and heresy hunting. As I write, it becomes ever clearer to me that I must dissuade you from fixing upon a confession—even one so innocent as your four articles. At all events, do not take this step unless it becomes imperatively necessary.

"I approve of your having retained baptism. In the first place, because it may make a salutary impression, strengthen the

sense of community, and directs attention to the value of Christian education; and especially because it is a symbol of the continuity with historical Christianity, which you do not wish to discard. Your congregation is not a creature of caprice, but a product of the constantly developing Christian spirit, and therefore a new link in the chain which extends over 18 centuries. This is symbolized by the retention of a ceremony—though in modified form—which during all that time has served as initiatory rite among Christians. But for the same reason I would now and then, preferably once a year, on Good Friday, celebrate the Lord's Supper. You probably also have some of inferior culture among your congregation. To these, such a ceremony is of high value, and it will make a beneficial impression also on the highly educated." [I omit the rest of the letter, which treats of personal and domestic matters.]

Professor Rauwenhoff has also paid me a very high compliment by referring to my efforts in his great work, "The History of Protestantism," in excessively laudatory terms. It is an honour which I appreciate so highly that I cannot refrain from reproducing his remarks. He writes:—

"A single word concerning an as yet little known, though extremely important movement in South Africa, in Cape Town itself. There, in the midst of the Dutch Church, which takes pride in preserving the traditions of the Synod of Dort intact, a flourishing congregation of the modern school of thought has been established. Mr. D. P. Faure had completed his studies at Leiden, and returned to Cape Town, well knowing that he would be debarred from entering the National Church on account of his modern ideas, but considering himself bound to put it to the test whether he could find a sphere of labour in his fatherland. In this he has succeeded beyond expectation. He began with delivering religious discourses in a hired hall, and thereby excited so much interest, that he was soon able to form a congregation out of his audience. The energetic opposition on the part of the orthodox, served only to direct attention to him all the more, while he, by his dignified attitude, and by his earnest, manly language, extorted respect for the cause advocated by him. On what basis the congregation has been established, appears from the following Regulation: 'whereas the essence of the religion taught and practised by Jesus Christ, consists in Love to God and Love to Man, all shall be admitted as members of the Church who give an affirmative answer to the following question: Do you believe that true religion consists in Love to God and Love to Man, and is it your earnest desire to practise this religion in your daily life?' It is also provided that from the minister no other confession of belief shall be demanded than that made by the members of the Church, and that he shall be allowed full liberty, within the limits of that declaration, to preach the truth as revealed to him. Further, there are no compulsory forms or sacraments, while full liberty is given to the congregation to sever their connection with the minister, in accordance with certain definite

regulations, whenever they may deem this desirable. Nothing, therefore, of a supernaturalistic church idea, neither in the creed nor in the organization of the congregation. During the last four years, this association has been in existence, and is flourishing more and more. The first example of a free congregation being established on a modern basis."

I have stated before that it was especially in the Dutch newspapers that these discussions were carried on. English readers, therefore, were not quite so accustomed to assaults upon the popular belief. But they were rudely awakened on the 3rd of December, 1872. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Congregational Church, had published a little book, entitled, "The Pentateuch vindicated, or the writings of Moses briefly reviewed, and their ancient place in sacred literature maintained against recent objections." In very pompous and supercilious style, the author put forth, in support of the authenticity and historical accuracy of the so-called books of Moses, some exceedingly weak and generally ridiculous arguments, as, for instance, that as a proof of the divine authority of Moses, the testimony is quoted of Mohammed, who had called him inspired; and in support of the historical truth of Exodus, a paragraph is cited which had recently appeared in the *Cape Mercantile Advertiser*, to the effect that a brick, made of mud, chopped straw and sand, had been found in one of the pyramids of Egypt! I resolved to avail myself of the opportunity given to deal drastically with the whole question, and wrote an article, over two columns in length, and therefore too long for reproduction, in the shape of a review of the book. It was signed F. F. F.,—the reasons why I did not put my name to it have escaped my memory. I handed it to the Editor of the *Standard and Mail*, Mr. R. W. Murray, Jr., who, without reading it, sent it to the compositors' room. Next morning it appeared, and, I believe, had as startling an effect upon Mr. Murray as upon any of his subscribers. It called forth no less than thirteen letters in the next issues of the *Standard and Mail*, from fathers of families, complaining that their wives and children would be led astray by reading such an article; from others, who, confusing Mr. Thompson's arguments with "sacred things," expressed their indignation at the tone of ridicule. All these letters, with one exception, that of Mr. Lister, were anonymous. All these critics, however, were put in the shade by the leader writer of the *Cape Argus*, Mr. R. Noble, who, in a very brief sub-leader, used excessively virulent language against the paper which had published, and against the writer who had penned the article. "Anything," he said, "anything more insolently coarse in its personal allusions, or more flippant, superficial, indecent and profane, we never encountered in print before. Tom Paine would have been as much ashamed of its ignorance as of its brutal blasphemy. There is not a public newspaper in England—not even Reynolds' Own—which would have printed the indecent trash which disgraced the columns of our contemporary on Tuesday." To this I replied,

making use of the chance thus offered to give a *resumé* of my original article, and a reprint of a portion of this will give an idea of the tenor of my remarks upon Mr. Thompson's book. After pointing out that the use of many adjectives proves nothing, I proceeded thus :—

"If Mr. Thompson calls the biblical accounts 'self-evidencing of truthfulness,' I quote Bible texts from which it is evident that they are *not* truthful. Those I quoted as instances were Exodus xxxiii. 11 and 20, Genesis xviii. and Genesis vi. 6. If Mr. Thompson says that 'the jurisprudence of the Pentateuch is so enlarged and beneficent,' I disprove it by referring to Numbers xv. 32-36. If Mr. Thompson says that 'the code of morals of the Pentateuch is so equitable and pure,' I disprove it by referring to Numbers xxxi. 18, 40, 41 and 46. If Mr. Thompson calls the creation story 'rational,' I give reasons why we cannot consider it rational. If Mr. Thompson calls the accounts concerning the 'confusing of tongues, the dispersion of mankind, the origin of nations probable in themselves,' I show that they are not. If Mr. Thompson says that 'miracles are worked only in the cause of truth,' I prove from the New Testament (Luke xi. 19, and Matthew xxiv. 24) that this is not, according to the New Testament, the doctrine of Jesus Christ. If Mr. Thompson says 'God cannot sanction imposture,' I quote from Ezekiel xiv. 9, and i. Kings xxii. 20-23, that, according to the Bible, God *does* sanction it. If Mr. Thompson says that God does not work 'trivial' miracles, I refer to ii. Kings vi., and Mark xi. 13, 14, 21, to show that, according to the Bible, God *did* do so. If Mr. Thompson, in treating of the Egyptian plagues, tells us that he himself was a victim to some of them, I draw two conclusions: (1) That the Egyptian plagues were so little miraculous that they are still experienced in Cape Town, in India, and near Graaff-Reinet; and (2) that Pharaoh and his Egyptians could not have been such very bad people, since even the faithful defender of 'our own Bible' was afflicted with the same plagues. If Mr. Thompson goes further, and says that the Bible writers were inspired by God, I reply that we do not and cannot believe it, because most immoral doctrines are also contained in that Book, stories which are calculated to corrupt the morals of our children, and descriptions of the Divine character most degrading and pernicious. And I asked Mr. Thompson, and I ask him again, whether he can 'disprove that Abraham, who was, according to the Bible, a friend of God, told deliberate falsehoods (Gen. xiii. and xx.); that Jacob, another favourite of God, was a notorious blackleg; that David, a man after God's own heart, according to the New Testament (Acts xiii. 22) was a cruel robber chieftain, and afterwards a murderer and an adulterer.' Can Mr. Thompson disprove that according to Exodus iii., iv., v., xii., God commanded Moses to tell a premeditated falsehood to Pharaoh, and to rob the Egyptians of their gold and silver under false pretences? Is Mr. Thompson, as a Christian clergyman, ready to exclaim with Deborah that 'Jael is blessed

above all women,' and does he approve of her treacherous act (Judges iv. and v.)? Mr. Thompson professes to believe that the whole Bible is God's Word. God's Word, of course, may be, nay, must be, openly read and published, for God's Word must be good, instructive and profitable. Will he read to his family, or to his congregation, Gen. xix., Gen. xxxviii., Ezekiel xxiii., etc.?"

Also the other letters were answered by me, and thus "the pot was kept boiling," and F.F.F. remained the topic of the day for some time.

The alarm of some good and simple minded men at the spread and at the open avowal and publication of what they could not but regard as rank infidelity, was often pathetic. So I find a newspaper cutting in my scrap-book in which it is stated on the authority of an ear-witness that on a previous Sunday, in his public prayer, a Wesleyan minister had prayed God either to convert the unbelieving youth or to remove him from this earth. Then there was the letter addressed to the Directors of the Mutual Assurance Society, in January, 1869, by a clergyman of the Church of England, inquiring whether he, being insured in that Society, could be held responsible for the Mutual Hall being let to me for heretical preaching on Sundays. The Directors, with the wisdom of serpents, declined to be drawn into a theological controversy, and by way of reply sent him a copy of the Articles of Association. A little later, a correspondent of the *Cape Argus* pointed out to the Attorney-General that it was his duty to prosecute me criminally for blasphemy. Nor was this idea so far fetched as it would seem. Such prosecutions were then quite within the sphere of the possible, for in those days an itinerant preacher in one of the Australian Colonies had been indicted for blasphemy on the ground that, speaking of Moses, he had called him "Old Moses." The man was brought to trial, found guilty by the jury, and was sentenced by the judge to three years' imprisonment with hard labour! The Cape Attorney-General, however, was not influenced by that correspondent's advice, evidently considering it unnecessary to vindicate the orthodox creed by means of the criminal law.

Besides the regular Sunday services in the Mutual Hall, similar services had been held by me from the very first, at Stellenbosch, at the request of a bed-ridden aunt, and in her house. At the outset, these gatherings took place at irregular intervals, but the audience being a fairly large one, considering that this place was the stronghold of orthodoxy, I afterwards preached there regularly on the evening of the first Thursday in every month. In July, 1870, my aunt died, and bequeathed the house to me. I let it on condition that the dining room should be at my disposal once a month for religious services; so that it continued to be used for that purpose. But the worry and bother of looking after the property and keeping it in repair, made it impossible for me to keep it. Moreover, death had been particularly active among the flock, and

its numbers being so greatly reduced, I accepted an offer made to me about a year later, and sold the property; consequently the work there ceased. I had also on two occasions held services at Caledon, being invited to do so by some residents, but there being no railway communication at that time, no serious attempt was made to establish a branch congregation at that place.

Meantime, all through the seventies, the battle went on in the newspapers, the number of combatants decreasing very slowly. Moreover, a large number of my sermons were published in them, this being the most effectual means of spreading the new doctrine. They appeared in Dutch in *Het Volksblad*, and in English in the *Standard and Mail*, and afterwards in the *Cape Argus*, up to 1895. But they were inserted as advertisements and paid for, the editors fearing that if they printed them gratis, other ministers might claim the same privilege, with the result that these political broadsheets would gradually be converted into religious papers. The publication of one of these had such extremely satisfactory and to me so gratifying results, that I must record the story. The sermon I refer to was on Darwinism, showing that belief in his theory is in no way incompatible with belief in God. A copy of the *Standard and Mail* containing it was sent to the Rev. Mr. La Touche, who was known to some of us here, he having spent several years in Natal, where he had assisted Bishop Colenso.* Mr. La Touche

* The name of Bishop Colenso being mentioned in the text affords me an opportunity of saying a few words about him. South Africa was both his and my home, yet our first meeting took place many thousands of miles from home. While I was a student at Leiden, the Bishop visited that University and spent a few days there as the guest of Professor Kuenen, and there I made his acquaintance. In later years I met him on two or three occasions in Cape Town, where he touched on his way from Natal to England and back. His features are indelibly engraved on my memory. They were those of a saint, and among the saints of the nineteenth century John William Colenso ranks first. His motto through life was: "It is not safe to do aught against conscience." The many enemies he had made by his book on the Pentateuch and other heresies, by his defence of Langalibalele, and by his exposure of the iniquity of the Zulu War, imagined that they had discovered one flaw in his character and charged him with dishonesty in that he retained his position as Bishop of the Church of England, while he attacked the creed of the Church. I happen to know that when he went to England, after the publication of the first part of his book, he went with the intention of resigning, he being then himself of opinion that a Bishop holding such views could not and ought not to retain his office. But on arriving in England he heard that the Privy Council had just given judgment in the Essays and Reviews Case, and had declared that such opinions as he held were not in conflict with the doctrine of the Church of England. In that judgment it was laid down that the Church did *not* teach that every word in the Bible is inspired and must be regarded as God's Word, that future punishment is endless, and that the merits of Christ are transferred to the believer. The Church neither denies these doctrines, nor teaches them, and its clergy were therefore free to accept or reject them as they pleased. Colenso finding that this liberty of thought was allowed in the Church of England, according to the decision of the highest legal tribunal in the country, then resolved not to resign, and deemed it his duty to remain at his post. There was therefore no dishonesty in his remaining a Bishop of the Church of England, he was

sent it to Mr. Darwin, who expressed his approval of it, and thus, as it were, bearing Darwin's own seal, it was sent to the *Hereford Times*, with the following letter :—

"Sir,—I send herewith a lecture or sermon delivered by Mr. Faure at Cape Town, which, I think, if you are so good as to insert it in the *Hereford Times*, will interest and instruct many of your readers. Mr. Faure disposes, I think, very satisfactorily of the objections urged by some to the acceptance of the Darwinian theory on the ground that it is inconsistent with a belief in the existence and action of God, and I may add that Mr. Darwin himself has expressed his approval of this discourse. For the information of those who do not know who Mr. Faure is, I may say that he holds in relation to the Dutch Church in the Colony, a somewhat similar position to what Mr. Voysey does to the Church of England. . . . . He now preaches with great ability to a numerous and most intelligent congregation in Cape Town.

J. D. LA TOUCHE.

27th November, 1876."

Nor have I reason to complain of the reception met with by my published books. Of my first discourses, entitled "Modern Theology," the *Theological Review* wrote: "Africa sends us a volume of sermons which England might be proud of having produced. . . . . The tone is free, yet reverent. The style is alike clear and forcible; the firm hold retained by the writer of essential truths is as remarkable as his repudiation of the forms in which such truths are often set forth. . . . . The value of this book as a monument of free thought and bold expression, will be felt far beyond the circle of those among whom it was originally published."

In later years, I published: "Reasonable Religion," "Agnosticism," and "The Truth about the Bible," and all these have been very favourably reviewed by the *Unitarian Herald* and the *Inquirer*. In a lengthy article on "Reasonable Religion," the *Unitarian Herald* says: "We had no idea that Cape Town possessed so free thinking and free speaking a religious teacher. . . . . Mr. Faure, in these discourses, deals with his subjects reasonably and temperately, and will prove a tough opponent to orthodoxy at Cape Town. And though he writes as a Theist, we send him a word of brotherly greeting, and only regret that he is too far away to enjoy

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simply asserting a right. His beautiful life is a tempting subject to dilate upon, but I must refrain. Only this would I say of him :—

Wherever the wronged cower
Before the servile power,
He bore their ban ;
And, like the aged oak
That braved the lightning's stroke
When thunders round it broke,
Stood up a man.

social intercourse with the ministers of our Unitarian Churches." The favourable comments of the *Inquirer* extend over six columns.

Among the lighter literature for which I was responsible at that period were the "Zakspiegeltjes" (Pocket Mirrors), which appeared in *Het Volksblad* in 1870. They were pen and ink sketches of the members of the Synod which sat in that year, and as such personal sketches, had of necessity to appear under a fictitious signature. They were written without malice, though I will not assert now that they were all absolutely fair. Yet many a truth was said in those jests, and perhaps it was not wholly unserviceable to some to be made to see themselves as others saw them. Among outsiders, these portraits were immensely popular, but even among the sitters themselves, I believe they caused far more amusement than resentment.

Particularly successful was a skit which I wrote for *Het Volksblad* in 1869, suggested by a report in *De Volksvriend*, of a church-wardens' meeting, at which a letter was read from Keeve, the sexton, announcing that his marriage would take place on the ensuing Wednesday. The skit appeared in the shape of a melo-drama in two acts. It excited extreme hilarity among the Cape Town public, to whom Keeve and all the actors brought on the stage were well-known. With exception of the Rev. A. Murray, all who figure in it have departed this life many years ago, but I feel confident that they all enjoyed the fun as much as anyone else. It so tickled the fancy of the late Mr. Henry Solomon, that he translated it into English, and had it printed in a little pamphlet for distribution among his English friends. A copy came into my hands, and a reprint of it will be found in the Appendix I.

This chapter dealing with the birth and fortunes of the Free Protestant Church would be very incomplete if it did not record the inestimable services rendered to the cause of Liberalism in South Africa by Mr. L. Marquard. Mr. Marquard was a land surveyor by profession, who, when he reached middle age, abandoned field work, and accepted the appointment as Examiner of Diagrams; later, he held the office of Commissioner of Lands and Mines, and still later that of Surveyor-General. He died in November, 1897. In the long and arduous struggle for liberty of thought, no man has fought more bravely, with more ability and with such indefatigable zeal. He it was who, so far back as 1860, started a Liberal religious paper, *De Onderzoeker*, which was published monthly, and gradually advanced with the times. He was its proprietor as well as its editor, and he kept it going during twenty-five years at an annual loss. His purse, as well as all his spare moments, were always at the disposal of the cause. He organised, and was the secretary and leading spirit of the Church Defence Association, which set itself the task of assisting all, ministers as well as laymen, who were prosecuted for heresy by the Dutch Reformed Church authorities, and he was, moreover, in every case successful. I need scarcely

add that he took an active part in the organization and administration of the Free Protestant Church. In the times of storm and stress, he was a pillar of strength; took the lion's share in the newspaper controversial literature, sometimes signing his name, sometimes a pseudonym. As a citizen and a man his integrity was above suspicion; he bore an unsullied name, his reputation for intelligence, affability and honour stood as high amongst his bitterest opponents as it did amongst his friends. As an enthusiast for the interests of our Church, we never shall see his like again. His admirable portrait in oils now adorns the wall of his church, and should be an inspiration to his surviving fellow members.

Besides my own, there was another Free Protestant church in the Cape Colony, of which a short account must here be given. Dr. P. Vintcent, my schoolfellow and afterwards my fellow student and bosom friend, was its founder and first minister. On a previous page, I have stated that he returned to the Colony with me on account of his shattered health. In fact, when, during the whole winter of 1865, he was confined to his room at Leiden, harassed by an almost incessant cough, apparently in the last stage of consumption, none of his friends thought that he ever would see his native country again. However, he rallied somewhat during the following summer, reached home, and benefited so much by the more genial South African climate, that he could return to Leiden after a few months, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and came back to the Cape for good. In August, 1869, he began the same work at Graaff-Reinet which I had two years before commenced in Cape Town. His congregation there, was, of course, much smaller, but they set to work in an energetic manner, quality making up for quantity. They built a church of their own, and prospered fairly well, till in July, 1873, his old enemy, consumption, made an end to his useful and beautiful life. To this day his memory is kept green in many a heart. His church now remained four years without a minister; but when the Rev. Mr. Liebbrandt resigned as minister of Victoria West, he was asked to take Dr. Vintcent's place, which offer he accepted. He remained minister of that church till he was appointed Parliamentary Librarian and Archivist. Thereafter the congregation obtained the services of the Rev. H. Rawlings, who arrived from England in 1883, and resigned in 1886. The death of old members, the removal of others, the small number of members, and consequent financial weakness, have resulted in the Graaff-Reinet church being now dormant, and its coming to life again is extremely unlikely.

Many events and experiences, pleasant and unpleasant, which at the time seemed important and attracted much attention, now, as in every human life, when recalled to memory after the lapse of so many years, appear trivial even to the chief actor himself, and are therefore still less likely to interest the general reader. They have accordingly been ignored or consigned to oblivion. If the facts I

have mentioned are inadequate to give a general idea of the conditions and circumstances which then prevailed, an accumulation of additional details would have no better success. But one event which occurred during the period described in this chapter—the most important event in my personal life—must here be mentioned. When I visited Kruisvallei in December, 1866, I became acquainted with the Magistrate and Civil Commissioner of Tulbagh, Mr. J. A. Munnik and his family. Mr. Munnik subsequently retired and came to reside in Cape Town, where the acquaintance was renewed, and became more intimate, and the outcome was that on the 17th of March, 1871, I was married to his fourth daughter, Augusta. During the fist ten years of our married life, four daughters and two sons were born to us. Of the daughters, the eldest is married to Mr. R. N. Kotzé, Mining Engineer, Johannesburg, the second to Mr. E. H. L. Gorges, Under Colonial Secretary at Pretoria, while the Transvaal was a Crown Colony, and appointed by the new Government Secretary to the Prime Minister's Department, Accounting Officer and Clerk to the Executive Council, and the youngest to Mr. T. K. Jurisch, Government Land Surveyor, Riversdale, and the number of grandchildren is three. I am happy and thankful to say that throughout these thirty-six years, the family circle has remained unbroken, and that we have all been spared to this day.

VI.

THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACT.

It was very unfortunate that just while the battle between the new and the old theology was raging fiercely, a discussion was raised in the political world on a question closely connected with morals, with regard to which I had again to oppose the popular view, and to lay myself open to be suspected by the superficial of defending vice and sympathizing with those who indulged in it. It is an unpleasant subject to handle, but inasmuch as I am not writing fiction, but history, I cannot choose my subjects. It fell to my lot that I should have to concern myself with this matter during many years, and I take comfort in the thought that I have performed my full share in making an end to a state of affairs in the Colony which at one time was nothing less than appalling. Even now the subject is not out of date or a thing of the past. Every now and then an agitation is got up, or more or less determined efforts are made to repeal such Acts where they are in force, or to prevent their passing where they are not in operation.

In January, 1871, Mr. Saul Solomon assumed the leadership in a movement which some time before had been set on foot in England, against the C. D. Act. He initiated the crusade by sending circulars to members of Parliament, urging them to pledge themselves to vote with him when in the ensuing session of Parliament he would move the repeal of the Act which had been passed in 1868. Many did so pledge themselves without bestowing much thought upon the matter, and without caring much about it. His next step was to form an association for promoting the repeal, and in January, 1871, a meeting was called to pass certain resolutions on the subject. The meeting was not a public one, but one of supporters of the appeal. The Rev. Mr. Fisk, of the Church of England, however, not only attended the meeting, but took his seat on the platform, and after the first resolution had been moved, he rose to move an amendment. The Chairman refused to allow him to speak, stating that this was a meeting of the opponents of the Act. But Mr. Fisk was not to be trifled with; he insisted on his right to address the meeting, and moved an amendment, not in favour of the Act, but merely expressing the desirability of a Parliamentary Committee being appointed to enquire into the working of the Act. The meeting, consisting of supporters of the repeal only, no one rose to second Mr. Fisk's amendment, whereupon I, wishing to give Mr. Fisk a chance, and fully sharing his views, got up in the body of the hall and came to his rescue by seconding it. I said that I had come to the meeting merely to listen, that I had not had the remotest intention to speak; that on such a delicate subject I did not think it desirable to speak without due preparation, but I would state my opinions fully in Mr. Solomon's paper, the *Cape*

Argus, within a few days. Mr. Fisk's amendment was then put, and of course, by *that* meeting, negatived, while all the cut and dry resolutions were carried. I then wrote three long letters in favour of such legislation, which appeared in the *Argus* on the 7th, 9th and 11th of February. The first letter dealt with the Report of, and the evidence taken by the Commission appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty and by the Secretary of State for War, in 1867, from which it appeared how beneficially the Act had worked in India, Malta, Gibraltar and elsewhere in the British Dominions, and how successful similar measures had been in Paris. In the second, I quoted from the Report of the Committee of the Cape Legislative Council, appointed in 1869, showing that the great majority of the Cape medical men considered the Act necessary, and that it had upon the whole worked well. But the third—the most important one—went to the root of the matter, and showed that on moral and religious grounds, such a measure was demanded. To the objection that it was unjust to apply the Act to women, while men were exempt from its operation, I replied that men did not make a living by the trade, as did the class of women to whom the Act applied. To the objection that it degraded these women, my reply was that it appeared from the evidence that they willingly submitted because they appreciated its value to themselves. In answer to the objection that it was legalizing the evil, I pointed out that it was admitted, even by the opponents of the Act, that it was a necessary evil in the present state of society; and, if so, then the question simply came to this: Will you have the necessary evil *with* or *without* its fearful consequences? One paragraph of the letter I transcribe here, for the remarks it contains are as relevant in our day as they were when they were written: "Preachers of religion and others tell us that sinners must be punished, and that it is wrong, contrary to the Bible, to attempt to shield them from their well-merited punishment. Immorality is as disgusting to me as it is to any other preacher of religion, but allow me to ask, sirs, where would we be, if all of us always met with the well-merited punishment for every sin we commit? If God is merciful, if God shows us ways to escape, if God forgives and acts leniently towards sinful men, shall they, who are themselves sinners, who 'in many things offend daily,' shall they, if they can possibly help it, leave their fellow sinners to their fate? It really seems as if some Christians love to see suffering, and that they glory in the sight, if a man has brought that suffering upon himself by his follies and his sins. It seems as if they would gladly stand by and mock him and say: 'See, I have been good and obedient, and I am in good health, you have been a sinner and consequently carry hell about with you. Glory to God!' But they who speak and act thus are not consistent. They do not always, and in all cases, pursue this course of action. Only with this particular sin would they deal in such a way; with regard to other sins they follow another course. So, for instance, when you see a foolhardy man jump down from the roof of his house

and break his leg, do you say: 'God's Word says sin is followed by punishment, it is his own fault, he deserves no help'? No, but you rush up to him, give him all the assistance in your power, and try, as far as lies in you, to stay and avert the consequences of his rash act. Similarly, when you see a person cast himself into the sea, you do not say: 'Let him suffer for it,' but do your best to save his life. Again, you hold intemperance to be very foolish, and very sinful. But you would not stand calmly by and allow canteen keepers to adulterate their drinks, and to make them ten times more poisonous than they were originally. Even the drunkard you do not like to see poisoned. You would at any time be ready to raise a great outcry against the sale of liquor, which would obviously endanger the life and health of the drunkard. But now observe the inconsistency. When the question is whether we are to act similarly towards the licentious, when it is asked, shall we protect even these unfortunates as far as we can, shall we give even these a chance to repent, then the answer is: No, not they, let them suffer unpitied and uncared for, we take pleasure in the death of *such* wicked sinners. And the folly and injustice of this proceeding is, with regard to this last case, the more striking and flagrant, because in this case it is not the sinner only who suffers the penalty of his sin, but also his innocent children and grandchildren, even to the third and fourth generation—and the health of all with whom he or they come into contact is at stake!"

The attitude taken up by many in regard to this question has always impressed me as an admirable illustration of the illogical reasoning which satisfies a large section of the public. Drink is an acknowledged evil. Yet we have houses licensed to sell drink at every street corner. Government licenses them, and thereby raises revenue. This is not only generally connived at and approved of, but Parliament is urged by electors to make laws against adulteration of drink sold in those licensed houses. No voice is raised against thus licensing vice, against protection of drunkards against the consequences of their sin, against making this vice even a source of revenue. But with respect to this other vice, not much more detrimental to the stamina of the people, and not less tending to undermine their physical and mental vigour, an entirely different course is followed. An outcry is at once raised when, I will not say, the licensing, but even the recognition of this vice by the law is suggested, or when it is proposed to take steps to minimise the sufferings or avert the total ruin of those who indulge in it. What sense is there in this? Where is the justification for so entirely differentiating between two vices equally degrading and equally destructive? This is simply another instance of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Repeal your C. D. Act, but then be consistent, logical and honest, and repeal also your Liquor Licensing and Liquor Adulteration Laws, and have done with Pecksniffianism.

To these letters, Mr. Solomon himself and a member of the Association replied at great length, but they confined themselves

to disputing the statistics; my third letter they left untouched. In the next session of Parliament, Mr. Solomon's campaign proved successful; he gained a temporary triumph, the Act was repealed. With what result?

It should not be overlooked that in this Colony the disease was spread, not in the usual way, as the result of immoral conduct, but it was contracted in the vast majority of cases by innocent, clean, blameless persons. Among the half-castes in the Colony, a class above all others predisposed to unclean living, the disease was very prevalent. To this class the majority of domestic servants belong. Children entrusted to their care are kissed by them, they use the same spoons, cups, etc., and the result is that these servants, whose diseased condition is not suspected, infect these children, and often it is only at a late stage that the nature of the disease is detected. This was of frequent occurrence, and about a year after the repeal of the Act, such a case came to my knowledge in Cape Town, and I had an opportunity of personally observing it. A clean-looking, apparently healthy coloured woman had been engaged as nurse, and she indulged in the usual practice of kissing the children. After a while it was observed that these children had sores on their lips. The family doctor was consulted, who at once recognized the disease. The nurse was called in and examined, and her condition was found to be such as to leave no doubt as to the source of the children's infection. The Act had been repealed, the woman could not be sent to hospital, the only thing the parents could do was to discharge her at once; and there can be little doubt that she soon found a new place, and victimized another household. One of the children was so badly infected that only after two years of continuous medical treatment health was restored. Subsequent inquiries brought to light the fact that this same woman had been in service at Victoria West, where she had infected the children, one of whom died, and the children had communicated the disease to their mother. When it was found that she was the cause, she was sent away, and thereupon came to Cape Town, where she caused the misery above referred to. And for this—thanks to the wisdom of Solomon—there was no remedy, and during fourteen years the same thing was then going on unchecked all over the Colony.

Things went on from bad to worse, and when later, I became Editor of *Het Volksblad*, when I was in a better position to carry on the campaign, and when it was more than ever my obvious duty to enlighten public opinion on this question, I set myself the task of making the application of remedial measures a burning question. On the 18th of August, 1883, I wrote a leading article headed "Appalling Disclosures," in which I quoted from the District Surgeons' Reports, the statements made by twenty of these doctors, that in their districts the disease was alarmingly on the increase. Parliament was then in session, and the Government's attention was called to this state of affairs. The Prime Minister stated that he hoped that the Public Health Act recently passed, would meet the

case. *Het Volksblad* pointed out that this law had not been framed with special reference to this disease, and that it probably would be as successful as the attempt to stem the Atlantic with a broom, yet it acquiesced in a trial being made, and as a proof of its willingness to help to make it a success, it published those provisions which might be of use as a means to combat the evil. Our gloomy anticipations were realized. The existing law proved utterly incompetent to cope with the situation. The Health Report for the next year disclosed a much aggravated condition, and on the 22nd of July, 1884, I quoted from the reports of forty District Surgeons out of sixty-five, showing that their districts were badly infected, and that the number of victims was constantly on the increase. When the matter was mentioned in Parliament, the then Prime Minister, Mr. Upington, had nothing to say except that a large expenditure would be involved in taking action. About six weeks later, on the 11th of September, 1884, I again appealed to the Government and Members of Parliament to wake up and act in the matter. The usual silence followed. On the 2nd of June, 1885, I again gave the usual information, in what I called "the annual agony column." This time, out of seventy-six District Surgeons, fifty-one referred to the prevalence of the scourge in their districts. But now the Government had at last been aroused, and Mr. Upington promised to introduce a new C. D. Act during that session of Parliament. The Bill was brought in and passed without opposition, and the Act is on the Statute Book to this day. Thus the battle was won. Part I. of this Act applies only to the women, and makes provision for their inspection and detention in hospital. This section is in force only in the sea ports and in towns where troops are stationed, such as King William's Town, Uitenhage and Umtata. Part II. applies to the whole Colony, and to all classes. Since it became law the situation has gradually improved, and the scourge has been stamped out with such success, that at present the Cape Colony is no worse off in this respect than most other countries. Only in Bechuanaland the evil is still rampant among the natives.

Let us hope that Parliament will in the future resist the spasmodic efforts made from time to time to bring about the repeal of a law so beneficial to the sufferers, and so necessary for the protection of the public. The opposition to such legislation is no doubt well meant, but it indicates lack of wisdom, and lack of humane feeling. Let the mistaken purists recall Charles Dickens' picture of true-hearted old Peggotty placing a candle in the window every evening as a beacon light to guide his loved and lost Em'ly when she perhaps would come home again. Let them commit to memory the first eleven verses of the eighth chapter of the Fourth Gospel, live up to that teaching, and thus help "ring in the Christ that is to be."

VII.

INTERPRETERSHIP.

Of the liberality of the congregation, as already mentioned, I never had reason to complain, their generosity in contributing was quite disproportionate to their numbers and their wealth, but being now married and the family increasing, it became necessary, if I was not to become a burden upon them, to look around for an additional source of income, and from this time till the end, I have always had some lucrative employment in addition to my professional work. When, therefore, in the latter half of 1872, it came to my knowledge that Government intended to abolish the old system of employing casual interpreters for each session of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, and to create a new office, making the appointment a permanent one, with a salary of £550 (including travelling allowance), I sent in my application and offered my services. They were provisionally accepted, I was asked to act during the Criminal Sessions in October, and during the Civil Sessions in November and December. It was fully understood that I should have the permanent appointment, but this was leaving Judge Fitzpatrick out of account, who soon made it clear that he had determined to put a spoke into this wheel. At the Criminal Sessions in January, 1873, this judge presided; before the adjournment of the Court he delivered a speech from the bench, declaring himself dissatisfied with my performance and urging other ministers or young barristers to apply for what he called "this high and honourable office."

This extraordinary proceeding took everybody by surprise. The judge was soundly rated by the *Standard and Mail* and *Het Volksblad* for his indiscretion and presumption. For it was indeed an extraordinary course for a judge to adopt, when, not knowing a word of Dutch himself, he undertook to criticise Dutch interpretation. His action was the more extraordinary, and even the more ridiculous, when Judge Denyssen, who had been the judge at the previous Criminal Sessions, and who was quite familiar with the Dutch language, had expressed himself completely satisfied with my interpretation, and when the previous Civil Sessions, when Chief Justice Bell, Denyssen and Fitzpatrick were on the bench, had passed off without a hitch. The action of the judge was generally considered inexplicable, and, as is usually the case when an explanation is not easily to be found, it is sought for, and in this case the solution of the mystery was found in the fact that Judge Fitzpatrick, who was a Roman Catholic, had heard and believed the current report that the article signed F. F. F., referred to in a previous chapter, and which had been published a few weeks before, had been penned by me, and had determined that such an abandoned heretic should not hold an office in his Court.

This hostile demonstration on the part of the judge unsettled my equanimity for the moment, and made it difficult to know exactly what to do; it occurred to me, however, that it would be well to consult the Chief Justice, and secure his aid, if possible. I went to his chambers next morning, and found Judge Denyssen with him, with the newspaper containing the report of Judge Fitzpatrick's remarks, lying on the table, and this had evidently been the subject of their conversation before I entered. They at once gave me to understand that the matter was by no means so serious as I had supposed. Sir Sydney Bell said that it was quite a revelation to him that Judge Fitzpatrick was so at home in Dutch as to be an authority on Dutch interpretation; and Judge Denyssen declared that he was prepared to certify, if required, that he entertained no doubts as to my competency, and I left them fully reassured, and convinced that the threatened blast was only a storm in a teapot. So it proved, for after having accompanied the Chief Justice as interpreter on the March Circuit, on the favourable report of that judge, I received the permanent appointment.

I subsequently discovered what Judge Fitzpatrick's grievance against my mode of interpreting was. When a witness said: "Ik het hem gezien," and I translated: "I saw him," the judge would impatiently exclaim: "How can I put that down in my notes, who is 'him'?" In my simplicity, I thought that such a question should be put to the witness, not to me, and that it was my business to translate exactly what witnesses said, but finding that the judge thought otherwise, and wishing to make things as pleasant as possible, I humoured the judge, and substituted "prisoner" (or other person as the case might be) for the personal pronoun, and so peace was restored and maintained. I may also say that the judge, who was not renowned for affability, was ever after particularly civil to me, and more than once he went out of his way to favour me with personal kindness, and to indicate his goodwill. Being a martyr to a painful disease, he naturally was not always sweet-tempered, but he had a kind heart, and his sense of humour covered a multitude of frailties.

The task of the interpreter in the Supreme Court, Cape Town, was not a very arduous one; in several cases all, and in many cases most of the witnesses and prisoners spoke English, and the juries always knew that language, so that the speeches of the advocates, and the summing-up of the judge, had never to be translated. In the Circuit Courts, however, the circumstances were entirely different. There, every word spoken by witnesses, prisoners, barristers and judge, had to be translated, there being always Dutchmen on the jury, and often all the jurymen were Dutch; and as the Court sat from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., with only an hour's interval, it was a very fatiguing task in a crowded, hot and ill-ventilated Court-room.

My first Circuit was the last one taken by the Chief Justice, Sir Sydney Bell, who immediately afterwards retired and went

"home" to Scotland. He was succeeded by the then Attorney-General, Sir Henry de Villiers, who has held that office ever since, with the greatest credit to himself and to his country's highest advantage, and every Colonist sincerely hopes that this country may yet for many years to come have the benefit of his eminent abilities and talents. The other judges with whom I have had to do, Denyssen, Dwyer and Fitzpatrick, have all passed away. The advocates then practising in the Supreme and Western Circuit Courts, with most of whom I was at that time on intimate terms, were: Cole, A. Maasdorp, Buchanan, Leonard, Upington, Reitz, M. de Villiers, Innes, Kotzé, Jones, Cloete, W. Solomon, Hodges, Tennant, Hopley, Purcell, Giddy, Gregorowski, Kunhardt and Hoskyns; of these, some are dead, but the majority are now judges or hold or have held other high offices.

Circuit life, upon the whole, was extremely enjoyable. These journeys were undertaken in the most favourable and pleasantest periods of the year, Spring and Autumn. The railway then did not extend further than from Cape Town to Wellington; the entire journey was therefore performed in a Cape cart, two clubbing together and sharing the expense. The drivers were generally Malays, mine always were; they were preferred not only because they were experts at that work, and careful of their horses, but being faithful followers of the Arabian Prophet, they excelled Christians and heathens in temperance, and therefore did not cause the trouble, always with us, when we have to do with drunken servants. I, who, of course, always had to go the whole Circuit, travelled several thousands of miles per annum by cart, and became as well acquainted with the Western Province of the Colony as any man. I knew and could name every single outspan place, and the distances between them, from Clanwilliam to George, and from Victoria West to the sea, and my acquaintance was not limited to the country and its roads, but extended to its population. Multitudes of farmers in every district always came into the Circuit town, not only as witnesses or jurymen, but for the love of the thing. The interest they take in criminal prosecutions, as well as in lawsuits, is indeed wonderful, and it is well that it is so, for it is an educational agency by which they are much influenced. It seems to me that this to a great extent explains why the back-country farmer is generally superior in intelligence to his wife, and the young farmer is possessed of conversational powers superior to those of the farmer girl. This influx of farmers to the towns at Circuit time, brought me in contact with all the leading men all over the Western Province, and enormously enlarged the circle of my acquaintance.

The roads generally were in good condition, but there were exceptions. That was the time when the Diamond Fields began to play their important part in Cape Colonial life, and the fame of their fabulous wealth, which sober reality has since shown to be vastly in excess of the most extravagant dreams of avarice, induced

not only large numbers of Colonists to try their luck on the banks of the Vaal, but attracted thousands from all parts of the world, who hoped to realize fortunes in the new Golconda. All these had to travel in carts or wagons from Wellington to the mines, through the Gouph, and this enormous traffic had cut up the road in a manner and to an extent inconceivable to those who have not themselves had to travel over them. You had your choice between deep ruts, mudholes and dustholes, but all were equally unpleasant, trying and painful, and this went on some ten days before Victoria West was reached, through "a dry and thirsty land where no water is," and the prospect rendered more hideous by the countless numbers of carcasses and skeletons of cattle, horses and mules, "fallen in harness," worked to death, and now bleaching by the roadside. The road to the Diamond Fields was the Golconda of the Aasvogel. These Karoo roads illustrate and explain a Bible text which must present some difficulty to those Europeans who think while they read their Bible. Why should the road which leads to perdition be broader than any other? No European has ever seen a road become broader by being much travelled. But in the Karoo —and Palestine and the Gouph are birds of a feather—one has ocular demonstration of the fact. As traffic on a road increases, it becomes so dusty and rutty that travellers leave it and make a new track on the right or left, and this is continually going on till certain sections of these much frequented Karoo roads become fifty or even a hundred feet broad. Still, it would be an uncharitable assumption that all these travellers who helped to broaden the road were on the way to perdition. The text is of older date than the Kimberley Diamond Fields, though some of my readers may often have heard that place identified with the region where an overcoat is a superfluity and without market value.

The road from Fraserburg to Worcester, through the Roggeveld, was another trial to the temper, and to the sensitive nerves. It did not, indeed, deserve the name of road, it was a mere track, uphill and down dale, over boulders and ditches. We generally walked a great part of the way, some to save their horses, others to save their skins, while that from Piquetberg to Clanwilliam offered, I will not say an agreeable, but a complete change, for a considerable stretch of it was composed of deep, soft sand. And hereby hangs a tale. It happened on one occasion that advocates Upington (afterwards Sir Thomas Upington) and Hoskyns were travelling together, neither of whom could speak a word of Dutch, and their ignorance of that language was shared by their inexperienced driver, also an Englishman. But they had, they thought, the next best thing—an English and Dutch Pocket Dictionary. They knew that there were two roads from Piquetberg to Grey's Pass, the one partially gravelled, the other a deep sand track. The latter, of course, they wished to avoid, and they were anxious to avail themselves of the partially hard road. There was a farmer outspanned close by, and they determined to obtain the desired information from him. The

Dictionary was produced, and since they wanted the hard road, it was but natural that the word "hard" should be looked up. Among the Dutch equivalents given in the Dictionary, was the word "zwaar," and having also ascertained that road was "pad," Mr. Upington felt equipped for his task, approached the farmer and asked him: "Where is die zwaaar paddd to Clanwilliam?" "Zwaar pad" being the Dutch for "heavy road," of course the sandy track was pointed out to them by the farmer, who, whatever he may have thought of the strange preference of these Englishmen, had too much natural good breeding to express his opinion about their eccentric taste. Well, they took the "Zwaaarr paddd," and it is not necessary to enlarge upon the results. They had to walk all the way in the scorching, noonday heat, through the heavy sand, tormented by flies, and arrived at the outspan, looking as if they had not enjoyed their walk, some two hours late, just when we were ready to start. There was no end to the flow of witty remarks called forth by this incident, and thereafter, I believe, the Pocket Dictionary fell into disfavour.

Another impediment which occasionally caused inconvenience, was a swollen and unbridged river. Among these, the Gouritz was the most prominent. This river, the largest in the Western Province, rising far north of Beaufort West, and its mouth near Mossel Bay, was then spanned by not a single bridge, though it intersected the main road from Cape Town to the frontier, and had to be crossed six times a week by the mail carts. Whenever a thunderstorm broke over the Karoo, it came down and stopped the traffic, which on that line, was very considerable. The peculiarity of this river was that it was most dangerous after a flood. When the water was deep, small vehicles could be taken across in a boat, but when the volume of water had again become normal, the quicksands in the bed were always found to have shifted their position, and the drift could not be safely crossed before troops of oxen had been driven backwards and forwards for hours in order to trample the bottom to some degree of firmness; but often the oxen were driven in prematurely, and they swam without ever touching the bottom, and it was left to the first luckless traveller to find a new drift.

In spite of all these little drawbacks, life on the road was very pleasant. A start was made at daybreak, and after about two hours' travelling, the first outspan place was reached, where a halt was called for breakfast, and the quantity of eatables which were made to vanish from sight was astounding. Then some walked on till they were caught up by the carts, while others indulged in cricket or quoits, for a bat and ball always formed part of the indispensable luggage. At the next outspan, after having tossed which cart was to pay, a boy was sent with a basket to the farmhouse to fetch grapes, oranges or other fruit, and after lunch, when it was usually too hot for "outdoor sports," whist under a tree was the order of the day, when Mr. Upington, who was an expert at that game, often had occasion to inform his partner that he (the partner)

was "not in the same continent with whist." I always provided myself with a shot-gun, but game had become scarce near the roads, and a korhaan occasionally was all that was obtainable; partridges, Namaqua partridges, dikkop and pauw were *raræ aves*. Sometimes it was necessary to camp out, and, for want of accommodation, this was compulsory between Fraserburg and Worcester. There are bedsteads very much more comfortable for two men to sleep in, than a Cape cart; yet I cannot remember hearing any complaints about insomnia on the Nieuwveld mountains, while I feel confident that there still lives in the memory of occupants of the benches of the Supreme Courts in Cape Town, Grahamstown, Kimberley, Bloemfontein and Pretoria, as there does in mine, many a camp fire story, song, debate, recitation and joke, which will ever remain conspicuous among the many pleasant recollections of the past. And so will the Circuit song, consisting of two new stanzas added to the students' song, Io Vivat; adapted to the circumstances of the Circuit-going barrister, thus :—

Io vivat, Io vivat
Nostrorum sanitas.
Sit via nostra perlonga
Sint lucra nostra minima,
Io vivat, etc.
Hoc non obstante bibimus
Et atras curas pellimus,
Io vivat, etc.

Then there was the enjoyment of the beauties and grandeur of natural scenery in which all the mountain passes abound. But one of these, which has attracted far too little notice even in the Colony itself, and which, if it were in Europe or America, would be the goal of thousands of excursionists, merits special mention, namely, Meirings Poort, on the road between Oudtshoorn and Prince Albert, being as wonderful in its way as the famous Cango Caves in the same neighbourhood. The Poort has now, I suppose, to a great extent, fallen into disuse, since the completion of the Zwartberg Pass, which enables travellers to reach their destination by a much shorter cut. Meirings Poort is not really a mountain pass; it does not cross a mountain, it goes through it. It is a huge cleft in the Zwartberg Range, through which a river flows from the Karoo into the Oudtshoorn district, and so narrow that the opening barely affords room for the river and the road, indeed, at two or three points there is not space for both, so that the bed of the river must serve also as a road. The narrow area along the river available for the road is now on the right, and then again on the left of the stream, with the result that during the two hours' passage through the Poort, the river has to be crossed twenty-eight times. In this cleft in the mountain, quite as high as Table Mountain, with sides almost perpendicular, there is hardly any vegetation; it affords only rock scenery, but of the wildest and most eccentric character,

and the curiously twisted rock strata are exceptionally interesting and grotesque. Whatever geologists may say—and I do not know what they do say—it seems common sense to assume that in the distant past the Gouph must have been a mighty lake, with the Nieuwveld Mountains as its northern embankment and the Zwartberg Range as the southern, and that its waters burst through the Zwartberg dam at this point, now known as Meirings Poort, and on a somewhat smaller scale higher up at Tooverwaters Poort, and lower down at Zeven Weeks Poort, thus carrying off the bulk of the soil from the Gouph and flooding the Oudtshoorn district with the rich alluvial deposits for which it is now renowned. Even if the geologist expert laughs at this theory, I shall incline to be of the same opinion still. It satisfies me. But be this as it may, let me advise every tourist who visits the Oudtshoorn district, not to leave it before he has seen and admired the grand, stupendous, overpowering scenery in Meirings Poort. It is a freak of nature as marvellous as it is unique.

I much regret that I did not note down the many funny things said by witnesses and prisoners during my term of office. After the lapse of so many years, my memory has retained only a very few. There was, for instance, the witness whose nationality I do not recollect, but judging from his answer I should say that he must have been an Irishman, who was asked by the judge: "Were you sober at the time?" and promptly replied: "As sober as a judge, your Lordship."

As illustrative of the attention which even Hottentots pay to the proceedings in Court, the following story may serve. Seven of these men were placed in the dock charged with shopbreaking and theft. In the indictment a long list was given of the goods stolen by them, and among the forty or fifty articles mentioned, was a travelling bag, which I translated "reiszak." After the indictment had been read to them, I put the usual question to the first prisoner: What do you say, are you guilty or not guilty? His reply was: "Schuldig, mynheer, maar van die zak rijst weet ik niks" (guilty, but I know nothing about the bag of rice), and the same words were repeated by the other six. For the benefit of those who do not understand Dutch, I may explain that "travelling bag" is "reiszag" and "zakrijst" a bag of rice. It reminds one of the "horse chestnut" and the "chestnut horse."

The following occurred in the Supreme Court, Cape Town. An assault case was heard in which the assaulted man was in the employ of the Stercus Company. One of the witnesses, a Hollander foreman of the Company, was asked: What did you do when you found the wounded man? The witness, who understood a little English, but could not speak it, answered: "Wij hebben hem onder de trap gelegd." I interpreted: "We laid him under the staircase." "No," exclaimed the witness, indignantly, "niet onder de stercus, onder de trap" (not under the stercus, under the staircase).

A coloured man was tried for murder in the Oudtshoorn Circuit Court. It appeared that the prisoner had been in the service of a farmer, who one night went to catch eels, and took the boy with him. Both were on horseback, and the farmer took a gun with him. When they came to the river, the farmer left the horses, saddles and gun, in charge of the prisoner, and went to fish. Prisoner knew that a mortal enemy of his would come home that night by a footpath which crossed the river a little higher up. When his master was gone, he took the gun, waylaid his enemy in the footpath, shot him, and then returned to his post. The case was clearly proved, and after the summing-up of the judge, the jury retired to consider their verdict. They remained away a considerable time, and when on their return they were asked whether they found the prisoner guilty or not guilty, their verdict was: "Guilty of unfaithfulness to his master, for he left the saddles unguarded in the veld." The judge, of course, refused to accept such a verdict, and explained to them that the man was charged with murder, and they had to say whether he was or was not guilty of murder. They then re-considered their verdict, found the prisoner guilty, and he was condemned to death. This jury evidently thought more of the property of their fellow farmer, than of the life of a Hottentot; the former was to them a serious crime, the latter a trifle not worth considering. It must not, however, be supposed that this is a type of the average country jury. It happened to be a particularly unintelligent set.

During the time when I held the office of interpreter, a sensational event occurred in our legal world, namely, the trial of a judge. Judge Fitzpatrick, as I stated before, was suffering from a painful disease, diabetes. As the complaint developed, it became more and more evident that, both physically and mentally, he was growing weaker. Other results were: increased irritability and ill-temper in Court, and inability to remain awake on the bench, especially in the afternoon. This became an uncommonly serious matter when he sat alone as Circuit Judge, and it gave rise to much dissatisfaction among suitors, and they—more particularly those who lost their cases—openly and freely expressed their opinion that the sleepiness was caused by intoxication. His unpopularity among the members of the bar also became more pronounced, and culminated in Advocate A. Maasdorp, member for Graaff-Reinet, giving notice of a motion in the House of Assembly, in the session of 1878, asking for a Select Committee to enquire into the fitness and capacity of Mr. Justice Fitzpatrick for the discharge of the functions of a Judge of the Supreme Court. This motion was carried, and the Committee appointed consisted of the Attorney-General (Mr. Upington) and Messrs. Solomon, Sauer, Kirkwood, De Wet, Maasdorp, C. Watermeyer and Southey.

The charges against the judge were contained in four Articles, in the sub-sections of which fifteen cases were mentioned in which the judge was alleged to have failed in his duty. The charges

briefly amounted to this: That he did not take proper notes of the evidence; that he was addicted to habits of intemperance and insobriety; that he was physically too weak to perform his duties properly, being overcome by sleep in the afternoon; that he suffered from great mental incapacity and confused and mixed up criminal cases. The Report and Evidence make a volume of 260 pages; the Committee sat from the 2nd to the 27th of July, 1878, and examined about forty witnesses, the judge conducting his defence in person. On all the special charges the verdict of the Committee was that they had not been established, though in some cases the votes were four to three, and though the above verdict on some charges seems practically neutralized by such qualifications as the following: after saying that the charge as to not taking proper notes had not been established, the Committee adds, "though the notes of the judge of the cross-examination of the plaintiff (re De Jager v. Hauptfleisch) were not sufficiently full." To the acquittal on the charge of sleeping on the bench, they add: "though there is sufficient evidence to lead the Committee to believe that the judge did, for a time, in consequence of illness, suffer from weakness to such an extent as to render it difficult for him to perform, in a way satisfactory to himself and to the public, the duties required from a judge, hearing and deciding causes." In acquitting him as to the charge of mental incapacity, they add: "although the judge, during the progress of the case of the Queen vs. Philip, referred to a certificate of good character which had been given in evidence in a previous case, and had no connection with the case on trial."

As I am here describing my life's experiences, I cannot silently pass over the share I was called upon to take in this case. I was summoned as one of the witnesses for the prosecution, and gave the following evidence:—

"493. *Chairman:* You are interpreter from Dutch into English, and from English into Dutch in the Supreme Court, and also in the Circuit Courts?—I am.

494. I believe you have held that office for a considerable number of years?—Since 1872.

495. Since 1872 I think you have gone every Circuit with Mr. Justice Fitzpatrick, all round the Circuit?—Yes.

496. At all events on many occasions, you have been interpreter in the Supreme Court when he has been sitting as judge?—Always, when not on Circuit.

497. *Mr. Maasdorp:* You went the last Circuit in 1877 with Mr. Justice Fitzpatrick?—Yes.

498. Will you look at Article 2, section *b*?—Yes.

499. Have you any recollection of what took place at Riversdale at that Circuit?—Yes; in the case of *De Jager* vs. *Hauptfleisch*, in the afternoon, while the Circuit Court sat at Riversdale, I observed that the judge was not awake during part of the hearing of the case.

500. *Chairman:* Can you say whether it was this case?—No, I merely recollect the circumstance.

501. *Mr. Maasdorp:* But he was not awake?—To all appearances.

502. *Chairman:* Explain what you say?—His eyes were closed; he nodded now and then, and did not take notes.

503. Did he lean his head on his hand?—No, not as far as I know.

504. *Mr. Watermeyer:* For what length of time did the judge appear to be asleep?—At intervals he certainly was awake, but every now and then what I have described happened.

505. How were you placed as regards the judge in Court?—When I am interpreting, I am generally looking towards the judge.

506. I think that while interpreting you always stand?—Yes.

507. *Mr. Maasdorp:* What was the general appearance of the judge in that case, was it merely fatigue?—I would not like to give an opinion as to the cause. In fact, it is beyond my power to give any opinion as to the cause.

508. To go on to the next charge, *c*?—I observed the same things which I had seen previously.

509. *Chairman:* In what case?—In the case of *Barry and Glynn* vs. the *Divisional Council*. I remember this more particularly in consequence of some rather strong remarks which were made in my hearing by the then Resident Magistrate of the place, Mr. Hudson. He took a sort of personal interest in the matter, because he was the Civil Commissioner of the District and Chairman of the Divisional Council. He thought it was a particularly important case for the district.

510. *Mr. Sauer:* Were these remarks made in Court?—No.

511. *Mr. Watermeyer:* The Divisional Council lost the case?—Yes.

512. And Mr. Hudson was the Chairman?—Yes.

513. *Mr. Maasdorp:* I believe there was a particularly long adjournment in that case?—I believe there was a long adjournment at Mossel Bay, but I cannot say whether the case of Barry and Glynn was on at the time. I believe it was at Mossel Bay that the judge one day did not come back after the adjournment, but sent word that he was indisposed.

514. *Chairman:* Is it the fact that the judge on this occasion sent word that he was indisposed?—I do not know who brought the message into Court, but I know we all went away, and there was no Court that afternoon. As far as I know there was a message sent to the Court by the judge.

515. *Mr. Sauer:* There was no Court that afternoon?—No, there was no Court.

516. *Mr. Maasdorp:* Go on to the next charge, *d*?—I do not recollect anything particular happening on the day mentioned in that charge, except that the appearances which I have described as having seen at Riversdale happened frequently on that Circuit.

517. In the morning or afternoon?—As far as I can recollect, only in the afternoon.

518. *Chairman:* Do you recollect the judge's long illness?—Yes.

519. Was it before or after this Circuit?—It was after the Circuit.

520. *Mr. Solomon:* Was it an invariable practice of the Court to adjourn at one o'clock for refreshment?—There were exceptions. In the very next charge, at Victoria West, there was an exception. On one, or perhaps two days, the judge sat through all day without an adjournment.

521. *Mr. De Wet:* Was that the first day of the Circuit?—The Court did adjourn on the first day.

522. *Mr. Maasdorp:* Did you observe any of these appearances of which you have spoken, as regards section *e*?—On the first day the Court did adjourn; then I observed the same appearances as at Riversdale.

523. *Mr. Sauer:* What case was being heard?—Part of the murder case of *O'Connor Morris*. The case lasted for two days perhaps. It was not finished in one day.

524. *Mr. Solomon:* You did not observe these appearances on the one or two days on which there was no adjournment?—No.

525. Have you observed them on any other occasion when there has been no adjournment?—The Court has always adjourned, as far as I can remember, with the exception of these occasions.

526. *Mr. Maasdorp:* You say you have generally observed these appearances on Circuit in the afternoon; have you observed them in the Supreme Court?—Yes; but I do not remember any particular case; but they were much less frequent than in the Circuit Courts. In the Supreme Court I sit in a position where I cannot see the judge, except when I am interpreting. But I am not always in the Supreme Court when I am not interpreting.

527. *Mr. Solomon:* Are you always in the Supreme Court, although not interpreting?—Nearly always, when not on Circuit.

528. *Chairman:* On these days you describe at Victoria West, when the Court did not adjourn, you did not detect any of these appearances; did the judge appear to you to be able to grasp the facts of the cases on these days?—Yes; I do not know of anything to the contrary.

529. Did he appear to you on these days, or that day, to be capable of fully discharging his functions? I am speaking of the day or days when there was no adjournment?—Yes. My memory is rather weak, but I think I remember in that case of Morris there was some controversy at the end of the case. There was a difference between the counsel defending the case and the judge, respecting some evidence about poison. It appeared on reference to the notes of the counsel that such evidence had been given, but the judge at the time seemed not to be aware of it.

530. *Mr. Maasdorp:* Do you recollect whether this evidence was given on the first day?—I should say that the evidence concerning the poison must have been given on the afternoon of the first day.

531. Have you looked over Article 4? Are there any cases there of which you can speak?—The second section, *b*, says the judge directed the jury that they might find the prisoner guilty of murder. My recollection is that the judge did not charge the jury that they might find the prisoner guilty of murder; but he said: "If you do not think this charge is proved, you may find him guilty of culpable homicide, of assault, or of anything you like." Those are the words to the best of my recollection. I certainly do not remember anything about "murder."

532. *Mr. Sauer:* Were you interpreting in that case?—I cannot say, it may be that all the witnesses spoke English.

533. *Chairman:* Do you recollect anything special connected with any of the other cases?—No.

534. *Mr. Solomon:* This is the only case in Article 4 of which you can speak?—Yes.

535. In this case of James Thomas, where the judge charged the jury in the way you have stated, was it morning or afternoon?—I do not remember.

I then thought, and still think, that there is little in this evidence of mine with which the judge could have felt pleased, it being very decided as to his generally sleeping on the bench in the afternoon. Whether it was that he thought that I would seize this fine opportunity of paying him off for his above described attempt to prevent my being appointed interpreter, or whether he feared that I was called to give evidence as to what I witnessed when travelling with him part of the previous Circuit, I cannot say, but my evidence seemed to have been an agreeable surprise to him, for in his defence before the Committee, after the evidence had been heard, he made these flattering remarks in reference to me, when he dealt with the charge referring to intemperance:—"Mr. Maasdorp's own witness, the Rev. Mr. Faure, whose manner of giving evidence proved that he would not disgrace his holy calling, or palter with truth, could have informed him of the truth or falsehood of this charge. On that Circuit, he, Mr. Faure, met with a disappointment in his vehicle, and in consequence, travelled with me, as my guest from Prince Albert to Beaufort West, thence to Victoria, Fraserburg, and through the Karoo to Worcester. He thus spent about twelve days with me, partaking of each meal with me, in intimate association with me from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; and yet he was not asked a question as to my habits of intemperance. He is no stranger to the prosecutor, or to the gentlemen of the bar who support him in this prosecution. Why was he not interrogated as to these disgraceful and criminal charges in a person in my position? Could it be that he would scout the charge as my eight witnesses have done? It must be so; he would not tell a lie."

When the judge had concluded his address, Mr. Maasdorp asked him :—

"2241. You have stated that the Rev. Mr. Faure travelled with you on the Circuit of 1877?—Yes.

2242. You commented upon my not examining him as to your habits; did it not strike you that if you knew he would give favourable evidence to you, you could have cross-examined him to bring out his evidence?—I am too educated a barrister to have done so."

Now the judge need not have entertained any fear that I would have revealed to the Committee anything I had seen or heard while travelling with him. I had fully made up my mind beforehand, that if any question were put to me by the Committee on anything I may have observed during that time, I would have declined to answer, simply as a matter of principle. It would have been the extreme of ungentlemanliness and meanness to play the spy on a man from whom I was receiving a favour, and whose guest I was, and then to have made use of knowledge so obtained for the purpose of ruining him. However, there was no necessity for declining to give such evidence, for no attempt was made by the Committee to elicit it, and the judge himself was content to let well alone.

When the Report of the Committee stating that the charges had not been established, was considered by the House, it was adopted, and there the matter ended. The judge, however, retired in the course of the following year.

I now come to an episode which very closely concerned me, and which led to one of the turning-points in my life. The story is a long one, but, I trust, that even now it will be found instructive and interesting. It is intimately connected with, and the outcome of, the famous "Koegas Atrocities," which, both in England and in the Colony, occupied public attention during more than a year, and excited indignation and horror in an uncommon degree. The facts are these: In 1878, a rebellion or disturbance occurred among the Koramas and Bushmen on the Northern Border of the Colony. A commando was sent against them, under Field Commandant Van Niekerk, consisting mainly of burghers residing in the districts of Victoria West and Fraserburg. The first report of their proceedings is found in a letter from Commandant Van Niekerk to the Magistrate of Victoria West. He states that they surprised the enemy in a bush, that they opened fire upon them, and that they killed forty-six; he "regrets to say" that among the forty-six there were ten women and children who were mixed up with the men in the bush; thirty-two were captured, among whom were five men; "not one enemy escaped." Three of the "enemy" were armed with guns, the rest with bow and arrows. One burgher was slightly wounded. The Commandant further reported that he sent the captives to Victoria West, and five died on the road from wounds received in the fight. About these latter we shall hear more hereafter.

On the day after receiving the above tidings, the Government—the first Sprigg Ministry—telegraphed to the Magistrate of Victoria

West, that they had with "grief and pain" received Van Niekerk's report of the "disgraceful slaughter of women and children beyond the borders of the Colony. Such outrages must bring utter discredit upon the Colony." In order to prevent the recurrence, they order the forces to return to the Colonial side of the Orange River, and they state that they would send Mr. Judge as Special Commissioner to settle matters with the natives if possible, and that operations should in the meantime be suspended. While the Government expresses its horror at the crime, and says that a repetition of it must be prevented, it cannot escape observation that nothing is said about steps to be taken to bring the offenders to justice. But so far there was only shooting of women and children "accidentally" in a fight. On the 10th of March, 1879, Mr. Jackson, Special Commissioner, states in a report to the Colonial Secretary, that though the shooting of the women and children in the bush fight might be excused as unintentional, "nothing whatever can justify the shooting of the wounded at Luiskraal, and subsequently on the line of march to Koegas, among whom were helpless women and little children." The men, he says, who committed those dastardly acts had now returned home, and were beyond his reach, but he recommended that the Magistrate of Victoria West should commence a preliminary examination against Commandant Van Niekerk, "in order to reach the perpetrators of the terrible deeds which he alleged to have been committed without his knowledge and consent, and against such of the farmers as can be identified." To this, the Attorney-General (Mr. Upington) replied that he believes the shooting in the bush to have been accidental, but he would cause every effort to be made to bring the men to justice who had shot the prisoners on the road. The result was that Smith, a sergeant of the burghers, Duraan, a burgher, and Jacob Zoutaar, a Bastard, but also a burgher, were committed for trial, the case to be heard by the Circuit Judge at Victoria West, in September, 1879.

Of the trial itself more will be heard later on; here I remark only on the way in which the prosecution was got up. The judge (Dwyer) observed in the course of the trial, and in his address to the jury, that they could not find the prisoners guilty of murder, because no proof of death had been given. They could, he said, only find them guilty of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm. It did not occur to him to tell the jury that they might find them guilty of assault with intent to murder. However, no proof of death was laid before the jury. No doubt it was difficult to obtain information, and to collect evidence, but during the preliminary examination, one of the witnesses made the following statement: "I examined the body of the woman Sanna and the other woman, and found they were dead." There was the man who could prove the death of at least two women. But strange to say, this witness, Wasserfall, was not one of the witnesses at the trial, nor was anyone indicted for the murder of Sanna. Moreover, neither Commandant Van Niekerk, who was present in Court, nor Captain Engelbrecht,

were indicted or called as a witness to testify as to the orders given to their men. If the Attorney-General had ascertained that Van Niekerk had given no order to shoot wounded prisoners, he should have been called as a witness, in order to strengthen the case against the prisoners. If the Attorney-General had ascertained that Van Niekerk had given such orders, he should have been indicted for murder. The same witness, Wasserfall, said in his evidence at the preliminary examination: "I saw a wounded man being shot by Sergeant Carel van der Merwe." Sergeant Carel van der Merwe was not indicted, but he was not overlooked. The astounding fact is that he was summoned as a juryman! At the preliminary examination, both Ruthven and Jacob Greef stated that they had shot a wounded woman "out of pity," and at the trial in the Circuit Court, Piet van Zyl stated that he was present when Apie was shot. He was asked by whom, and he declined to answer, because he would not criminate himself, admitting therefore that he was the man who had shot Apie. Apie was a boy four years old. Twenty-three "prisoners of war" were sent to Victoria West, ten of whom were women, two carrying their infants, and of these, seven wounded women, when their strength failed them, and they could walk no further, were shot by their escort. The Attorney-General, when in the witness-box, in his case against the *Argus*, was asked why he had not prosecuted Ruthven, Greeff and Van der Merwe, and his reply was: "I did not proceed against them because they made voluntary statements!" Let future murderers take note that, if after having committed a murder, they make a "voluntary statement," they are safe!

Before entering upon the final stage of this prosecution, such as it was, I must refer to another case, that of Bergman and Hennik, quite distinct from the Koegas case, the only point of resemblance being that the murders in both, and the failure of justice in both, were contemporaneous.

Five Koranas were apprehended by Fieldcornet Burger at De Tuin, near the Orange River, apparently on suspicion that they were in league with the enemy. They were tied together by the wrists, two by two, and were sent to Kenhardt under escort of Bergman and Hennik, who were on horseback, each armed with a rifle and a revolver. It would seem that, feeling little inclined to undertake the long and tiring journey, they decided to make short work of it. They had travelled scarcely more than three miles when they shot them all down, each receiving one rifle and two revolver bullets. They thereupon left them for dead, and rode home. But a Korana skull is not made of the stuff of which ordinary human skulls are composed. The oldest man of the party, Piet Blauw, with a revolver bullet through the head, and another wound through the neck, and yet another through the shoulder, revived after a while, recovered, and was the chief witness in the case. His evidence was corroborated by Charles Harris, who, with Mr. Jackson, had examined the spot where the skeletons were lying, and described their position and rings and other ornaments and clothes found there, while Kaatje Blauw

identified them as the property of the murdered men. The Surgeon of the Cape Mounted Rifles described the wounds of Piet Blauw, and the rifle and revolver bullet holes on the skulls of the others.

The trial of these cases took place at Victoria West, before Judge Dwyer; the case of Bergman and Hennik on the 15th, and the Koegas case on the 16th of September, 1879. Bergman and Hennik were found "not guilty" by the jury, and in the other case, the two white prisoners were acquitted, and the third, Jacob Zoutaar, a coloured man, was found guilty of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labour. It must be admitted that in the latter case, the evidence led by the Crown against the first two prisoners was very weak. In the first case, however, the verdict was scandalous, and its popularity was a still darker feature.

It is scarcely conceivable that any man possessed of common sense, and of even superficial knowledge of human nature, could have believed in the possibility of finding an impartial jury in a district which had supplied 222 of the 742 burghers who had gone to the front, and who must have had many friends and relatives in the same district, but that among the jurors summoned there were some who had themselves taken an active part in that expedition, is a statement which sounds so fabulous that one hesitates to make it. And yet such is the solemn fact. In the case of the Attorney-General against the *Argus*, Advocate Jones, who had been the prosecuting barrister in the Victoria West Circuit Court, was asked whether he had instructions (from the magistrate) to challenge any jurymen, and his reply was this: "Yes. The first one was H. E. van Niekerk, son of the Field Commandant. The next one was Van Heerde, for reasons above stated (who had publicly said that every Korana ought to be shot). The next was C. J. van der Merwe, who was himself engaged in the fight at Stofkraal, and who was alleged to have shot a woman wounded in the Koegas affair. [He had himself admitted it.] Next came D. S. Pienaar, Captain of the Uitvlucht Ward, and on service in the Koegas affair. W. Luscombe, a store-keeper in Victoria West, came next. He said he did not like to sit as a juryman, as it would be prejudicial to his business, and if he sat on the jury he dared not bring in a verdict of guilty. H. D. Parker, J. Easton and B. Nielson, had been on active service at the northern border. I challenged them also. B. F. Engelbrecht was a relative of Captain Engelbrecht." Such were the jurors summoned to decide a case in which the honour of the Colony was concerned.

I was fully determined that the matter should not end with this miscarriage of justice, and that "the voice of the blood" of these murdered women and children should not be left "to cry to God unavenged from the ground." My feeling was that, like every other Colonist, and like every member of the Government, I was personally responsible for the impunity with which this frightful massacre had been perpetrated. I was anxious to minimize my share in the blood-guiltiness. But I was not only willing, but desirous that others

should take the initiative, and I resolved to wait and see what would happen. On our arrival at Oudtshoorn, it must have been the 3rd or 4th of October, I received the Cape Town newspapers, and found that they contained the ordinary reports of the trials, the evidence of the witnesses, and the verdict of the jury, without any remarks by the reporters, or comments by the editors. I then sat down and wrote a letter headed "Deeds of Shame," and signed "Fiat Justitia," and enclosed it, with a private note, to Mr. Saul Solomon, proprietor of the *Cape Argus*. This letter was published in the *Argus* of the 7th of October, with a strong leading article, written by Mr. Dormer, the editor. This effectually stirred up the dry bones, and caused immense excitement and hot indignation among the public, the *Cape Times*, which supported the Government, saying that if these statements were verified, they were "entirely damning in the case of the Attorney-General," and unless he cleared himself he was unfit to hold that office. The letter, which had momentous and memorable results, and has become historical, reads as follows:—

DEEDS OF SHAME.

Sir,—I anxiously looked for the number of your paper which would contain the report of the Victoria West Circuit Court cases, and your comments upon the disgraceful and humiliating farce acted on that occasion. Finding, however, that your reporter, as well as the special correspondents of the other Cape Town papers, contented themselves with giving an ordinary law report of the evidence only, I feel it my duty to give publicity to those matters which have not been reported, and which ought not to be suffered to be silently passed over. Having been present throughout the whole of the trials, and knowing something of the feeling in the district, I beg you to publish the poor and feeble lines of one who regrets to say that he blushes for his countrymen, and feels ashamed of his South African nationality.

It was known, weeks and months before, that no conviction would be obtained if the trials took place at Victoria; it was known that the whole district of Victoria West sympathised with the prisoners; and that, with a jury selected from among the inhabitants of the district, the prisoners were safe from harm. The excitement was intense. The Court was crowded. Scarcely a farmer of position and influence was absent. Everyone seemed to have made up his mind to be present to witness the glorious sight of the acquittal of men with white skins charged with the shooting down, in cold blood, of a number of Koranna "creatures"—men, women, and children four years old.

The evidence in the first case tried, that of Bergman and Hennik, was simply overwhelming. They were charged with the shooting of four men. It was proved that Bergman and Hennik escorted these men, and a fifth, Piet Blauw, who had also received three shots, but who had recovered, and was the principal witness

in the case, and they shot them apparently from no other motive than the desire to get rid of them. Bergman and Hennik were mounted, and armed each with a rifle and revolver, and the Koranna men were all tied together, and on foot; and, judging the other Korannas by the appearance of Piet Blauw, the survivor, not very formidable antagonists. The prisoners' story was that these Korannas had managed to get loose, and had attacked them with stones, and that they were forced to shoot them in self-defence! But not an atom of evidence was there before the jury in support of these assertions. On the contrary, it was proved that, before the shooting, the prisoners had taken the men out of the road leading to Kenhardt, to which place they had to take them, and that the foul deed was done on a by-road to the Orange River It was moreover proved, both by the evidence of Piet Blauw and by the damning evidence of the four skulls produced to the jury, that each of the deceased had received three shots, one or more of the skulls produced clearly showing that their owners had received one rifle and two revolver bullets; and the identity of the murdered bodies was proved by bits of clothing, rings, etc., found near the skeletons. But evidence availed not with that jury. "Not guilty" was the verdict, and then such shouts and shrieks of joy were belched forth in that Court-room as never yet have been heard in a South African Court of Justice. One of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest farmer in the district, seated on the very front bench, not three yards removed from the judge, threw up his hat in triumph, and presently, outside, the released prisoners received the congratulations of the public, and were the heroes of the rest of the day.

Next day the famous Koegas case was to come on, and it did. As regards this case, public excitement was perhaps still more violent. I will not enter into the particulars of this case, however, for a verdict of guilty of murder could not legally have been given against these prisoners, since, though the shooting was proved beyond a doubt, the death was not, and I trust it will be enquired into through whose fault or negligence this was rendered impossible. Yet it is remarkable that the two white prisoners were acquitted by the jury, but the black man, Zoutaar, who, if not the mere instrument acting under orders of the lieutenant of the party, who was indicted with him, certainly acted with the consent and knowledge of all the fifteen Northern Border war heroes who were present—that black-skinned man was found guilty of assault, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for having deliberately shot five helpless and wounded women, while the white prisoners escaped scot-free.

This, Mr. Editor, is the justice of the Victoria West jury; and if additional proof were required of the spirit which animated them, I might mention that a certain Mr. Van Heerde, one of the leading Victoria farmers, was called as a juryman in the Koegas case. The prosecutor objected to his taking his seat as such, on the ground that this Mr Van Heerde had stated, a couple of days before, to the magistrate's clerk, that it was a shame that these farmers should have

been indicted for murder, for in his (Van Heerde's) opinion all the Korannas should be shot. Mr. Van Heerde was so anxious, however, to sit as a juryman, that when the judge asked him if the prosecutor's statement was correct, he boldly denied it, and it was only after the clerk had been placed in the witness-box and had sworn to Mr. Van Heerde having uttered these words, that this honest and upright juryman thought it possible that he *might* have said so, and graciously consented to quit the jury-box. Some months ago, when Mr. Justice Fitzpatrick stated publicly from the bench that he feared that among the white population, in some districts, a strong feeling existed against the blacks, the judge's statement was severely criticised in certain quarters, and the appointment of a commission of enquiry was threatened, and it was broadly hinted that the establishment of that charge would prove an utter impossibility. Mr. Van Heerde is a representative farmer in the Victoria West district. We know what *he* thinks of the Korannas, and there is little reason to suspect that he stands alone, but every reason to believe that that feeling is appallingly on the increase. We may well pause, then, and ask whither we are drifting, when a number of helpless men and women and children can with perfect impunity be shot down in the Cape Colony by white men, in cold blood, deliberately, and without provocation; when persons charged with such crimes, and proved to be guilty beyond any reasonable doubt, and without one single atom of evidence to shake the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, are, upon oath, declared "not guilty" by a jury in a Court of *Justice;* and when, to crown the infamy, that verdict is received by the population of a whole district with undisguised joy and with thundering applause.

This will suffice about the part taken by the jury in this deed of shame, but I regret to have to add that the Government of the day is responsible for that miscarriage of justice. The Government, who know the men and the circumstances of the country, or certainly ought to know them, must have been aware of the fact that a fair and impartial trial of those prisoners was simply impossible at Victoria West; if for no other reason than this, that a great number of the men of that district, or their friends and relatives, had taken an active part in the northern border war. Still it was resolved that the trial should take place at Victoria. I have it on unimpeachable authority, and I challenge contradiction, when I say that before the trials came on, the prosecuting barrister telegraphed to the Attorney-General that feeling ran high in this district, that he did not think a fair trial was to be obtained, and he asked for instructions. The answer he received was to this effect: What instructions do you want? Go on. Well, he did go on, and Bergman and Hennik were acquitted under the circumstances above described. Then again the prosecutor telegraphed. He informed the Attorney-General of the result of the first case, stated that he, the magistrate of this district (Mr. J. N. P. de Villiers), and the acting clerk of the peace, all thought that a fair trial was quite impossible; and again

the Attorney-General wired back: Go on; adding, as a reason for going on, that the expense of removal would be too great!

Of course, Mr. Editor, everyone is at liberty to draw his own inference from this anxiety of the Government to have these cases tried at Victoria. I have heard it said, and I could find no argument to advance against it, that a Government which interferes with the administration of justice in the interests of political party feeling ought to find its days numbered. But the person who gave expression to the above opinion was perhaps too hasty in his judgment. It remains to be seen whether the Government will calmly acquiesce in the lately-given verdict. It remains to be seen, amongst other things, whether Messrs. Bergman and Hennik, having been acquitted of the murder of the four men, will be indicted anew by the Attorney-General for the attempt to murder Piet Blauw, the witness who recovered from the three wounds inflicted by the shots fired by these men, and whether that trial will take place in the Supreme Court at Cape Town. It remains to be seen whether this Government will order Circuit Courts to be held at Victoria West in the future, seeing that the former Government, as I am informed, punished Piquetberg by abolishing the Circuit Court there, in consequence of a jury of that place having brought in a palpably unjust verdict in a case of a white man charged with killing a black man, a case of infinitely less importance than the Bergman case.

If these measures are taken the Government will clear itself of all suspicion of partiality, and of having unduly favoured the prisoners above-mentioned, and if they do not, they will, at least in my humble opinion, have forfeited public confidence, and rendered themselves liable to be suspected of having unduly interfered with the administration of justice for political purposes.

I am, etc.,

FIAT JUSTITIA.

The only error into which I fell as to fact, was that I broadly stated that "before the trials came on the prosecuting barrister telegraphed to the Attorney-General," while, as a fact, the first telegram was sent off by Mr. Jones during the hearing of the first case. These were the telegrams:—

FROM PROSECUTING BARRISTER, VICTORIA WEST, TO ATTORNEY GENERAL, CAPE TOWN.

Handed in at Victoria West Office at 9.5 a.m.
Received here at 1.28 p.m,
15th September, 1879.

Party feeling in favour of prisoners in Koegas affair appears to be so high that it will be impossible to obtain an impartial trial in that case. Prosecuting barrister requests advice as to whether trial should be proceeded with or attempt made for removal to Supreme Court, and generally, upon course to be adopted.

REPLY FROM ATTORNEY-GENERAL, CAPE TOWN, TO PROSECUTING BARRISTER, VICTORIA WEST.

15th September, 1879.

The Koegas case must be tried at Victoria West. What instructions as to the course to be adopted do you want? * * *

FROM PROSECUTING BARRISTER, VICTORIA WEST, TO ATTORNEY-GENERAL, CAPE TOWN.

Handed in at Victoria West Office at 4.9 p.m.
Received here at 6.19 p.m.

15th September, 1879.

Am of opinion it is perfectly useless to try case at Victoria West. Magistrate and Acting Clerk of the Peace agree with me, as strong feeling in favour of prisoners would render it impossible to obtain impartial trial. Bergman and Hennik were acquitted amid the vociferous cheers of those around Court. Evidence in case was dead against prisoners; believe defence would consent to removal to Supreme Court of case.

REPLY FROM ATTORNEY-GENERAL, CAPE TOWN, TO PROSECUTING BARRISTER, VICTORIA WEST.

16th September, 1879.

The difficulty and expense in bringing witnesses to Cape Town are so great that I think you must go on with the case.

The *Argus* leading article was very severe. It charged the Attorney-General with "wicked and wilful disregard of the trust reposed in him"; that "his conduct had proved that he is unfit for his office"; that he was "unworthy to fill the office," etc. But on the 14th of October, Mr. Dormer returned to the charge in a much more strongly-worded article, and this, before the Attorney-General, who was at that time on the borders of the Free State, had had time to do or say anything in his defence. On the 20th of October, the day after the Attorney-General's return, Mr. Solomon and Mr. Dormer received notice from Messrs. Fairbridge, Arderne and Scanlen, Attorneys, that he would institute an action against them for the recovery from each of them of damages, laid at £10,000, for the publication of the letter signed "Fiat Justitia," and the two leading articles on the 7th and 14th of October. In the summons, however, dated the 27th, no mention is made of the letter of "Fiat Justitia," so that the action ultimately brought was only for the publication of the two leading articles.

When it became known to me that the action was to be instituted, I clearly saw that it was of the utmost importance that Messrs.

Solomon and Dormer should be able to show that they had had reliable authority for the writing and publication of the articles complained of, that their criticisms had been based on the statements of one who they knew had had the opportunity to know, and the will to tell the truth, and that if the fact could be revealed that it was the interpreter who was their authority and informant, it would go a great way towards their justification. Feeling this, I went to Mr. Solomon, and volunteered to be his witness, and to state in Court that I was the writer. Before the case came into Court, I also went to Mr. Upington, and gave him the same information. I gave evidence in the case, avowed the authorship of "Fiat Justitia," and maintained the substantial truth of the assertions made in the letter.

The great Libel Case commenced on the 16th of December, in the Supreme Court; the evidence and arguments occupied five days, and on Monday, the 22nd, the judgment was given—with which the Attorney-General had little reason to be content. The Chief Justice, Sir Henry de Villiers, in the course of a most elaborate judgment, called attention to a speech made by the Attorney-General in Parliament on the 16th of July of that year, in which he had said:—"Not long ago, Dr. Cameron, in the House of Commons, called attention to what was known as the Koegas massacre, and his remarks were calculated to lead anyone to suppose that the Colonists here were about the most brutal set of people that could be found. He spoke of their coming out and shooting down those unfortunate, unarmed Bushmen, or armed only with miserable, inoffensive arrows (laughter)! He should just like the learned Doctor to stand within a hundred yards' range of a flight of Bushmen arrows, and he would not then talk in such a strain about 'poor, unarmed men.' Into the merits of the business, he would not enter now; he only wished to say that in the speech made on that occasion, and which appeared to be based mainly on a certain letter in the *Cape Argus*, the most egregious ignorance was displayed that it was possible to conceive." Upon this, the Chief Justice observed: "He thought it would have been far better if the Court could have been spared having to make any comment upon a speech made by a member of the Government in the House of Assembly, but the plaintiff himself had come into Court, no objection had been made by counsel to the production of the speech, and therefore the Court must take notice of it. He did not know that he read it at the time when it was delivered, but he had read it now, and he did so with extreme sorrow. It was very much to be regretted that such a speech had been made by the Public Prosecutor of the Colony. He did not wish to infer that it was the desire of the Attorney-General to excite laughter, but it was plain that the speech was the cause of merriment, and looking at what had taken place, it seems that it was his object to cause merriment, because the laughter followed his reference to these 'unarmed Bushmen, or armed only with miserable, inoffensive arrows.' He (the Chief Justice) had put the question to himself what impression the speech was likely to make on the mind of the public, and he had

also put the question to himself whether, if any of the jurors had seen it, they might not think that as the Public Prosecutor had made so light of the matter, it was not necessary for them to deal seriously with it. He did not say that it was so intended by the Attorney-General, and it would be very hard if a public speaker was to be called to account for every word he might use in the heat of debate, but he thought it most unfortunate that it should have come from the Public Prosecutor, who intended to prosecute the people who had been charged with committing the crime to which the speech referred, and he feared that such a speech was likely to produce a very bad impression." With regard to the telegrams which passed between Mr. Jones and the Attorney-General, his Lordship declared it to have been "a grave error of judgment on the part of the Attorney-General not to have acted on the telegrams sent to him by Mr. Jones." The Attorney-General, instead of answering as he did, should have empowered Mr. Jones to act upon his own discretion. Referring to the *Argus* article of the 7th, the judge, after commenting upon it, said: "The question was whether the defendants might not reasonably have come to the conclusion, from what they saw of the case, that he was unfit for the office of Public Prosecutor, and whether they had such ground for that conclusion, that, in making the assertion, the defendants had not exceeded the bounds of fair criticism, and taking the whole article, and asking himself as a juror, whether they had exceeded the bounds of fair comment, he was bound to say, although the article was exceedingly strong, that he could not answer that question in the affirmative." But, having dealt with the article of the 14th, which was not only much stronger than that of the 7th, but was published before the Attorney-General had had a chance of answering the charges contained in the article of the previous week, the Chief Justice proceeded as follows: "He allowed for the intense indignation under which the defendants were labouring arising from the circumstances which were known to them before the article of the 14th was written, and he asked himself whether, under these circumstances, the article could be considered fair and honest criticism on the conduct of a public man? He put the question to himself as a juror, and he was bound to say that he could not answer the question as he answered the question with regard to the article of the 7th, in the affirmative." With respect to defendant Solomon, his Lordship was of opinion "that justice would be satisfied with a judgment of one shilling damages, and that there should be in that cause no costs given to the plaintiff. But, coming to Mr. Dormer, he thought that the action stood upon a different footing, though still he considered that the case was one which did not require heavy damages . . . . . if he had not exceeded the limits of the comments made on the 7th, the Court would not have held him answerable for libel." Yet, even there, "he thought that small damages would meet the justice of the case, and that the Court would not be justified in giving higher damages than £5. As to the question of costs, there had been some struggle in his own mind, but on the whole, he

thought it would be better in this case to take the ordinary course, and to allow the successful party to have his costs." Mr. Justice Stockenstroom also delivered judgment, and concurred with the Chief Justice.

Thus ended the famous libel suit, practically with a victory for Mr. Solomon and Mr. Dormer, but my trial was still to come, and I now pass on to the sequel of the story. On the 27th of December, a correspondence commenced between the Government and myself, which I re-publish here. The letters speak for themselves.

THE HONOURABLE THE COLONIAL SECRETARY TO THE HONOURABLE THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

COPY.—No. 1 / 2311.]

Colonial Secretary's Office, Cape Town,
24th December, 1879.

The Honourable the Attorney-General.

SIR,—It having transpired that during the recent action of Upington *vs.* the *Cape Argus*, heard in the Supreme Court, that a certain anonymous letter signed "Fiat Justitia," which appeared in the *Argus* of the 7th October last, and again in the issue of the 18th instant, was written by the Rev. D. P. Faure, Interpreter to the Supreme Court, I am directed to request you to call upon that officer to shew cause on or before the 1st January next, why he should not be suspended from the office he now holds under your Ministerial control, for having written the letter in question, and for having thereby committed a direct breach of the Regulations of the Service as laid down by Government Notice of the 15th December, 1852.

I have, &c.,
(Signed) CHARLES MILLS.

THE REV. D. P. FAURE TO THE HONOURABLE THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Copy.]

Attorney-General's Office, Cape Town,
31st December, 1879.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst., enclosing one addressed to you by the Government, requesting that I should be called upon by you to shew cause why I should not be suspended from my office for having written a letter in the *Cape Argus*, signed "Fiat Justitia," and "for having thereby committed a direct breach of the Regulations of the Service as laid down by the Government Notice of the 15th December, 1852."

In reply, I wish respectfully to bring to the notice of the Government, that in my letter of appointment, dated Attorney-General's

Office, 30th July, 1873, and signed "J. H. de Villiers, Attorney-General," it is stated that I am appointed "to the permanent situation of interpreter to the Supreme Court," on certain conditions. And the very first of these conditions reads thus:—"That the appointment is not to admit you into the ordinary Civil Service of the Colony."

At that time I received also certain verbal instructions from the then Attorney-General (the present Chief Justice), among which instructions was certainly not included that I should not be at liberty to write in newspapers. His Honour the Chief Justice will, undoubtedly, bear me out in this.

I therefore always considered the ordinary regulations of the Civil Service regarding writing in newspapers, which date as far back as 1852, as not applying to me; the more so, since I was appointed to the office while officiating regularly every Sunday as a preacher of religion, and continue to do so to the present day; and also because I have under my signature, written scores of letters in different newspapers and on different questions, even political ones, while I held the office of interpreter, without ever having received any intimation from the Government that I was to desist.

I trust that the Government will see that I was justified in holding that since I was excluded from the advantages of being a member of the ordinary Civil Service (such as right to pension, &c.), I might fairly consider myself exempt from the disadvantages of that position, and that I had reasonable grounds for concluding that nothing more was expected from me by the Government than a faithful, efficient and conscientious discharge of the duties of an interpreter. And I can confidently assert that, on enquiry, the Government will find that those duties have been discharged by me to the full satisfaction of the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Bar, and the Public.

Trusting that this explanation will be deemed satisfactory by the Government,

I have, &c.,

(Signed) D. P. FAURE.

THE HONOURABLE THE COLONIAL SECRETARY TO THE HONOURABLE THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Copy.—No. 1 / 17, 1880.]

Colonial Secretary's Office, Cape Town,
9th January, 1880.

The Honourable the Attorney-General.

SIR,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 2nd inst., enclosing one from the Rev. Mr. D. P. Faure, in answer to my letter of the 24th ultimo, requiring him to show cause why he should not be suspended from office, for having written a letter signed "Fiat Justitia," which appeared in the *Cape Argus*

on the 7th of October last; and with reference to Mr. Faure's statement that he does not consider the ordinary regulations of the Civil Service, regarding writing to newspapers, applicable to him, I am directed to intimate that the Government is not prepared to admit that he is not subject to the regulations laid down by Government Notice, dated the 15th December, 1852.

But even assuming that he is not subject to these regulations, he cannot be regarded otherwise than as a servant of the Government of the Colony, and, as such, he has been guilty of a breach of trust, and of gross misconduct in writing the letter referred to.

He should, therefore, furnish the Government with any explanation he may be able to offer in justification of his conduct, and this he should be requested to do without delay, as the matter must receive immediate attention.

I am, &c.,

(Signed) HAMPDEN WILLIS.

THE REV. D. P. FAURE TO THE HONOURABLE THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Copy.]

Cape Town, 14th January, 1880.

The Honourable the Attorney-General.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, in which you transmit to me a copy of a letter dated "Colonial Secretary's Office, 9th January, 1880," intimating that the Government is not prepared to admit that I am not subject to the regulations of 15th December, 1852, and calling upon me for further explanations in justification of my conduct, which I regret to find the Government now calls "a breach of trust and gross misconduct" while in its letter of the 24th December, it charges me with nothing beyond a breach of the regulations of 1852.

Broadly stated, the justification of my conduct is the indignation which I felt at the iniquitous acquittal by the jury of the prisoners charged with crimes, which for enormity and outrageousness, stand unsurpassed, and of which they now are, on all hands, admitted to have been proved guilty. The events which took place at the trial are now known to the Government from other sources, and they have been truthfully described by me in the letter signed "Fiat Justitia." It was impossible not to feel that indignation, after having myself heard and interpreted from the lips of the eye witnesses, who described that barbarous and dastardly butchery, the awful story so graphically told by them in their simple, telling language; after having heard the jury bring in a verdict so directly contrary to the evidence, more particularly in the Bergman case; and after having heard the shouts of joy with which that verdict was received by the large numbers which attended in Court, and which represented the whole of the Victoria West district.

It might be said that this indignation had had considerable time to cool down, as I did not write immediately after the trials, and at Victoria West, but only after my arrival at Oudtshoorn; yet, as a fact, my indignation did not cool down,—it was not a momentary one, it was deep felt. It was fed day by day by the, I may say, vehement expressions which, whenever the trials were mentioned, I continually heard from those with whom I most came in contact; and the climax was only reached when, at Oudtshoorn, I saw the ordinary law report, and a very imperfect one—of these cases in the newspapers, and nothing about the scenes in Court, and no comment of any kind; when I saw that those who were in a much better position and better able to write on such matters than I was, and who had told me that they were going to write, had chosen to remain silent; when I saw that if I did not write, the public might never be made aware of the failure of justice which had taken place, and other jurymen, disposed to think lightly of their oath, might be encouraged by the silence of the press and the public to give similar verdicts in future.

I cannot believe that the Government, taking these circumstances into consideration, would expect me to have remained silent.

Silence, I considered, would be approval, and I should have despised myself if I did not express disapproval.

I never did believe, nor do I now believe, that the Government will think an officer of a Court of Justice,—an interpreter,—less fit for his office because he has been proved to take a vital interest in the impartial administration of justice.

But I may take it for granted that it is only the last part of my letter, in which the Government is alluded to, which has excited the displeasure of the Government, and for having written which I am now charged with "a breach of trust and gross misconduct."

As to the breach of trust, which, I presume, refers to my having given publicity to the telegrams, I beg to state that no trust was reposed in me as regards them. They were not shown to me in confidence; I was not told to maintain secrecy; and, as a fact, several of the townspeople knew about them, and I did not become acquainted with their contents as an officer of the Court. Then, with respect to what is said in my letter about political party feeling having influenced the Government in favouring the prisoners—that charge was not mine. Such opinions were expressed in my hearing, and in my letter I suggest to the Attorney-General, and I confess that it was presumption in me to do it, how to disprove that charge, and how to show that such opinions were hasty and entirely groundless.

I may add that when I went to the Honourable Mr. Upington to tell him that I was the writer of the letter signed "Fiat Justitia," and that I had written what I did from higher than personal motives, he stated to me that he fully believed it, and that he had observed that I had carefully avoided making any charge against him.

Convinced as I am that the Government will take my word for it, that the letter was written while I was strongly influenced by a

natural indignation, as I stated above, I trust that the Government will see that every word and every single expression occurring in such a letter, written under such circumstances, in perfect *bona fides*, and with no ulterior motives other than the promotion of the interests of justice, should not be weighed and scrutinised rigidly. Errors of judgment, faults, misconduct even, into which one may have fallen under such circumstances, would not, I submit, merit the harshest measures to be employed in the first instance.

It is only in deference to the desire expressed by the Government that I should furnish further explanations than I did in my first letter, that I felt bound to state the motives which induced me to act as I did. But I am extremely anxious that my having done so should not be regarded as an abandonment of the position I took up in my letter of the 31st December. On the contrary, I strongly rely on the fact, which I have the honour again to bring to the notice of the Government, that in my letter of appointment, the Government itself tells me that my appointment "does not admit me into the ordinary Civil Service of the Colony"; from which I inferred, and, I submit, reasonably inferred, that the rules of the ordinary Civil Service, regarding writing in newspapers, did not apply to me, and that if I did write anything, I would be responsible and liable to the extent to which any ordinary citizen would be liable, and no further; and also on the fact, which I also referred to in my letter of the 31st December, that though I had frequently before written, the Government on no previous occasion ever intimated to me that I was prohibited to do so by the office which I held.

But since the right of the Government to define my position and to lay down such rules as it deems fit, is unquestionable; and it being now clear to me what the Government's views are about the applicability of the rules of December, 1852, to me, I will, of course, in future, be guided by that knowledge.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) D. P. FAURE.

THE HONOURABLE THE COLONIAL SECRETARY TO THE REV. D. P. FAURE.

No. 1 / 219.]

Colonial Secretary's Office,
31st January, 1880.

The REV. D. P. FAURE, Interpreter to the Supreme Court.

SIR,—With reference to Colonial Office letters, Nos. 1 / 2311 and 1 / 17, dated 24th ult., and 9th inst., respectively, addressed to the Honourable the Attorney-General on the subject of a certain anonymous letter signed "Fiat Justitia," written by you and inserted in the *Cape Argus* of the 7th October last, I am directed to inform you that the explanations contained in your letters of the 31st ult.,

and 14th inst., are wholly unsatisfactory, constituting, as they do, rather an aggravation of your original misconduct, and that in consequence, His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Executive Council, has been pleased to direct that you be dismissed from the office you now hold as Interpreter to the Supreme Court.

I am, accordingly, directed to intimate that your services as Interpreter to the Supreme Court of this Colony are dispensed with.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) HAMPDEN WILLIS.

It will be observed that it was only after the Government discovered that their charge based on the Civil Service Regulations could not be sustained, they having themselves exempted me from their operation, by having expressly stated that my appointment "did not admit me into the ordinary Civil Service of the Colony," —I say, it was only after that, having to hunt for another pretext, it occurred to them that I was guilty of "breach of faith and gross misconduct." This latter charge has never troubled my conscience. From the day when "Fiat Justitia" was written to the present moment, I have ever felt perfectly certain that my conduct in this matter has been in the highest degree "loyal to faith and proper conduct," and no Governor and no Ministry will ever succeed in convincing me that it was not. The absurdity of the whole proceeding becomes the more striking when it is considered that I might have given precisely the same information behind the Government's back with perfect safety to myself. Suppose that instead of writing, I had gone to Messrs. Solomon and Dormer on my return to town, and had privately given them in oral conversation the same information as is contained in the letter, the *Argus* would have published similar leading articles, and the Attorney-General would similarly have been awarded £5 1s. damages, instead of £20,000.

But I was informed on good authority at the time, that I did not owe my dismissal to the Ministry, but to the Governor, Sir Bartle Frere. The Ministers were very unwilling to take this step, but it was forced on them by the Governor, and they, being literally his "creatures," for he had on his own responsibility dismissed the previous Ministry, which had a will of its own, and had appointed Ministers more to his liking, and these, naturally, could not be expected to be animated with that strong sense of independence which should characterize a Ministry responsible only to the people. Sir Bartle, an Indian official, accustomed to breathe in an atmosphere of autocracy, and revelling in petty tyranny, must, of course, have been horrified at seeing a miserable interpreter venturing to criticise his betters, and to have an opinion of his own. To him there was but one way of dealing with such a miscreant: *à la lanterne*, or, more correctly, in the traditional Tory language: to the gallows. There is little doubt that if I had expressed remorse, if

I had gone on my knees and humbly begged pardon for publishing the truth, I would have been let off with a solemn reprimand for my heinous offence, and a warning not to do it again. But I did not feel tempted to humiliate myself when I felt that I had done the right thing, and that there was nothing to apologize for. My wife stood by me, and thus I was enabled to defy those in high places. For it was she and the children who were the real sufferers.

It would be affectation to pretend that my loss of office was a matter of indifference to me. I felt it acutely. The loss of an annual salary of £550 was in itself a sufficiently serious matter, but it was not that loss which cut most deeply to my heart, it was the loss of an office and a work which I loved, and in which I felt peculiarly at home and pre-eminently cut out for. I would gladly have continued to perform it without payment, merely for the love of it. But it was not to be, and the wound inflicted by the enforced exclusion from that sphere of labour so dear to me, still stings painfully, even after the twenty-seven years which have since passed over my head.

I may here briefly state that during the hearing of the libel case, it transpired that Mr. Justice Dwyer had also written a letter to Mr. Solomon about the failure of justice in the Koegas case, in which, *i.a.*, he says: "Enough has come out on the present Circuit to show the necessity of separating the office of Public Prosecutor from that of Minister." To the judge also a letter was addressed by the Government similar to the one I had received, calling upon him for an explanation. The judge's explanation came to this: that he had written a private letter to Mr. Solomon, and that he had no idea that Mr. Solomon was editing and controlling a newspaper, that he had had no intention to insinuate anything against the Attorney-General, and so on *ad nauseam*. Judge Dwyer was never happier than when he could bully a policeman in Court, and he has verified the rule that those who are given to bullying their inferiors, invariably cringe to their superiors. The judge crawled in the dust and was let off. Now if it was, as the Government pretended to believe, "breach of faith and gross misconduct" on my part to write the letter signed "Fiat Justitia," and if they thought that I had deserved seven stripes for committing so heinous a crime, surely a judge who writes a political letter to a prominent politician, deserves seventy times seven. But Judge Dwyer retained his office. As regards Mr. Upington, he reached the height of his popularity only after the revelations in the libel case, and a few years later became Prime Minister of the Colony.

There is many a lesson to be learnt from this little history. One of the most important of these is the inadvisability of trying murder cases in the district in which they have been committed, and in which the murderer and his victim are well-known, and have many friends and relations. Not because juries are as a rule untrustworthy or dishonest, but because in such cases there is great

risk of their being unconsciously biassed either in favour or against the accused. Naturally so, for in a country district, where everybody is known to everybody else, such cases are talked of and discussed and decided long before the trial; with the result that jurymen have made up their minds, in most cases honestly and conscientiously, before they enter the jury-box. They fancy they know all about the affair, that they know more about it than the advocates, the witnesses or the judge; they think it unnecessary to bestow much attention upon the proceedings, and their verdict is based less upon what they hear in Court, than upon what they have heard outside, and upon conclusions arrived at weeks and months before. There is no desire, no premeditated design to do an injustice, but it is human nature to rush at conclusions, and to stick to opinions once formed, and human nature is the last thing we should neglect to reckon with when measures are adopted to secure the efficient and pure administration of justice.

The trials of which I have spoken, and their results, attracted public attention not only in South Africa and in England, but also in Holland. The leading Dutch paper, *De Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, of the 9th of July, 1880, contained an article with the heading: "Justice in the Cape Colony under the influence of the rule of Sir Bartle Frere." It gives full particulars of the Bergman and Koegas cases, and of the Attorney-General's action against the *Argus*, with extracts from the Chief Justice's judgment, and the article ends thus: "What influence had this decision of the Court and this ably argued judgment of the Chief Justice upon the Government? It took the injustice which had been perpetrated under its protection, and took revenge on the writer of the article signed 'Fiat Justitia.' Mr. D. P. Faure, the interpreter, who had been summoned as a witness in the action of the Attorney-General, and had stated that he was the writer, for writing that letter, which according to the Attorney-General, contained no charge against him, was deprived of his office!"

From Professor Scholten I received the following letter:—

Dear Friend,—With deep interest and still deeper sympathy, I read your account of your recent experiences. I fully understand that you, having been present when the jury brought in its partial verdict, were carried away by a feeling of burning indignation, and in the demonstration thereof, I see an additional proof of your noble spirit. That a Government which considers all, even immoral, means, justifiable in its treatment of the natives, was not taken up with the publication of your letter, goes without saying. Men of your stamp are feared by tyrants, and are regarded as dangerous to the State. It is regrettable that such a policy exists, but there is no help for it. But I cannot understand, that after what you stated in your defence, and after you had expressed your willingness to abstain from political articles in the future, since you had noticed that it was held to be irreconcilable with your office of

interpreter, you were dealt with so harshly and deprived of your office. Even if I place myself on the standpoint of your opponents, that step seems impolitic, for they might have known that by treating you thus they would help to circulate the publication which they feared. It seems to me that your case must necessarily evoke great sympathy among all right-minded Englishmen at the Cape as well as in Europe, and it will greatly increase the antipathy against Sir Bartle Frere, which has already found expression. I rejoice to hear that your congregation and the public press have given you the most striking proofs of that sympathy, and I am extremely anxious to hear the result of your action for damages. Even if that action fails, it will at all events appear what opinion the Court holds on this matter, and it will justify your conduct. I much regret that the loss of your income as interpreter. will compel you to seek other work, which will cost you much valuable time, which you would otherwise devote to your ministerial work, but when I consider your personality, the intellectual and moral powers available to you, I feel reassured that you will stand firm as a brave man. Nor can reaction fail to follow such a policy, and Sir Bartle Frere, though still supported by Gladstone, may at any time be superseded, and then your case will take a more favourable turn. What you say about the support you have had from your dear wife, did my heart good. Now, my dear friend, keep up the courage you have hitherto displayed. On him who follows the right course, God's blessing descends. Here we continue to love and esteem you, and we sincerely hope that the future will not put to shame our hope and our best wishes for you. My wife and family send you kind greetings, and rest assured that I shall ever deem it an honour to call myself your affectionate friend,

J. H. SCHOLTEN.

Thus writes Professor Scholten, of Leiden, a man both intellectually and morally of the highest eminence, whose name is familiar to every theologian on the Continent of Europe; need I say that I have infinitely greater respect for his opinion of my conduct, than for that of those "clothed with brief authority," who prated about my "gross misconduct." To be the recipient of such a letter from such a man, outweighs a dismissal by His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere.

I also received a letter from Professor Van Boneval Faure, who, as a law professor at the Leiden University, may be supposed to know what he writes about where a legal question is concerned.

He writes thus:—

Dear David,

How glad I would have been if your last letter had contained more favourable tidings! And yet, however hard it may be to bear undeserved adversity, you may feel yourself strong in the conviction that you have acted for love of truth and justice, and that it is

for that you suffer. I believe that no impartial man can condemn you, no impartial man can fail to approve of your conduct in every respect. If you yourself feel convinced that you have acted conscientiously, you have your justification, as regards your wife and children, in the faithful support of your wife herself, for which she deserves honour, and as regards your fellow-citizens, by the admirable judgment of the Chief Justice, when he points out that the trials at Victoria West "were no ordinary cases," but the whole country attached great weight to them, they were cases in which the credit of the Colony were concerned, and in which it should have been made clearly to appear, that whatsoever might be said to the contrary elsewhere, justice would and should be done here in the case of any person guilty of any crime or atrocity. But on the contrary, through the reprehensible negligence, or, as the Chief Justice called it, "the gross error of judgment," of the Attorney-General, justice was violated, and the good name of the Colony was not vindicated, and was that to be passed over in silence? Could anyone, who was acquainted with the case, as you were, and loving his country, as you do, stand by silently, and thus indicate your approval of such a disgraceful verdict? This is too much to expect from a right-minded man. A Government which does not permit the simple publication of the truth, makes itself accessory to the miscarriage of justice, which it thereby seeks to conceal, and the vengeance taken on you, by dismissing you, most clearly reveals the inherent weakness of those in power.

I am very anxious to hear the result of the action instituted by you, and I hope that the judges will in any case show their appreciation of your conduct, and if they can give you no material support, that they will uphold you morally.

In the meantime, Frere's confederation scheme does not seem to prosper, for not only has it been rejected by your Parliament, but in the Imperial Parliament also strong disapproval has been expressed of Frere's policy, and Gladstone's support, though half-hearted, has stirred up indignation even among those outside the political world, and must have a demoralizing effect upon the public, and be detrimental to the political morality even of the Liberal Party. Or are we to assume that all that opposition was after all nothing but a personal contest between Gladstone and Disraeli, for which the country had to be sacrificed. . . . . The best thing that could happen would be that the present Government make room for another, which by re-instating you, would do something towards rehabilitating the honour of the Cape Government. . . . . "

Almost immediately after being deprived of my office, I commenced an action against the Government in the Supreme Court, claiming damages for illegal dismissal. I never hoped to win it. All my legal advisers told me that there was little or no chance of that. My sole object was to obtain an expression of opinion of the Court on my conduct. I felt confident that, even if I did not

succeed in obtaining redress, the Court would say that, under the circumstances, no right-minded man could have acted otherwise, that only a heartless coward would have maintained silence, and that thus the miserable twaddle of the Government about "breach of trust and gross misconduct" would receive its quietus. But the merits of the case were not entered into. That stage was never reached, for the defendant pleaded that I had been dismissed by the Governor, who had the right to do so. To this plea, my counsel excepted, and the Court allowed the exception with costs, deciding that if the Governor had such right, it should be proved, and it gave the defendant leave to amend his plea. Thereupon, in the amended plea, the following words in the Governor's Commission were added: "We authorize and empower you, so far as we lawfully may, upon sufficient cause to you appearing, to remove from office any person . . . . . under or by virtue of any commission or warrant granted by us in our name, and under our authority." The Court held that this plea constituted a valid defence to the action. And of course with that the case came to an end.

The last act in this drama—to me a tragedy—was performed in Parliament. Mr. Solomon had moved that the papers in my case should be laid on the table, and on the 20th of July, Mr. T. Louw, the member for Malmesbury—unsolicited by me—moved that: "This House, considering that Mr. Faure has been dismissed from the public service only on the ground of a letter written by him to the *Cape Argus*, and signed 'Fiat Justitia'; that the rules of the service have virtually hitherto been treated as a dead letter; that public servants are well known to have written frequently in newspapers; that Mr. Faure has never before been warned by the Government to abstain from writing in the newspapers, though he had frequently done so under his signature; and that the terms of his appointment justified him in believing that he was not a member of the Civil Service; recommends the Government to reinstate him in the office of Interpreter to the Supreme Court." In the discussion which followed, several members, some of whom differing widely from me in opinions, stated that they thought I had been subjected to excessively harsh treatment, and recommended the Government to take my case into favourable consideration. By several speakers instances were quoted of other Civil Servants, and of men receiving salaries from the Colonial Treasury, who were known to have written to the newspapers on political matters, and who, for all that, had never been interfered with by the Government. Of course, everything depended on the side on which they wrote; as long as they defended the Government, and attacked the Opposition, they were regarded and treated as welcome coadjutors. The cases referred to, were: Dean Williams, of Grahamstown, known to be the Editor of the *Eastern Star*, a violent partisan paper. The Rev. G. W. Stegmann, who had lately been employed by Sir Bartle Frere on a political mission to the Transvaal. The Rev. T. W. Swift, Colonial Chaplain, who had written against the

native policy of the late Government. Mr. Landrey and Mr. H. Sprigg, who had taken part in political meetings. Mr. L. Boyes, Magistrate of Somerset East, who had delivered a political speech attacking the Opposition. Mr. Bidwell, shorthand writer to the House of Assembly, who was the Editor of a newspaper. Above all, Mr. A. Wilmot, who, as Postmaster of Port Elizabeth, had written a book in support of Sir Bartle Frere's Zulu War and Native Policy, and was constantly writing intemperately on political questions in the newspapers; while the *Argus* mentioned the case of Mr. J. Noble, Clerk of the House of Assembly, known to be a regular newspaper correspondent—on the right side, of course. The debate ended with Mr. Louw withdrawing his motion, seeing that there was no chance of its being carried. This was no disappointment to me, for I had expected no other result. I knew then, and subsequent events have furnished further proof, if proof were necessary, that under the system of party government, an individual who has suffered injustice at the hands of the Government, has no chance of obtaining redress in Parliament. It at once becomes a party question, the merits of the case are ignored, and have to give way to party interests. The Government have but to say that they will regard an adverse vote as a vote of non-confidence, and the injured individual is forgotten, and the strongest party triumphs.

In the course of the above-mentioned debate, the Attorney-General delivered one of his characteristic speeches, the tenour of which may be inferred from my reply published in the *Cape Argus* of the 22nd of July; with this, the matter was wound up as far as I was concerned, and I re-publish it here as the final touch to a long chapter :—

Sir,—Not even by an Attorney-General, not even by so true a friend as Mr Upington, in spite of his protestations to me and others, has proved himself to be, will I submit to be represented to the Parliament of this Colony as a man who makes false statements. I shall not follow that gentleman in all the statements he made this afternoon in his elaborate defence of himself. I shall refer to only one of his assertions, as to the truthfulness of my letter, to show on what side the garbled statements and the rash assertions are. He has stated on a previous occasion in the Supreme Court, and again in his defence written to the Home Secretary, and once more this afternoon in the House of Assembly, that when I wrote in my letter signed "Fiat Justitia," that "it was proved that, before the shooting, Bergman and Hennik had taken the men they were escorting out of the road, leading to Kenhardt, to which place they had to take them, and that the foul deed was done on a bye-road to the Orange River," I was making a false statement. Now I assert positively that this evidence did go to the jury. I am quite certain that Piet Blauw testified to that. I interpreted the words myself, and having had the case in my thoughts daily for more than four months after the trial, my memory is quite fresh

on this point. But my memory need not even be relied on. In Judge Dwyer's notes, I find that Piet Blauw states: "We were shot at on the road leading to the Orange River." In his preliminary examination, he says: "They fired upon us on the road to Grootriet." A. J. Burger, the Fieldcornet, says that the day after the murder, he went to inspect the bodies at the place, and "Hennik took him along the road to Gravewater and Grootvlei." Charles Harris says that he went to inspect the place, and the farmer who guided them, "took us for a short time along the road to Kenhardt, and then turned off to the left." Arie van Wyk says: "The road on which the skeletons were found, was the road which leads from De Tuin to Grootriet, Gravewater, and thence to Kenhardt." Dr. Smith says that he was guided to the spot where the bodies lay, and he found them along De Tuin and Grootriet road. Mr. Jackson says in his report, that he found the bodies "on the left side of the road as one travels towards Grootriet from De Tuin." It is remarkable also that Piet Koordom, who was searching for cattle the day after the murder, was told by the Fieldcornet "to keep the main road from De Tuin to Kenhardt. A road to Grootriet turns off to the left, and this the Fieldcornet told me not to take. I don't know why he told me this." To us it is now no mystery.

Now, with all this evidence before him, the Attorney-General has the courage to say that the statement made in my letter was a false one! Well, the tragedy has had a worthy conclusion. The *grand finale* of the Victoria West trials has been this: that the Attorney-General of this Colony, on the floor of its House of Assembly, has come forward as the champion and advocate of Messrs Bergman and Hennik, and has attempted to sustain their acquittal! I am proud to be able to say that the Chief Justice of the Colony, and the late respected Judge Stockenstroom have declared, as I did in a humble way, those trials to have been a shameful miscarriage of justice.

VIII.

JOURNALIST.

In consequence of the occurrence described in the preceding chapter, it became necessary to find other means to supplement my income, for by this time there were six children to provide for and to educate. Before I had myself taken any active measures to obtain some new employment, I was met half-way by Mr. Saul Solomon, who generously offered me a liberal remuneration if I would undertake to look through all the Dutch newspapers published in South Africa, and translate for the *Argus* any extracts which I considered interesting and of importance to English readers. This spontaneous offer was, perhaps, not unnatural under the circumstances, yet there are not very many who would have deemed it incumbent upon them to act thus; many a one would, probably, regard such Quixotic whims as unbecoming a sober-minded man. I did this work for nearly two years, when for reasons which need not be mentioned here, it came to an end. Besides this, I reported the Dutch speeches in Parliament, sometimes for the *Argus*, sometimes for the *Cape Times*, and for *Het Volksblad* I reported the proceedings in the Supreme Court in Dutch. At that time also the leading Attorneys sent me, as Sworn Translator, all legal documents which required translation, and during several years this was a fruitful source of revenue, which, however, has since most unaccountably dried up. Judging solely by my own experience in this respect, I would have to conclude that every promissory note, every will and contract is now-a-days drawn up in English, but since this is certainly not the case, there must be some other explanation unknown to me. These occupations, added to my ministerial work, kept me busy enough. But a far busier period was dawning.

In the beginning of 1882, I was approached by Messrs. Van de Sandt de Villiers & Co., who were carrying on a printing business, and were the owners of *Het Volksblad*, and the members of the firm, Mr. F. J. Centlivres and Mr. B. van de Sandt de Villiers, Jr., proposed that I should undertake the editorship of that paper, and become a member of the partnership. After much persuasion on their part, and long hesitation on mine, I consented and agreed "with fear and trembling." I hesitated and scrupled to undertake the task because I feared that I was taking too much hay on my fork, because I doubted my ability to perform this arduous week-day labour in addition to my Sunday work without detriment to both, and above all because I was utterly unconversant with the art of filling columns when one has nothing to say, and without saying anything. I knew that I could write with as much ease as any ordinary man when I had anything to say, but it seemed to me impossible that one could, every day of one's life, fill one or more columns with something worth saying and worth reading.

However, such superhuman geniuses do exist (see the daily papers) and I at last determined to enter the political world in earnest, and to join the throng of journalists who so successfully play the part of "a dictionary with the cholera."

The first issue under the new management appeared on the 2nd of March, 1882, and contained an article headed "Our Programme," in which it was announced that the watchword of the paper would be Patriotism, Liberty and Progress. The Sprigg Ministry had fallen, and been succeeded by the Scanlen administration, and with an eye to that fact the article stated: "Let it be understood from the outset that while this paper will generally support the present Ministry, it will swear by no party, and will not indiscriminately defend what is said or done by any set of men, nor indiscriminately condemn what they disapprove of. We shall be guided by our own ideas of Right and Truth, and only advocate such measures as in our opinion will conduce to the welfare of the country." Referring to the ever-burning Native question, the article said: "We are aware that *Het Volksblad* has its main support in the country districts, and that the large majority of its readers is to be found amongst our farming population. It has always been held, and it has repeatedly been asserted, both here and elsewhere, that the Dutch farmers of South Africa entertain no feeling towards the black races but that of hostility, and they have been charged with cruelty, oppression and all manner of unfairness towards the Natives. But the very men who brought these charges in days gone by, cannot but admit now that public opinion, with respect to a vigorous Native Policy, has undergone a vast change, a vast change for the better, since that worst of Colonial Governors, Sir Bartle Frere, cursed these shores with his presence, and unfortunately found in Mr. Gordon Sprigg a servant to carry out his lord's behests. We required no such drastic remedy. We always believed Right to be a more effective weapon than Might; we also believe that for a Native Policy to succeed and to be a benefit and a blessing to the Natives and to ourselves, it should be a just policy." And the first editorial note which follows this article strongly protests against the Illicit Diamond Buying Act and "the vile trapping system." A few hours after the appearance of my first article, I received the following most welcome and highly prized note: "My Dear Mr. Faure,—Allow me to congratulate you on your assumption of the useful and responsible position of Editor of the *Volksblad*, and to express my admiration of the manliness and ability of your first leader. Most heartily do I wish you every success in your anxious and important undertaking.—Yours very sincerely,

SAUL SOLOMON."

One of the difficulties of my editorial position was this: that I had to criticise, oppose and attack the late Ministers who were now the leaders of the Opposition, against whom I was known to

have a personal grievance. And believing, or pretending to believe, that I was merely paying off old scores, the papers supporting these gentlemen of course took full advantage of that supposed fact, and never wearied of reminding the public that my antagonism to these politicians was easily explained by the desire to revenge myself upon them for having deprived me of a lucrative office. As I could honestly plead not guilty to this odious charge, and felt conscious that revengefulness, so far from being one of my characteristic vices, was the one which of all others I most abominated and loathed, and as the fact of my being suspected of being animated by this feeling tended to deprive my criticisms of all force and effect, it became necessary to show that those who made the above assertion were placing the cart before the horse, and to make a full personal explanation in an article which was published on the 27th of September, 1883, from which I give the following extracts:—

"I readily admit that the suspicion resting upon me of entertaining an unbridled personal hatred towards the gentlemen whom I have named, is the most natural suspicion in the world. I know enough of human nature to be aware that to most men 'revenge is sweet,' and I therefore fully believe that those who attribute this base disposition to me, do so not maliciously, but fully convinced in their own minds that the imputation is well founded. I feel quite confident that the Editor of the *Cape Times*, who was the first to credit me with this sentiment, thought that he was doing me no injustice when he informed the world that I attacked Mr. Sprigg from motives of revenge. I am certain that the Editor of the *Graaff-Reinet Advertiser*, by reiterating this imputation, had not the remotest intention of wilfully libelling me. . . . . He advises me to put my 'personal, not political, hostility,' to Messrs. Upington and Sprigg, aside, and to try to forget it, and adds that 'there are few readers of the *Volksblad* who do not know the cause of that hostility.' . . . . . It is clear, therefore, that I must utterly fail as a public journalist if I do not take the only step I can to dispel this illusion. Private individuals may require nothing beyond the consciousness of innocence, public writers can do little or no good if the purity of their motives is suspected. . . . . Now it is asserted that for this dismissal, which I regard as an honour, and not as a disgrace, I hate and vilify Messrs. Sprigg and Upington. Do men not see that in saying this, they are reversing the natural order of things? Did not my disapproval of the acts and policy of these gentlemen precede my dismissal? How, then, can it be said that my opposition dates from that period? The fact is, that I was dismissed for opposing them, and not *vice versa*. Mr. Sprigg had no more staunch admirer than myself, both when he was an unofficial Member of Parliament, and during the first period of his Ministry. My opposition against him dates from the day when the Disarmament Act was applied by him to the most friendly and most deserving Kafir tribe, the Fingoes. What personal grievance can I have against Mr. Upington, with whom I always had been

on the most friendly terms, and who assured me over and over again that when my case was under discussion, he had remained quite neutral and had declined to take any part in deciding it? He, therefore, having had no hand in my dismissal, why should I hate him for it? Mr. Sprigg gave friends of mine to understand that he had not much to do with it; he, and his ministry, of course, took the responsibility for the act upon themselves, but it was generally pretty well understood at the time that the deed was Sir Bartle Frere's. . . . . My opposition to Mr. Sprigg is of anterior date to my supposed grievance, and if even then I disagreed with his policy, who can marvel at my opposition to his public policy having gained in intensity as its viciousness developed itself more and more completely, till ultimately he brought the Colony, which is my fatherland and my home, to the verge of ruin? Are Mr. Sprigg's public sins so venial and so few that opposition to him is to be attributed solely to private spite and malice? I plead guilty to many faults and failings, but revengefulness has no place amongst these, and I can tell the *Advertiser* that many a time I would have hit harder were it not that I am situated as I am, and many a time I have refrained from hitting at all, because I well knew that I would thus simply feed suspicion. And if I mention Messrs. Sprigg and Upington more frequently than is pleasant to them, or their friends, it is simply because they are the leaders of their party, the ablest men of their party, and for this very reason, in my opinion, the most dangerous men of their party. . . . . ."

From more friendly quarters there also came expressions of disapproval of the policy of the paper; an old subscriber sent us a long letter stating his objections. In reply, I wrote an article on the 30th of September, 1882, in which I tried to make my standpoint perfectly clear to him, and to those who shared his opinions. His first grievance was that the *Volksblad* was too much in favour of the blacks, whom he described as going about like wolves to see what they can find to steal and therefore are no better than wild animals in human form. He was answered thus: "It may perhaps astonish some of our readers when we say that we are not 'in favour of the blacks,' but we are in favour of Justice; Justice to all, whatever their colour or position in life may be. And because we wish to see them justly dealt with, we disapprove in the first place of such sweeping condemnations as we have just quoted. We admit that there are bad specimens amongst them, but this is no reason, when we speak of the blacks, to say that 'they' steal, 'they' are wild animals and wolves. Such language serves only to create bad feeling, and to make matters worse; they are not *all* thieves, we will undertake to say, and our correspondent in his calm moments will admit it; and it is unfair and unjust to call them *all* thieves, when we know that *all* are not. We do not favour the blacks above the whites, it would be unnatural if we did so; our personal friends are not among the blacks, we are under no obligation to them, we are not dependent on them, we have no predilection for them; but

we will not stand silently by when an injustice is done them. Let them be punished for every crime they commit, but they are as much entitled to the protection of the law, and to just treatment, as any citizen holding the highest position in the land. To this extent the *Volksblad* will speak for the black, will plead for justice to the black, but it will be content with nothing less. Apart from the moral aspect of the question, the Colony has experienced to what injustice in our Native Policy leads; it has to pay for it in millions of pounds and in blood, and if it has not yet learned that it is 'Righteousness which exalteth a nation,' then we despair of it ever learning it. As to the Native question, therefore, our motto is not Favour, but simple Justice.

"His next complaint is that we are too favourably disposed towards the English. [Let modern Imperialists make a note of this charge brought against me twenty-five years ago.] We have heard of this before, but we are at a loss to meet the charge, because no grounds are stated for the suspicion. Is it because we have done what we could to stop the proposed wholesale Dutch immigration to the Transvaal? But have we not been thanked for our efforts by many Hollanders themselves? We had no object beyond sparing those immigrants grievous disappointment. It was the sympathy we felt for those Hollanders which impelled us to warn them, and to dissuade them from leaving home for a country where they would find things widely different from what they were led to expect. . . . What have we ever written to justify our being considered 'Anglified'? We have defended the justice of the claims of the Dutch language, and we have rejoiced when that agitation proved successful, and when the equality of the two languages was acknowledged by Parliament. Our paper is a Dutch paper, circulates almost exclusively among the Dutch speaking and Dutch reading public; why we should be suspected of anti-Dutch tendencies is to us a mystery. . . . . .

"A third accusation is that we 'appear to be against the Transvaal.' True, we have felt in duty bound to warn our Transvaal friends that they were going wrong, but are not the best and truest friends those who show us our failings? The *Cape Argus*, which has merited the thanks of both the Colonists and of the Transvaal itself, for the manner in which it has fought the Transvaal cause during its war of independence, has also felt called of late to express disapproval of some of its late doings. The *Zuid Afrikaan*, which is beyond suspicion friendly to the Transvaal, has felt compelled to read the Government of that country some severe lectures of late. We followed the same course; the sole motive which actuated those papers and ourselves, was to do them a service; of their foes it might have been expected that they should maintain silence, and even that they should urge them on in wrong courses. Those who take an interest in the welfare of that country could not help speaking out, even at the risk of being misinterpreted.

"Lastly, our correspondent feels aggrieved at the remarks we made on Mr. Scheepers' letter, in which he announced his intention to shoot on his farm any man he met who refused to stand. 'If we were to go farming for a year,' he says, 'we would find it necessary thus to protect our interests.' We do not think so. We do not think that one protects his own interests by taking the law in his own hands. They who do that get into far greater trouble than they were in previously. We admit that in the case of Mr. Scheepers, of the Tembuland Trek Boers and the Cathcart farmers, we did declare against lawlessness, and we do not regret having done so. They only who desire the country's ruin, would like to see the existing Government defied, law trampled under foot and every man allowed to do as he likes. . . . . You may have the worst government under the sun, but while it has not yet been constitutionally removed, it must be obeyed. There is no other course in a civilized country. . . . . But what is it to end in, what becomes of order, of security of life and property, if utter disregard of law is to prevail, or if every man takes upon himself to shoot criminals, or suspected criminals? . . . . ."

And as a parting shot, our correspondent got this: "We may be wrong in some matters, but we shall not pander to party or to popular prejudice. In these days, when self-interest reigns supreme, we are proud to say that we are not for sale. We shall speak as strongly as we can, and according to our lights promote the welfare of our fatherland, and raise the intellectual and moral tone of our people. We may not have the brain and the ability to do this, but we have the heart and the will. We are deeply conscious of our shortcomings in the former, we are not conscious of any deficiency in the latter. But we are not going to make martyrs of ourselves. We do the best we can, and say what we think it our duty to say . . . . . and if it should appear, which we cannot believe, that there is no room in this country for an independent paper, as we intend ours to be; if it should appear that smooth prophesying and pandering to popular prejudice is demanded by the country, and that they who refuse to yield to that demand are deprived of support, then this paper will not be carried on at a loss; it will cease to exist, and we will seek another sphere of labour."

It was hard always to please even co-religionists, who would have liked to see this political paper utilized as an instrument for propagating our religious views. So when the Rev. Mr. Rawlings, the newly-appointed minister of the Free Protestant Congregation at Graaff-Reinet, on his way from England, spent a few days in Cape Town, and preached for me, the fact was briefly reported in the news columns—which belonged entirely to the department of the sub-editor. This called forth a remonstrance from those who considered that in my own paper a full report of the sermon ought to have appeared. It thus became imperative once more to define my position, in order to avoid future misunderstandings, and in this I

was successful, for similar complaints never again reached my ears. My explanation was this: "I had imagined that my position was better understood. Unfortunately, everybody knows that the minister of the Free Protestant Church, Cape Town, is the editor of this paper, and the situation becomes the more delicate because the minister of the said church is, as a rule, identified with that church. A minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, which is a large one, which is not inseparably connected by public opinion with one person, can do what I cannot do. I do not feel at liberty to recommend the services in my church in my newspaper. I wish to avoid even the appearance of the *Volksblad* being the organ of the Free Protestant Church. It stands, in the first place, for Justice, and it is a political and a news paper. Whatever I have to say in the interests of theological truth, is proclaimed by me on Sundays in church. This, however, does not mean that I maintain silence in church about what I deem Right, or that truth, even theological truth, receives step-motherly treatment in my paper. All, especially those who sympathize with me, will perceive that such an arrangement is desirable in the interests of the cause of Right and that of Truth alike, and I regret that some friends of the church failed to see this."

The one merit I claim for the *Volksblad* is that I was absolutely independent. It never occurred to me to consider whether any political party or any individual would approve or disapprove. I never aimed at pleasing, I simply wrote what, according to my own conviction, Truth and Justice demanded. The paper never courted popularity, it over and over again exposed popular fallacies, denounced popular wrong-doing, generally siding with the weak against the strong, always with the oppressed against the oppressor. Hence I often received bitter complaints about my being untrue to my people, deserting instead of defending the men of my own race, and exposing their faults and weaknesses. Such accusations often caused pain, but never regret, convinced as I felt that this course was the right one. I held that true patriotism and sincere love of my people, demanded the laying bare of their faults and shortcomings, and the repudiation of their wrong ideas. He is not the true friend of his people who flatters where he should censure. The surgeon's knife is the kindest friend when the sore is deep-seated, and the ulcer threatens to spread. In such cases I declined to administer a sleeping draught. Whenever I inflicted pain, the intention was to cure the malady.

Nor can it be said that the *Volksblad* was behind the times. Years before Mr. Gladstone's conversion, and when Home Rule for Ireland was still pooh-poohed as a question outside the realm of practical politics, this paper pleaded the cause of Home Rule as being the only policy by which an element of weakness could be converted into a source of strength to the British Empire. It was in the columns of this paper that public attention was first called

to the condition of our "Poor Whites." As far back as 1882, it urged the necessity of steps being taken to arrest the deterioration of this neglected section of the community, more especially of the wood-cutters in the George and Knysna forests. The appeal was made, in the first place, to the Dutch Reformed Church, which has since nobly responded to it, by its establishment of Labour Colonies. Besides its ordinary task of discussing the politics of the day, it exposed the weak points in our educational system, vindicated the rights of the Dutch language, and fought against the vile system of trapping illicit traders in diamonds. It discouraged the attempt to produce in this country, artificial light wines, for which neither the climate, nor the soil, nor the quality of the Cape grapes are suited, instead of confining attention to the improvement of our natural heavy wines, and it ridiculed the search for markets for our wines and fruit in distant parts of the world, while we did not produce enough to supply the wants of our own people, and the requirements of the South African markets. It advocated irrigation, arboriculture. It pressed for prison reform, especially as regards the classification of prisoners, supported Free Trade, and recommended what was then regarded with horror by politicians, as well as by the public, an Income Tax as a source of revenue, which tax is now borne with equanimity, and acknowledged to be the fairest of taxes.

My advocacy of the cause of the Natives was often severely condemned. That unfair and unjust measures were a short-sighted, vicious and unprofitable policy, was not always clearly discerned by a section of our people. But it was an incorrect assertion that the *Volksblad* invariably took the part of the Natives. I can mention a striking instance in disproof of this allegation. The Basuto war was caused by the uncalled for and wanton enforcement of the Disarmament Act by Mr. Sprigg, then known as the "Little Master." It was an attempt to deprive the Basutos of the rifles which we ourselves had been eager to sell to them. The war was a failure. I am glad to say it never was popular among the Dutch Colonists, and ultimately it became difficult to find the men and the money necessary to prosecute it. We being in the wrong in this matter, the *Volksblad* advised the repeal of the Disarmament Act, and the undoing of that wrong. This was done by the Scanlen Ministry, but Masupa, one of the Basuto chiefs, in spite of his grievance having thus been removed, remained recalcitrant, persisted in refusing to pay taxes, and claiming independence. He was neither encouraged nor defended by the *Volksblad*. On the contrary, it preached a crusade against him. It published article upon article, calling upon the Government and the people to compel the chief to obedience by force of arms. It dwelt on the danger of tolerating and winking at open rebellion of a Native chief. "Teach Masupa obedience," it said, "assert the authority of the Government, enforce submission to law, and our honour is preserved, but make rebellion successful, encourage defiance of the Government, allow

the law of the land to be derided and to fall into contempt, say to the drunken barbarian who scorns your authority: we abandon you, we are powerless against you, we declare you independent, and you cover yourselves with disgrace, and you choose 'not to be.'" But the *Volksblad* stood alone. Its demand that Masupa should be punished and brought to subjection, as an example to other natives, met with no response. Its call to arms was vain. Its protest against this apathy and indifference was a voice crying in the wilderness. This serves to show that when there was just cause, I did not side with the Natives, but with the Colonists. In dealing with such matters, the question with me was not Colonist or Native, White or Black, but Right or Wrong.

The paper suffered most, however, by its reputed hostility to the Africander Bond. To the Bond *per se*, I was more friendly than hostile; I welcomed it as the awakener of political life among our people. In fact, during a portion of the period of my editorship, I was myself a member of the Cape Town Branch of the Bond. But I did not invariably agree with it, and as my habit was, I pointed out its faults, and told it that it was going wrong, when I thought that it was going wrong. But *the* sin of the Bond, which I could not forgive, was that at that time it had gone so flagrantly wrong in the choice of its leaders. The Scanlen Ministry, of which Messrs. Sauer and Merriman—the present leaders of the South African Party—were members, was wrecked by the help of the Bond, and it was the Bond which restored Messrs. Upington and Sprigg to power. It was the Bond which supported these politicians, and subsequently left them to their fate, only to transfer its allegiance and affections to Mr. Rhodes, keeping the latter in power till 1896, and it required a Jameson Raid to open the Bond's eyes to the character, aims and aspirations of the man it had not only supported and admired, but who may be said to have been the object of its worship during many years. The estimation in which I held Messrs. Sprigg and Upington as statesmen, has been set forth on many a previous page, and as to Mr. Rhodes, I lost all confidence in him as a politician when he declared in the House of Assembly, in 1887, that if Confederation was ever to become an accomplished fact, the Cape Colony should assimilate its Native Policy to that of the Transvaal, for the latter would never consent to confederate with a Colony in which Natives had the right to vote. He expressed these opinions in the debate on the second reading of the Parliamentary Registration Bill. After having praised up the Natal Franchise Law, which at first entirely disfranchised the Natives, and later gave the right to vote to only a few, and after having expressed approval of the law in India, "where the Natives had not the vote at all," he continued thus: "It would be needless to attempt to effect a union of States in South Africa until the Cape Colony was prepared to meet her neighbours in a settlement of this question. This settlement would mean the readiness to take up an Indian despotism in dealing with the barbarians of South

Africa. He believed that it was the right thing to undertake such a policy. This policy would meet with the approval of a growing European population in the Transvaal, and within this Colony. He was sorry that in making this decision known, he had felt compelled to separate himself—like the truant springbok—from the rest of the herd, from his honourable friends on the opposite side of the House (Messrs. Sauer, Merriman, Innes, etc.), but in taking the action he did, he believed he was voting for the interests of all people in the Colony, and, perhaps, before long, some of his friends would be glad to leave their boats and come into his to save themselves from sinking." Now it was because the Bond clung to these leaders, that the differences between us became more and more accentuated. I could not follow the lead of its leaders. And what has been the end of it all? To-day, the Bond itself will admit that it was wrong, and that I was right, in our estimation of these men. To-day we are reconciled, but it is not I who have come over to the Bond, it is the Bond which has come over to me. Ah, how different might have been the recent history of South Africa, if only the Bond had not raised and kept the bitterest enemy of its country and its people, in a position which afforded him the best of opportunities to work the unspeakable mischief he did! I do not regret having fought the Bond, under its leaders, Sprigg, Upington and Rhodes. I regret having fought it unsuccessfully.

For the reasons stated above, but more particularly in consequence of a long period of commercial depression, the financial condition of this paper became unsatisfactory, and my partners, who had to do with the business management, considered it necessary to make certain changes. With this view, our firm bought the *Evening Express*, and announced that from the 1st of October, 1885, the tri-weekly *Volksblad* would be issued as a daily paper, the *Evening Express* would be superseded by the *Evening Volksblad*, and the morning issue would be in Dutch, and the evening edition in English. In reality, therefore, two dailies. I may say that the proposed change did not recommend itself to my judgment. I could not see that this largely increased expenditure would be compensated by the expected additional advertisements and subscriptions. But I confined myself to the literary department, and did not feel justified to oppose a scheme which seemed desirable and feasible to business men, while ignorant of business matters myself. However, this plan could not be carried out in its entirety. Existing arrangements between Reuter's agency and the other English papers, prohibited the publication of cablegrams and telegrams in the afternoon; and when Messrs. Impey and Walton, of Port Elizabeth, who had announced their intention to start a new cable service, were informed that we would subscribe, they wrote to us that Mr. Dormer, of the *Argus*, had already subscribed, and had stipulated that they should supply no cablegrams to any other English newspaper in Cape Town. The *Evening Volksblad*, therefore, became impossible, but we adhered to the plan of converting

the *Volksblad* into a daily, and from the 1st of October, it appeared as such.

The change, however, did not work satisfactorily. The first Dutch daily in the Southern Hemisphere did not flourish. The increased expenditure was not made good by a proportionate increase of revenue, and on the 4th of March, 1886, we had to announce that unless the friends of the paper came to its rescue, its publication would cease at the end of that month. Yet we did not beg for assistance. We ourselves dictated the shape which such support should take: "We shall accept no donations of either individuals or of a party, but we shall be thankful for the only fair and legitimate support which an independent paper can accept—advertisements, subscriptions, printing work, and last, not least, the paying up of accounts in arrear, now amounting to several thousands of pounds. We have hitherto not been pledged to support any particular party, and rather than do so, we shall retire into obscurity. We are determined not even now to sell our independence for a mess of pottage; but if those who are of opinion that the *Volksblad* still has a work to do, and a mission to fulfil, will offer us such aid as we can accept, without sacrifice of principle or of independence, such aid as we have specified above, we shall certainly re-consider our decision, and persevere a while longer in our journalistic career."

There was some response to this appeal, and a vast deal of sympathy, but not sufficient support was forthcoming to induce us to go on, for we did not find it possible to pay our staff with sympathy. On the 31st of March, 1886, accordingly, the *Volksblad* was laid in its grave, and my readers will not begrudge me the comfort of recording here some of its "Last Words." "The *Volksblad*," it said, "has not been carried on as a commercial speculation, its proprietors cherished aims other than enriching themselves. Yet they hoped that a perfectly independent organ, which, according to its lights, spoke what it believed to be the truth about every public question, and all public men, would be able to pay its way. In this expectation, as the result has shown, those proprietors have been exceedingly foolish. Instead of flattering the class for which the paper was intended, and for the benefit of which we wrote, we have acted on entirely different principles. We thought, and we still think, that he who wishes to raise and benefit and lead the people, must bring that people's faults to their notice, must not praise them for their failings, nor ignore these, but must warn them against them, and point out the more excellent way. But that very section of our countrymen we have to a great extent estranged from us, by our plain speech. Truth was unpalatable to them. They preferred praise and flattery, and they left us and went to the shop where they could buy these. Do we repent of having followed the course we did? By no means. If we could re-commence our journalistic career, the identical principles would

be adhered to. We look back upon the past with unmingled satisfaction. No doubt, we have said unwise things now and then, we have not been free from many an error of judgment, but the principles we have contended for, the views we have tried to make popular, they are the correct principles, they are the true views, they are those which are the necessary conditions of national prosperity and greatness. This may not be admitted now, the time is coming when it shall be. To the best of our ability have we fought for Justice and Righteousness, and though we have lost money by it—our own, not that of anybody else—we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, for we have kept our record clean. Do we consider our work a failure? Not at all. We believe that no true word ever spoken or written has been spoken or written in vain. The results may not be apparent at once, and as a rule they are not, but every truth uttered goes to mould and shape public opinion, and a healthier, sounder public opinion is evolved in the future in consequence. Our work may appear a failure to outsiders, but we cannot regard it as such. . . . . We now retire from the scene. We do so unwillingly, sorrowfully. As far as we are personally concerned, we would gladly have continued in a sphere of labour, where, in our own opinion, at least, we could still be most useful. But we shall not intrude where we are not wanted. We accept the decision of the Colonial public, and we pass into oblivion. It has been our earnest endeavour to do some good to the land of our birth, and the land which is our home. We have done it. But we may do it no more—no more through these columns. But our patriotism we retain, and if other ways are opened to us to show it, we shall eagerly avail ourselves thereof. We can bide the time, and bide it confidently, when 'a sound of the voice that is still,' shall be longed for, when the country shall recognize who were its true friends, and shall recognize who were the real patriots, and when the claim to that distinction shall no longer be refused to the *Volksblad*, which now has spoken its Last Word."

IX.

INTERPRETER TO LORD DERBY.

My work as a journalist, described in the previous chapter, was broken in upon by a temporary appointment, which involved a voyage to England and an absence of six months from the Colony. The Convention, which after the retrogression of the Transvaal, had been signed at Pretoria in 1881, had, in the opinion of the Transvaal Government, not worked well, and a Deputation, consisting of President Kruger, the Rev. S. J. Du Toit and General Smit, was now proceeding to England to confer with Lord Derby, the Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Gladstone Ministry of that day, in order to get the existing Convention replaced by a new Agreement. In the latter half of September, 1883, I received a note from the Imperial Secretary, requesting me to call at Government House, and on arriving there I was shown a cablegram from the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, who was then in London, asking whether I would accompany the Transvaal Deputation and act as interpreter to Lord Derby. This totally unexpected proposal took me by surprise, and at first I did not see my way clear to accede to it. But with their usual kindliness and indulgence, the Church Committee raised no objections, and finding it possible to arrange for the satisfactory performance of my editorial work, the obstacles in the way of my undertaking the task were removed.

As far as I am aware, it never leaked out by whom the leading articles were written during my absence from the Colony; I have seen some very absurd guesses as to the authorship. Three barristers divided the work between them. They were: Advocate Innes (now Sir James Rose-Innes, Chief Justice of the Transvaal); Advocate Mackarness (afterwards Roman Dutch Law Professor at the London University, and now Member of the House of Commons); and Advocate Victor Sampson (now Attorney-General of the Colony in the Jameson Ministry).

I have some reason to believe that the Deputation, when first they heard of my appointment, were not very highly delighted with it. Their prejudice against me was not unnatural, for I had acquired the reputation among some of their friends of being hostile to the Transvaal, and as such, I was no doubt described to them by those friends. The suspicion of hostility must have been caused by some articles criticising certain proceedings of the Transvaal Government, which, if persisted in, would certainly have led them into serious trouble; these were remembered against me, but a very fiery speech delivered by me at the dinner to the Dutch doctors who had come to do hospital work during the War of Independence,* and a

* This after-dinner speech, which created extreme enthusiasm among the audience, was delivered in Dutch, of which the following is an English translation: Gentlemen,—I cannot say that the toast which I have been asked to

published sermon referring to that war, in both of which the very highest admiration for the bravery and heroism of the Transvaal people, was expressed, were forgotten. However, any unfriendly feeling they may have entertained at the outset soon wore off, and

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propose takes the first place on the list—that position must, of course, be assigned to the one in honour of our esteemed guests—but it is beyond doubt that with this exception no other toast will call forth more enthusiasm in this circle than the one which has been entrusted to my poor, too poor, abilities.

I am accustomed to sermonize, and since a sermon is still, in the popular estimation, no sermon unless it is accompanied by a text, I may state at the outset that my text will be the brief, but at the present time significant words, "The Transvaal."

How many Russians, Hungarians or Italians had ever heard the Transvaal mentioned previous to the year 1880? How many were there in Europe, in America and in Asia, who knew that the same sun which was shining on them, also rose and set on a country called the Transvaal? How many were there outside South Africa who were aware of the existence of a South African Republic, established some thirty years ago by Dutch-speaking farmers, and which was annexed by England in 1877 without a blow? How many? And now? Throughout the entire civilized world that country attracts general attention. The press of all Europe, the press of that eighth wonder of the world, the North American Republic, the Liberal as well as the Conservative, the organs of the higher classes as well as those of the people, made themselves heard on the Transvaal question with no uncertain sound. Nations, Parliaments and Sovereigns concerned themselves with the rights of the Transvaal Boers. I do not know whether there ever has been any subject upon which the judgment of all the world has been so unanimous, of which the whole world has, with such unanimity, expressed its absolute disapproval, as of the Annexation of the Transvaal by England.

And what has awakened humanity's political conscience? By what have our kinsmen, or rather our countrymen, for I am proud of them, extorted the respect and admiration of friend and foe? Why does their fame resound to-day from the east to the west, from the south to the north?

'Tis the spectacle of a people with only 7,000 men capable of bearing arms, about as many as can be found in a small English town—a people which with admirable self-restraint, instead of forthwith expelling or shooting down Sir Th. Shepstone with his handful of soldiers, allowed him to annex their country, preferring to resort to moral force rather than to force of arms,—a people that, during the period of three years, submitted to this atrocious injustice, that, during all that time abstained from disturbing the peace, but sought, by protests, petitions and deputations, to regain its independence by appealing to the conscience and the sense of justice of the British nation and the British government—but a people that, when it proved to be impossible to obtain a hearing, when the misgovernment and tyranny of its oppressors exceeded all bounds, when it was irritated and set at defiance by a military dictator, when every independent man was compelled to make room for favourites, who willingly allowed themselves to be used as tools; when British soldiers who had come to maintain order and to make an end to alleged anarchy went about plundering and robbing; when the free press was fettered, and the editor of the *Volksstem* was imprisoned—a people that, seeing no other resource, rose as one man, as one man cast off the yoke of foreign rule, and bravely, valiantly and resolutely like their Huguenot fathers, chose as their battlecry: "Vaincre ou Mourir," and that up to the present moment *has* conquered.

We know that Right has not always proved stronger than Might. In this case, however, Right has gloriously triumphed over Might, and when a new Homer or Virgil shall arise in the future, he will find in the Transvaal War of Independence, the subject for an epic, which in future ages will excite infinitely greater interest than the siege of Troy, the Wanderings of Ulysses, or the Voyages of Aeneas.

we became and remained intimate friends. We left on the President's birthday, the 10th of October, 1883, and I returned home on the 10th of April, 1884.

I can still see President Kruger sitting on deck every day and all day on the same spot, with a bag of Transvaal tobacco by his side, and the pipe very rarely leaving his lips, reading a Bible printed in double columns, Dutch and English, by which novel method he hoped to learn the English language. But the task did not seem a very agreeable one to him, his studies were interrupted by long pauses, the book lying unheeded on his lap, and evidently it was a relief to him when one of the passengers seated himself next to him, and entered into conversaton. These linguistic studies

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With the exception of our guests, I believe we all are British subjects. We are more than that. We are, I trust, loyal British subjects. For my own part I do not hesitate for a moment to make this profession. I desire to live under no other flag than that of England; but loyalty need not blind us to mistakes made by England, to injustice perpetated by England. England prides itself, and justly prides itself, on the liberty of speech and the liberty of judgment which it grants to every subject. We are perfectly free to disapprove of the Annexation of the Transvaal, and to call it an injustice, a spoliation. But we would do England an injustice if we accused it of having deliberately robbed the Boers of their country—England was misled, deceived by its representatives in South Africa. *These* were the deceivers, the robbers—on *them* rests the responsibility for all the blood shed in consequence of that injustice. On them, and I say it with shame, on the few South Africans and Hollanders who have betrayed their brethren and their country, and have allowed themselves to be bribed with English gold. Among the Hollanders there is at all events one whose name deserves to be rescued from oblivion, it is that of the "worthy" Swart. Of the South Africans I shall mention no names, from me this is not to be expected, if only for the days of "Auld Lang Syne." They are too well-known. We are ashamed of them. We would rather throw a veil over the contemptible and disgraceful part they have played. By these, I say, England has been deceived, and that England, now undeceived, is anxious to repair the injustice done, is proved by the words of its Ministers, by the expressions of public opinion in nearly all English newspapers, and especially by the favourable conditions of peace to which it agreed last week.

We admit that at the time of the annexation the state of affairs in the Transvaal was not very promising, and not in the most perfect order. It is not necessary to enumerate the faults and shortcomings which at that time characterised the people and the government. But those times have now gone by, gone by for good, and when the Transvaal Republic has been re-established it will doubtless appear that the Transvaal people have learnt by what they have suffered. A crisis such as that through which that people has passed, *makes* a people. The ordeal of fire which they have endured has refined the gold. They will now have gained wisdom; they will now fully appreciate unity, their love of liberty and their patriotism will now assert themselves more vigorously, and across the Vaal a new State will arise, poor, small, but where the liberty of each individual will be respected, where to the weak and the strong, to the great and the humble, to whites and natives, justice will be done.

Gentlemen, we drink to the Transvaal, we drink to the valiant defenders of the Freedom of the Transvaal, and above all we do not forget the name of General Joubert, the Commandant, now of world-wide fame; we drink to the prosperity and welfare of the South African Republic, soon to be restored or virtually restored, where henceforth the distinguishing characteristics of South African nationality will have the opportunity of developing themselves unrestrained and untrammelled.

by means of the bilingual Bible bore no fruit. If the number of English words in the vocabulary of Paul Kruger exceeded two: Yes and No, then it must be admitted that he kept the secret with conspicuous success.

I remember many an enjoyable evening, both on the *Roslyn Castle's* quarter-deck, and later by the fireside in their London hotel, when the President and the General drew largely on their inexhaustible stock of hunting stories. I recollect one told by the President describing a ride for dear life in the Bushveld, while chased by a vicious mamba, which, he said, flung itself from tree to tree after him; "believe me," he went on, "I never rode so hard, and never was so struck with terror." I enjoyed the recital, but quietly classed the tale among the stories commonly called "tall." General Smit's strong point, again, was lion hunts. What a record of hair-breadth escapes and valiant deeds was buried with him! Everybody knows that sportsmen are privileged in this respect, but that General Smit, whatever his capabilities as a lion-hunter, and his exploits with his rifle, was an expert with "the long bow," is beyond dispute; but that made his stories all the more entertaining and amusing. "*Mundus vult decipi.*" One of his remarkable adventures was, however, so hard to swallow that the President had to clear his throat several times in order to get it well down. This could not fail to attract Smit's notice; sensitive as he was, he relapsed into silence, pondering on means of revenge. And this is how he executed it. "You remember," he said to the President, "once when we were on commando, that we camped on the top of a hill on a Saturday night, and that you ordered us to stay there on the Sunday; and next morning, with the glorious scenery around us and the sky so bright and clear, you held a religious service and preached to us, and you took your text from one of our hymns: 'Op bergen en in dalen, En overal is God,' (on mountains and in valleys, and everywhere is God); so you call it a sin to class our hymns with the psalms, but you think them good enough for a text to preach on." The President moved about uneasily in his corner, and then suddenly exclaimed, with as triumphant an air as he could summon up: "Ah, but I did not *sing* it!" *

Very shortly after the arrival of the Deputation in London, Sir Bartle Frere had the audacity to call on the President. I say "audacity," because Sir Bartle well knew that Kruger regarded him as the Transvaal's greatest enemy, he having strongly and persistently advised the Imperial Government not to restore the country to the Boers after the annexation by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, on the ground that the agitation in favour of independence emanated from a few irreconcilables, while the whole Boer population was quite content to remain under the British flag. The

* The General belonged to the Hervormde Kerk, and the President to the Gereformeerde Kerk, in which hymns (as mere human productions) are forbidden, and only psalms are sung.

President was out when Sir Bartle called, so he left his card. Returning the call was out of the question, Kruger would not hear of it. Advocate Esselen, whom I asked to communicate to me his recollections of the incident, states that he distinctly remembers "that Kruger mentioned a letter which Sir Bartle had written to the Queen or to the Secretary of State immediately after his big interview with the Boers (at Paardekraal), in which he stated that if he had only had some artillery there that day he could easily have dispersed the rabble." In a conversation I had with the President the evening after the call, he called Sir Bartle by a short but very ugly name, and then went on: "I wonder which Sir Bartle Frere is anxious to see me, whether it is the Sir Bartle Frere who told me after the Paardekraal meeting that he had now seen that the whole population desired independence, and that he would advise the Imperial Government to grant it, or the Sir Bartle Frere who the day after the meeting, sent a despatch to England urging the British Government not to repeal the annexation." Friends of both parties subsequently tried to bring about a meeting between them, but President Kruger persisted in his refusal to see him.*

Many were the conferences between the parties at the Colonial Office, at which were present, on the one side: Lord Derby, the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir Evelyn Ashley, who represented the Colonial Secretary in the House of Commons, and Sir Robert Herbert, the Permanent Under-Colonial Secretary; and on the other, the Deputation already named, with their Secretary, Mr. Ewald Esselen, then law-student, now well-known as a prominent politician and barrister in the Transvaal. It cannot be said that the discussions and correspondence were hurried over at railway speed, for the

* I was in anything resembling personal contact with Sir Bartle Frere only once, and it occurred about five years before the period dealt with in this chapter. It was in 1878, I believe, when I received an invitation to attend a Conference on Native Affairs at Government House, on a day and at an hour mentioned. I went, and met there about fifty ministers of the churches in Cape Town and the surrounding districts, and also several missionaries. A few moments later Sir Bartle entered, took his stand at a table at the one end of the room, bowed, took a manuscript out of his pocket, and began to read an essay on Native Policy. The only impression left upon my mind by the lecture was, that it was a string of platitudes and truisms. At the conclusion of his lecture Sir Bartle bowed again and retired, and we could return home. All had expected that discussion would follow, all were doomed to disappointment. Such was the man. The impersonation of boundless self-confidence, which is a milder word than self-conceit; he took upon himself to play the schoolmaster over an audience among whom there were men grown grey in the mission field, who had all their lives been among and worked for the natives, and who had forgotten more about native habits and feelings than Sir Bartle knew, for he had resided in Cape Town only about a year, and the little he did know about South African Natives was second or third-hand knowledge. Yet he presumed to teach these veterans their duty. Whether those old ministers and missionaries took the lecture as an insult I cannot say, perhaps they forgave him in consideration of his proficiency in pious talk. But it was an insult for all that.

Deputation arrived in London at the end of October, 1883, and the new Convention was not signed till the last day of Februray, 1884. The most important points discussed were the modification of the Western Boundary line as defined in the Convention of Pretoria, the Suzerainty, the position of the Natives and the Transvaal debt. In the matter of the Boundary Line, the Deputation failed to gain their object. They wished that it should be left to the parties most interested, the Natives, to decide whether they would become subjects of the South African Republic, but Lord Derby insisted upon a certain line by which Native tribes were somewhat arbitrarily cut up. The Deputation, seeing that they could not obtain what they wanted, wisely decided to take what they could get. I can do no better than transcribe here what I wrote on the subject immediately after my return to Cape Town, when all the particulars were still fresh in my memory, and the correctness of what I stated then was never disputed by either Briton or Boer. Concerning the Suzerainty, which, fourteen years later, became of such vital importance in the hands of Mr. Chamberlain, I shall have occasion to furnish more detailed information at a later stage. On the 17th of April, 1884, I wrote an article, which, after dealing with the new boundary line, continues thus :—

"On all the other points the Deputation was completely successful, and the concessions sought to be obtained were granted by Lord Derby in the most liberal and generous spirit. The Transvaal people may now call their country by whatever name they please, their debt has been reduced by a large sum, and there is every probability of the British Government, of its own accord, still further reducing it, if the Transvaal remains faithful to its obligations, and last, not least, the Suzerainty has been abolished. This, we understand, was, in the estimation of the Transvaal Republicans, the great thing, and this, the sorest of their grievances, has now been removed. The Volksraad may henceforth manage home affairs as it pleases, and the article in the Convention in which it is provided that treaties with foreign powers are to be submitted to the approval of England, assigns no right to England which it would not be entitled to exercise even if such provision were not included in the Convention. The complete independence granted to the Transvaal is not affected by this clause, for even without it England might always assert its right to object to treaties between the Republic and any other country, whenever it considered such treaties detrimental to its own interests, just as England would object to Germany and France concluding a treaty by which it considered British interests imperilled. We feel very certain that the Gladstone Ministry would have granted all and more than was asked by the Transvaal, if appearances had not to be kept up, and if Conservative opposition in the British Parliament had not to be pacified to some extent. It would obviously have been too great an advantage to give even that rabid and unreasoning section of the Conservatives led by the Lord Mayor of London, if the Ministry

had given them the chance to sneer at England's retreating bag and baggage from the Transvaal. A careful man like Lord Derby does not give even that pitiful section of his opponents any advantage if he can help it. And the Delegates cannot fail to have been impressed by the fact that the British public in general was by no means indisposed to do them justice. The ranting, uninformed Lord Mayor and his followers constitute the sole exception. The *elite* of the Consevrative party maintained silence during the negotiations, while the Liberals, more especially the Radicals, decidedly favoured the Transvaal cause. It would indeed be a handsome act on the part of the Volksraad if it passed a vote of thanks to the Editor of the London *Times* for the many friendly, sensible and excellent leading articles he published pending the protracted negotiations. That the Radical papers wrote in the same strain goes without saying. We hope that the thoroughly conservative minds of the Delegates may now be convinced that even out of Radicalism something good may come. They must have been struck by the warm enthusiasm displayed by the English Radicals in favour of justice being done to the Transvaal at any cost. On the occasion of their visit to Brighton, the Radicals of that place presented them an address of sympathy, and in London they were waited upon by a deputation representing twenty thousand Radical working men of London, conveying to Mr. Kruger their cordial wishes for the success of their mission, and the welfare of the Transvaal people. The Deputation must have noticed, as others have, that the mass of the English people, though it frequently in ignorance misjudges the South Africans, is willing and eager to listen to their version of the story, and to admit, if convinced, that it had been mistaken and hasty in its previous judgments. The Lord Mayor and his friends mock at the signing of the new Convention. They call it a farce. They say: 'The Dutch Boers never carry out their promises, they never faithfully observe solemn engagements, and in this case also they will do as they please, and treat the new Convention as waste paper.' The Dutch Boers of the Transvaal will put these men to shame. They will prove themselves honest and honourable men. They *will* show that with the bravery of their ancestral race, they have retained the honesty, the good faith, and the conscientiousness of their ancestors. They *will* show that they appreciate the importance of a nation maintaining its character and its reputation, as an individual must do if he would command respect, and get on and prosper. They know that Peace is what South Africa wants, and they will do their best to secure and to maintain Peace."

While in London with the Deputation, and while, in consequence of their visit, South African affairs were attracting a good deal of public attention, I was asked by Mr. Escott, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, to write an article on this subject. Being there in an official capacity, I did not undertake the task before seeing Sir Hercules Robinson, and asking him whether he thought

that I would be justified, in the position I then held, to publish an article closely connected with my mission. He informed me that neither he nor Lord Derby had any objection to my doing so, and in the course of the conversation asked me what the tenour of my article would be. I told him that I would recommend the *Laissez Faire* policy, that self-governing British Colonies should be allowed full liberty to manage their own affairs without outside interference. "Well," said Sir Hercules, "you will never persuade me to adopt that policy." But Sir Hercules did not himself know how honest, unprejudiced, open to conviction and teachable by experience he was. For only a couple of years later the strong opinion he held on this point had been abandoned, and he stole the heart of all Colonists by avowing in a public speech that the only workable and sensible Colonial policy, which the Imperial Government could follow with safety and success, was that of non-interference.

My article appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1883. It is too long to be inserted here, but it will be found in the Appendix. It will be found also to be still applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, in the present day, in spite of the great change which the South African political world has since undergone.

I must not omit to mention here that my work during the four months spent in London, left me ample leisure to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of the Rev. Mr. Voysey, with whom I had previously corresponded. I spent many pleasant hours with him and his family in his hospitable home at Dulwich, where he then resided, and I preached for him in the Theistic Church, I believe, three times.

The terms of the Convention having been finally agreed upon, the document was handed to me for translation, as it had to be signed in duplicate, in English and in Dutch. To make assurance doubly sure, Lord Reay (a member of both the English and Dutch nobility) was requested by the Colonial Office to testify to the correctness of my translation. For my translation of "apprentice" (geapprenticeerde) his Lordship substituted the word "pandeling," a term which even in Holland would be understood by few, it being a word in use only in the Dutch East Indies, and it is unnecessary to add that to South Africans it would have been as unintelligible as the Greek synonym. Instead of "locatie," he also suggested some Indian word which has escaped my memory. I told Sir Robert Herbert that if Lord Reay's amendments were adopted, the clauses in which they occurred would not be understood by the Transvaal Boers nor by anyone else in South Africa, and the members of the Deputation also strongly protesting against these unknown and foreign words, the alterations were not made. The Convention of London was signed on the 27th of February, 1884 (the anniversary of Majuba) and on the evening of the same day we embarked for Rotterdam in the *Batavier*, which had been placed at the disposal of President Kruger and party by the Rotterdam Steam Ship

Company. Next morning, as the *Batavier* steamed up the Maas, every little village and town situate on its banks had turned out to shout their welcomes to the heroes of Majuba or their representatives, but the sight on the steamer's arrival at the Boompjes, in Rotterdam, was one not to be forgotten. The streets, the quays, the stoeps, the windows, were crowded with men and women, and the more enterprising street arabs were perched high up in the trees. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that between the Boompjes and the Rotterdam Railway Station, to which the Deputation was conveyed in open carriages, and whence they proceeded to the Hague in the Royal State Carriage, a hundred thousand men crowded the streets. It was, in fact, a huge triumphal procession, and many a staid Rotterdammer was heard to say to his neighbour that morning: "for no King or Emperor would our people have done this," and many an old patriot expressed his surpise at finding so much enthusiasm left in the hearts of his countrymen. Of the later speeches and champagne, of the breakfasts, luncheons and dinners, addresses and public entertainments, I need say nothing. Nearly all the towns of Holland invited the Delegates to pay them a visit, and vied with each other in showing them attention and paying them respect. Citizens and peasants, merchants and manufacturers, the aristocracy and the plebs, scholars and students, political and literary societies, all joined in bringing ovations to their "brethren" from the far South. Party feeling and sectarian hostilities for once were forgotten, ultra-Liberals and ultra-Orthodox for once stood side by side, and co-operated harmoniously. The red-hot Radical and the most conservative Dutch Tory, for once were agreed, for once the war hatchet was buried, and the pipe of peace enjoyed. Wherever the Transvaalers appeared, the "phlegmatic Hollander" was nowhere, no stranger would have recognized him in the flushed faces, in the impassioned, frantic gesticulations, in the eager excitement of the animated multitude. General Smit on his return home must have had many tales to tell of the affection and kindness displayed towards him by the "ou natie."

The passage from London to Rotterdam was marred by one untoward incident. Off Maassluis, the steamer was unexpectedly boarded by the Rev. Lion Cachet, formerly minister in the Transvaal, and well-known in South Africa. His presence was considered particularly objectionable by General Smit, who, when immediately afterwards we sat down to breakfast, made things very uncomfortable for the Reverend gentleman, by bluntly asking him why he had gone so far out of his way to meet the Deputation, and why he now pretended to be such a great friend of the Republic, after he had vilified the Boers in his writings, and had during the annexation acted as the adviser of Sir Bartle Frere, and had urged the people to submit to British rule, and generally made it a bad quarter of an hour for the visitor, and rather awkward for the rest of the company. Mr. Cachet, however, was not a man who allowed himself to be deterred by such trifles. Intent on freezing on to the Depu-

tation, he was just in the act of stepping into the State Carriage on his own invitation, when the Managing Director of the Company ordered him off, to which indignity he had to submit, in the very city where he was a clergyman.

At the Hague, I parted company with the Deputation, and proceeded to Leiden, where I had the pleasure of meeting a large number of old friends. There also I had spent the Christmas holidays, during which the negotiations at the Colonial Office had been suspended. All my old professors were then still living, and a happy fortnight was devoted entirely to social amenities, while on the first Sunday I preached to the Rev. Mr. Hugenholtz's Free Congregation in Amsterdam, and on the next in the St. Pieter's Church, Leiden. But my holiday had already been longer than had been anticipated, and it was time to return home and to my work. I returned to London, and was there paid for my services, but Income Tax—if my memory does not fail me the amount was over £20—was deducted from the account most unjustly, but I did not think it worth while to dispute it, for the agreement was made in Cape Town, and I had been temporarily engaged, and had come to London to do special work, and I did not reside in England. So I had greater cause of complaint then, than De Beers Company has now. On the 10th of April, I returned home, exactly six months after my departure, and resumed my ministerial and editorial duties.

Lodge "De Goede Hoop."

X.

FREEMASONRY.

In the years when theological animosity was raging most violently, I sent in an application for admission into the Order of Freemasonry, which had the reputation of being a brotherhood which ignored dogmatic differences, and which, while acknowledging and requiring belief in a Great Architect of the Universe, yet left its members free to form their own conceptions of the nature of that Being, of the relationship between that Being and mankind, and of His mode of operation—an Order which recognized the common bond of humanity which connects and equals all races, all creeds, all individuals. My application was favourably received, and I was initiated into the mysteries in 1869, in the Lodge De Goede Hoop, asserted to be the grandest and most complete Masonic structure in the world. The Main Temple, Master's Chamber, Elu and Rose Croix Temple, reception and preparation rooms, forming a symmetrical and finished whole. Among the Colonial institutions, the Lodge De Goede Hoop, which is working under the Grand East of the Netherlands, is conspicuous also by its respectable age. Having been established in 1772, while the Cape Colony was still under the Dutch East India Company, it has now reached the venerable age of 135 years, and though partially destroyed by fire about fifteen years ago, the ruined portion has been restored, and is an exact facsimile of the original building. This Lodge also has an Education Fund of its own, the capital of which amounts to about £4,000, and many a distinguished Colonist in the past, and many men of mark still among us, whose parents were not able to give them the benefits of higher education, owe their education, and therefore their position, to the Education Fund of the Lodge De Goede Hoop.

After as short an interval as the Rules of the Order permit, I took the other degrees, and was then for a long series of years an active member of the Lodge, holding various offices from 1870 to 1897. In the year following my initiation I was elected Orator, which office I held for several years. In 1881 I was elected Master of the Lodge, and in the same year I was appointed by the then Deputy Grand Master, Br. J. H. Hofmeyr, to the highest office next to his own, that of Provincial Grand Master; and in addition to this, I was during several years Chairman of the Shareholders of the Lodge. I was still filling the office of Provincial Grand Master in 1892, when the Deputy Grand Master died. I had for some time been thinking of retiring, and withdrawing from active Masonic work, but instead of that, the course of events, and the circumstances now arising, brought about a very different result.

Indeed, so far from having come to an end, my real Masonic activity was now only about to commence. And here again I was coerced, much against my will, into controversy and strife, singularly out of place in the Masonic world.

The Deputy Grand Mastership for South Africa having become vacant by the death of Br. Hofmeyr, in accordance with the Regulations, I acted in that capacity, pending the appointment of his successor. Having resolved some time before to reduce the number of irons I had in the fire, in obedience to warnings which had come to me against overtaxing the brain, I had not the remotest intention, or the faintest ambition, to compete for that high office. In the ordinary course a meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge is convened, which nominates three brethren, whose names are submitted to the Grand Master, who selects and appoints one of these, usually the first-named. Only one brother had been in this instance requested to offer himself as a candidate, and he having consented, he would, if no one else had entered the field, certainly have been nominated and appointed, and I felt absolutely certain that thereby the death warrant of Dutch Freemasonry in South Africa would have been sealed, for if there was one man in the Order thoroughly disloyal to the Grand East of the Netherlands, it was the one candidate for the office of Deputy Grand Master—Dr. H. Dieperink. I had heard him at many meetings of the Provincial Grand Lodge criticising the actions of the Grand East of the Netherlands in a most unfriendly spirit, and I felt fully convinced that it was impossible that he could loyally co-operate with them, zealously carry out and defend their policy, and do his best to make it acceptable to the South African Lodges. Holding these views, believing, as I did, that the interests of Dutch Freemasonry would be unsafe in his hands, and that under his administration Dutch Freemasonry—the only remaining link which connects South Africa with the Netherlands—would cease to exist here; and unable to find another candidate fit and willing to fill that office, I was forced to enter the field myself, not because I was anxious to be *in*, but because I was determined, if I could, to keep Br. Dieperink *out*. His supporters were not many, but for their deficiency in numbers, they amply made up in activity and zeal, which betrayed them into excesses, which, I believe, they soon after deeply regretted. I had shortly before published a series of discourses, entitled "The Truth about the Bible," and full advantage was taken of this, extracts from the Masonic Ritual and proceedings at a meeting of the Lodge De Goede Hoop, with reference to my book, were published in the *Cape Argus*. It is unpleasant to record these facts, but history would be worthless if it mentioned only agreeable incidents and ignored events painful to read. It is not necessary, however, to enter into minute detail; suffice it to say that on the recommendation of the Provincial Grand Lodge, I was appointed by the Grand Master, and the following extracts from my address on the occasion of my installation as Deputy Grand Master, supply all the informa-

tion which is of permanent interest. After some preliminary remarks, I proceeded thus :—

"In the General Law by which the Lodges under the Constitution of the Netherlands are bound, religion is not mentioned. In the Scotch Law, reference to religion will also be sought in vain. In the English Law the word religion will be found to occur twice. In the first article of the Ancient Charges, we find this: 'Let a man's religion or mode of worship be what it may, he is not excluded from the Order, provided he believes in the glorious Architect of Heaven and Earth. Masons are taught to strive, by the purity of their conduct, to demonstrate the superior excellence of the faith they may profess. Thus Masonry is the centre of union between good men and true, and the happy means of conciliating friendship amongst those who must otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance.' And again in the second paragraph of Art. VI., Masons are exhorted to bring no private quarrels, 'far less any quarrels about religion within the door of the Lodge, we being only, as Masons, of the Universal religion above mentioned.' These are the only references to religion which I have been able to find in the whole Masonic Law.

Surely this should be sufficient to convince any brethren that in Masonry men's theological opinions should be ignored. I, for my part, am not disposed to dwell on this point at any length, and our time this evening is too precious to be wasted on what I have called platitudes and truisms. Arguments, indeed, are not required when we have this fact staring us in the face, that religious systems differing so widely, so hostile to each other even, as the Mohammedan, the Jewish and the Christian, all have their representatives in our Brotherhood, and members of every Christian sect, and adherents of every Christian school of thought, are to be found in our ranks. It is the glory of Freemasonry that it ignores these Shibboleths of what the immortal Tennyson has described as 'our little systems which have their day and cease to be.' It is the glory of Freemasonry that it has gathered *all* in its fold, that Freemasons have hitherto recognized the goodness and the moral worth of their brethren, however much they differed from each other in their creed. Nor has our Order flown to pieces or been shattered by its admitting and tolerating these widely divergent opinions; on the contrary, it has life in it yet, it is constantly growing, and it is more numerous, more influential now than it has been at any former period of its own or of the world's history. It is the glory of Freemasonry that it is the only society of its kind in the world in which orthodox and liberal, high and low, broad and narrow, co-operate and dwell harmoniously, working for the welfare of humanity, and for the development of their own moral and spiritual powers, recognizing only the common bond of Humanity.

Nor have South African Freemasons up to within a very few months ago, been behindhand in this. I can speak with authority on this matter, for I can speak from personal experience. When

I joined the Craft, and was initiated in this Lodge, about a quarter of a century ago, theological feelings ran high. I had shortly before commenced to publish my theological views, views which were at that time exceedingly unpopular, and which then created a sensation and an outcry of which the younger generation can scarcely form a conception; yet—even at such a time—in this Lodge, my opinions were never allowed to create a barrier between me and the most orthodox believer; it was at that time never hinted that a man holding such opinions as I publicly professed, was out of place in a Masonic Lodge. On the contrary, I always and invariably received the most fraternal treatment, and so far from being thought by the brethren of that day unfit to be a Freemason, I was almost immediately elected to fill the important office of Orator, to which office I was re-elected during several years. Subsequently I was considered worthy by the brethren of the Lodge De Goede Hoop to occupy the Master's Chair, and since then I have for more than twelve years held the highest position but one under the Constitution of the Netherlands, that of Provincial Grand Master. In all these capacities I had the cordial support of the brethren—some of whom, however, who, though they held office under me when I was Master of the Lodge, seem suddenly to have discovered, at the eleventh hour, that a man holding the opinions which I have been publicly known to hold for more than a quarter of a century, is thereby disqualified from holding a high office in the Craft. It is with reluctance that I refer to these things, but, of all occasions, this is one which pre-eminently calls for plain speaking.

If, then, I am asked whether Freemasonry has nothing to do with Religion, I answer: It has everything to do with it. Not with theology, which is our conception of God, and of His mode of operation, not with theology, which is a product of our brain; but it has everything to do with Religion, which is the recognition of our relation to God, and of the duties which we owe to Him, and which dwells not in the brain, but in the heart. In other words, theology is speculation, Religion is practice. And I believe in the Religion of Freemasonry, which is eminently practical. It recognizes the existence of Him whom the Ancient Charter calls 'the glorious Architect of Heaven and Earth.' It teaches, as that eminently New Testament writer, that the best service we can bring Him is to love all our fellow-men, for 'he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' And lastly, it teaches that the soul of man is immortal.

To the spirit and precepts of this Religion, I have tried to be faithful. I hope to remain true to them in the future. They are the identical religious precepts which it has been my life's work to proclaim and to recommend; it is the identical spirit which I have to the best of my ability sought to cultivate. I am confident that I have not violated any Masonic principles when I have represented that Great Achitect of the Universe, as the Universal Father of mankind, when I have called Him perfect in power, perfect in

wisdom, perfect in goodness, perfect in holiness; when I have preached the Great Architect of the Universe as the

> Father of All, in every age,
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove or Lord.

I feel certain that I have violated no Masonic principle when I have insisted upon the brotherhood of all men, rich or poor, high or low, without distinction of creed, class or colour; nor do I believe that I have been untrue to Masonic teaching when I have sought encouragement for myself, and comfort for others in the Larger Hope in a better world to come.

In mentioning these three doctrines, and in expressing my belief in these, I have not made a selection. I have not referred merely to certain points upon which I am at one with Masonic teaching, but I have taken the *whole* Masonic creed. I know of no Masonic religious teaching, which goes beyond this. To me it is the great charm of Freemasonry that it confines itself to these few principles of Universal Religion. It must necessarily continue to do so, if it would remain a Universal Society. Let us beware, brethren, lest by taking such action as will exclude the Israelite or the Mohammedan, the Theist or the Unitarian, we obliterate the characteristic feature and the ancient landmarks of our Order, trample under foot its leading principle, and thus deprive it of its *raison d'être*, and reduce it to the level of one of the many 'little systems' of which Tennyson speaks—those little systems which 'cease to be.' Let personal character, my brethren, be the criterion by which we judge ourselves and others, let us make ourselves known as Freemasons good and true, not by our opinions, but by our practical religiousness. Let Freemasons not judge their brother Freemasons by what they believe, but by what they *do*, and by what they *are*. Life is more than creed, character more than professions of belief."

The rest of the Address deals with practical matters, and with the announcement that, though I had been instructed by the Grand Master to direct an inquiry to be instituted as to who the parties were guilty of "the most reprehensible proceeding" of sending the above-mentioned publications to the newspapers, I had taken upon myself to disobey the instructions, and to let the matter drop in the interests of peace and conciliation.

It must not be supposed that the office I had undertaken was a sinecure. The Masonic jurisdiction of the Deputy Grand Master of South Africa extends over a larger area than that under the administration of a similar functionary anywhere else. It stretches from Cape Town to the Zambesi, including the Cape Colony, the then Orange Free State and South African Republic, Rhodesia and Natal, but in the last-mentioned there are no Dutch Lodges. The area of jurisdiction, therefore, extends over about 327,000 square

miles. The correspondence with all these scattered lodges, and especially with the Grand Master and the Supreme Government, was very voluminous, and was conducted by me personally, only formal notices and routine work I left to the Grand Secretary. Moreover, my term of office happened to fall in troublous times. The Grand East had passed new regulations, which the South African Lodges considered quite unworkable and unsuited to the circumstances of South Africa, and they were accordingly highly dissatisfied with them. The Grand East, on the other hand, found it difficult to make exceptions in favour of this country, and to frame for its lodges here regulations quite different from those under which the lodges under the same Constitution, in the Netherlands, and in the East and West Indies, were working. I had thus to conciliate the lodges here, and to persuade them to submit, while I had to convince the Supreme Government of the soundness of the objections raised, and to persuade them to yield and grant indulgences. After a prolonged correspondence, the matter was ultimately settled by the authorities granting large powers of dispensation to the Deputy Grand Master, by which the Craft in South Africa was pacified and satisfied, and tranquillity restored.

In my own opinion, my administration was a complete success, and I look back upon those years with self-congratulation. I developed administrative talents, the germ of which I had never suspected I had in me. I was encouraged by many proofs of my services being highly appreciated both by those over whom I exercised authority, and by those under whose authority I acted, and when I resigned, in consequence of failing health, letters and addresses poured in upon me, assuring me of the regret and sympathy of the brethren. As a sample, I quote a few passages from the address with which I was favoured by the Lodge De Goede Trouw: "You have performed the various and onerous duties connected with your office in a manner that has given the greatest satisfaction to every member of the Craft under your jurisdiction. All your decisions have been given with justice and fairness, and your every act has been characteristic of your high sense of honour and integrity." And when my successor, Br. C. E. Lewis, was installed, he was good enough to refer to me in these flattering terms: "Apart from his Masonic connection, he would say that Br. Faure won the high esteem and warm regard of thoughtful men throughout South Africa, as one who had been content to suffer for conscience's sake; and this true martyr spirit—a high form, perhaps the highest form of heroism—was one which should appeal, without regard to agreement or disagreement with Br. Faure's personal views, to the especial appreciation and admiration of Freemasons, who recognized as an axiom the right of every earnest man to grow towards perfection in the way his conscience approved. If he might briefly characterize Br. Faure's qualities as a ruler of the Craft, he would refer to his impressive eloquence—always earnest, and when he was strongly moved, displaying a positively thrilling intensity of feeling. He would refer to his unassuming modesty, which had never impaired

the dignity with which he had discharged the duties of his office. He would refer also to the unremitting zeal with which he had fulfilled, not merely the routine business of his position, but the fidelity with which, for the benefit of others, he had taken upon himself onerous work, such as the translation of documents and reports, which it was no part of his ordinary duty to do. But above all, he would refer to the love of impartiality and justice which had distinguished Br. Faure in the decision of all matters submitted to him for settlement, and which had induced him in every case in which he felt a possibility of personal bias might exist, to submit the matter for the advice of those whose impartiality was above question. . . . . As Deputy Grand Master his term had literally bristled with difficulties, and it seems like one of the ironies of life that when these difficulties had been overcome, and his success as a ruler had been made abundantly clear on both sides of the water, illness should have incapacitated him for further rule."

Seven years later, I visited the Lodge for the last time to receive a Past Deputy Grand Master's jewel, sent by the Supreme Government in recognition of my services. and as this seemed to be a fitting finale to my Masonic career, my place in the Lodge has since been left vacant.

If I am asked whether Freemasonry still has a *raison d'être*, still has a work to do, and still has a future, I cannot reply with a direct Yes or No. As a secret society, it seems an anomaly and out of date. We can understand that in the Dark Ages, in which it sprung into existence, men who believed only in a Universal religion, and ignoring dogmas and creeds, if they wished to unite in a bond of brotherhood and to hold communion with one another, had to do so in secret, and to swear the most terrible oaths of fidelity to each other, in order to escape persecution, torture and death. In those days, a profession of religious faith which confined itself to belief in God and Immortality, and the practice of virtue, was nothing less than rank heresy, and the miscreant who professed it was promptly disposed of, being put to the sword, quartered or burnt alive. But mankind has outlived all that, and it is no longer necessary for those who dissent from the popular theology, to gather in secret chambers behind closed and guarded doors. Moreover, many old forms and symbols have lost their significance, and no longer instruct, help, impress or edify. Words and signs of recognition are practically the sole surviving secrets of the Order. The charitable and educational achievements of Freemasonry are beyond all praise, but that a secret society is essential for these purposes, is not quite intelligible and obvious to the ordinary mind.

I therefore think that the time has arrived to extend Masonic influence, to enlarge its field of operation, and to make it an eminently practical power for good. It seems to me that it would be fully carrying out its principles, and give effect to the teachings, which through so many ages it has endeavoured to inculcate, if it were now to organize itself into a huge Peace Society. This is a

work lying directly in its path, it is the arena in which, by its own principles, it is pre-eminently called to labour; it is in these days its legitimate vocation. The first plank in its platform is Human Brotherhood, and of all foes to that Brotherhood, of all scourges of Humanity, of all causes of disunion and hatred, war surely stands out pre-eminently as the chief and foremost.

The Order of Freemasonry is in a specially favourable situation, and has the best of opportunities to declare war against war, and to work for Universal Peace on earth. Freemasonry is an agency which has its ramifications in every country, the bulk of its members belong to the intelligent and educated class, the leading men in every country—especially in Great Britain—its legislators, its politicians, its rulers, its Kings and Emperors, gather under the Masonic banner, all avowing their belief in the Brotherhood of Man —what if all Freemasons all over the world combined and exerted themelves to cast out war for ever, and to substitute for it arbitration in national disputes. They are the men to do it, and they have a well adapted organization at their disposal for the purpose.

But I fear that Masonic opinion has not yet advanced to that stage. In 1880, during the Transvaal War of Independence, the Freemasons of Holland sent a request to the Grand East of England to intervene—not in the interests of the Transvaal—but in the interests of Peace, and their suggestion was considered so serious a transgression of the principles of the Order, which prohibit interference with politics, that friendly relations with the Grand East of the Netherlands were broken off in consequence, and it was several years before the breach was healed.

Let us hope for better results in the future. War is inconsistent with Human Brotherhood, and it is clear as the noonday sun that a Society which stands for Human Brotherhood, must also work for it, and it can work for it in no more effectual way than by contending against the greatest enemy of that Brotherhood. If, therefore, Freemasonry desires to justify its existence, it must, in the interests of Humanity, devote all its efforts to make war impossible in the future, it must itself so vividly realize that Brotherhood, and so mould public opinion to realize it, that the spectacle, which, if it were not so sad and awful, would be ridiculous, of men settling their differences by shooting each other, shall be known no more. It is right and fit that Freemasonry should appropriate to itself the honour and glory of ringing out the thousand wars of old, and ringing in the thousand years of Peace.

XI.

SPIRITUALISM.

"There are more things in heaven and on earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy." If I were asked what, in my estimation, were the wisest words ever written by mortal man, I would unhesitatingly quote the above saying of Shakespeare's Hamlet. If my life experience has taught me anything, it has convinced me of the profound truth expressed in the above phrase. The Apostle Paul clothed the same truth in other words, when he wrote: "We know in part, and see in a mirror darkly," and thousands of years before him Job had arrived at the identical conclusion, when he declared that: "God is great, and we comprehend Him not."

Let me say at once that I do not class myself among the Spiritualists, though I believe, or rather, though I *know*, that such phenomena as table-rapping, trance-speaking, etc., are facts which it is idle, ridiculous and absurd to deny. Yet the incontestable reality of these phenomena by no means justifies my rushing to the conclusion that such unusual events are to be attributed to the agency of spirits of deceased human beings. I go further, and assert that even the most ordinary so-called spiritualistic phenomena are so contrary to ordinary human experience that no one is justified in believing in their reality, unless he has personally witnessed and examined them. I am not in a position to express any definite opinion on the matter, except as to the reality of the mere physical phenomena, but in my busy life there has been too little leisure for thorough and exhaustive investigation.

But I have seen enough and read enough about the subject to convince myself that it is inexcusable in scientific men to ignore it, and without inquiry *à priori* to assume and to asseverate that such things are impossible. It is their business and their duty to probe to the bottom and to expose the error—if it is an error—underlying this belief of millions. I say "millions," and I say it advisedly, and among these there are not only men of inferior or ordinary intelligence, but acute business men, sober-minded, astute lawyers, doctors, clergymen, well-educated, thoughtful men and women in all walks of life, and in every country on the face of the earth. More than twenty years ago I saw a list of books published in the United States in the preceding year, and found that the works on Spiritualism and allied subjects, outnumbered the sum total of those on all other topics. Who write, purchase and read them, if not the millions of believers, many of whom would be prepared to lay down their lives in testimony of the truth of the theory? Among scientific men a few have thought it worth while to investigate, and what has been the result? This, that men of such surpassing ability, and of such world-wide celebrity as Sir William Crookes and Mr. A. R. Wallace have been converted, and

have written books in support of the doctrine, after having undertaken their patient and elaborate investigations with the intention of disproving and exposing this last remarkable manifestation of human folly. In the Autobiography of Mr. Wallace, recently published, the pages in which he describes the manner in which Huxley and Tyndall responded to the efforts he made to interest them in the subject, are most melancholy reading. These men had evidently taken up a decidedly unscientific attitude, and had beforehand, and without inquiry, made up their minds that such things were impossible, because it did not fit in with their "little system," and perhaps might upset it. It reminds me of the old clergyman who said that there was much truth in the New Theology, yet he would not accept it, for it conflicted with his old sermons, which would then become useless and unrepeatable. I have often thought that the movements of heavy tables, without human interference and apparently spontaneous, might have been expected to induce "practical" men, men who care nothing about spirits, to investigate the law which governed such movements, in order to make use of it for practical purposes of locomotion. I would suggest to these "practical" men that there may be money in it—perhaps that expectation may stimulate their interest.

In a small way, I have tried to find out for myself whether and in how far there is any truth in it, or whether the whole Spiritualistic theory is to be accounted for and to be explained by deception on the part of the mediums, or self-deception on the part of the sitters. I had, however, to carry on my investigations with poor mediums, and to develop others, who might have been found more satisfactory, required more time than I had at my disposal. During many months, I devoted one evening weekly to seances, but all this time was wasted, for it is an indispensable condition of success that the sitters should have an open mind, maintain a passive and receptive attitude, and be intent only on learning the truth; but I found out only afterwards that two of those who sat with us, while pretending to be honest investigators, were materialists, and while their biassed minds in themselves naturally made the conditions unfavourable, they, moreover, did their best to resist and counteract the operation of any forces, which otherwise might have manifested themselves; so that the results obtained after all that waste of time were very insignificant and unsatisfactory. Of these sittings I can remember nothing except the silly talk of an old deceased servant in the medium's family, whose supposed spirit attended as regularly as clockwork, and begged hard for snuff!

I did not investigate Spiritualism with the object of discovering the secrets of the other world, or obtaining information which in the present life is unobtainable in the ordinary way. My only desire was to procure proof that the spirits which are supposed to appear at seances are actually the spirits of deceased men and women, in which case the immortality of the human soul would

take its place among the established truths and indisputable facts. But, as I stated before, such proof I have hitherto failed to obtain. I remember a seance at which the supposed spirit appeared of an acquaintance who had died shortly before, and who during his lifetime had been employed in one of the Government offices. He spoke about his wife and family, and seemed to know everything about his domestic affairs. But when, in order to make sure of his identity, I asked him to describe some document in his office, of the existence of which all the sitters were ignorant, and the place where it was to be found, so that I might next morning verify his statement, and thus satisfy myself that the spirit who spoke at the seance was the spirit of the deceased official, his answer was that he had forgotten everything about his office. Strange that his memory, which was so correct about his domestic circumstances, should so utterly fail him with regard to his office work. I attended another seance at which the medium was addicted to intemperance, and the spirit that controlled him announced himself as a well-known deceased citizen of Cape Town, who had also been a man of intemperate habits. The medium soon became violent, even dangerous, and the seance came to a premature end when the medium jumped up, flung his chair in a corner, vanished through the door before we could realize the situation, and ran towards the sea, which was very near, for the seance took place at Three Anchor Bay, and very probably he would have shared the fate of the Gadarene swine, if some of the sitters had not succeeded in overtaking and holding him.

I may mention here a little incident which occurred in my own house. The members of my family were occupying themselves one evening with the planchette, and while this was going on I entered the room, and was told that a quakeress was communicating. She had just mentioned the day, month and year of her death, and the day mentioned was Wednesday. I then said: "You are a quakeress and speak of Wednesday." The answer came pat: "If I had been addressing quakers, I would have said Fourth Day."

Of my personal experiences in this line the most remarkable was with a medium not above suspicion of trickery, but on this occasion there was little opportunity for fraudulent practices, for she fell into a trance and began to speak. After having impersonated two or three deceased persons, she informed me that there was a female spirit present who knew me. I then began to question her, and in reply she stated that she was related to me, and had died five years ago. I then mentioned all my dead aunts and cousins I could think of, and after naming each I asked whether it was she who was present. To all these questions the answer was: No; and after a while "the control passed off" and other spirits took possession. Walking home after the seance, it suddenly occurred to me that my wife's mother had died five years previously *on that very same date*. I had thought only of my blood relations, not of those related by marriage. This is very regrettable, for if I had

thought of her, I might have put such questions, the answers to which were unknown to me and to all present, which, if subsequently verified, would have gone far to prove her identity. Neither the medium nor anyone present was acquainted with my mother-in-law, and certainly none of them knew that that day was the anniversary of her death. Nor could the medium have been influenced by any thought in my mind, for no thought of her was in my mind.

On the other hand, my faith in Spiritualism was much shaken by the fact that two friends of mine, both ardent Spiritualists, one of whom died in his twentieth year, and the other at the age of eighty, both promised me shortly before their death that if it were possible to do so, they would either visit me or communicate by message or otherwise. But though during their life-time they were very anxious to convert me to their views, neither of them has persisted in the attempt after death. Both have long since returned to the dust, without breaking silence and without giving any sign.

I said that I had to work with indifferent mediums only, but to this rule there was one important exception. Miss Wood, a medium of great reputation, at whose seances materializations were reported to be common, which in non-spiritualistic language, means that deceased persons appear in visible form, touched at the Cape on her voyage from England to Australia. Dr. Hutchinson, the dentist, persuaded her to stay over as his guest till the next steamer called, and during her stay he invited several ladies and gentlemen —I and my wife were among the privileged—to attend her seances. Five nights we sat with her, from 8 in the evening till about 2 in the morning. The seances were to be "under test conditions," accordingly a ladies' boot was drawn over each of her hands, tied round her arms, and the knots sealed. In a corner of the room a curtain was hung so as to form a "cabinet," about 10 or 12 feet in length. She took her seat on a chair placed at the one end, and was tied to the chair again with sealed knots, and a small table was placed at the other end of the "cabinet," upon which a clean slate and pencil were placed. The light was sufficient to enable us to distinguish all the objects and persons in the room. On each occasion she almost immediately fell into a trance, and a little Indian girl began to speak in broken English. This continued throughout all the sittings, the girl speaking almost incessantly, but saying nothing of striking importance; in fact, her talk made so little impression on me that I do not now recollect a single word she said. I remarked, however, that during the many hours we sat on these five nights, the broken English of the girl was never once superseded by correct English, so that if there was fraud on the part of the medium, she was an adept in the art. On several occasions we also heard writing on the slate, which, when examined, exhibited many lines and scratches, and a few readable words. It was quite impossible to explain how these came there, the medium being tied to her chair, with her hands encased in boots, several

feet away, and the sealed knots intact. No disembodied spirit appeared, nor anything which in the remotest degree resembled one. It now seems a pity that the precautions above-mentioned were taken on every occasion, and that it did not occur to us to give her a free hand at least one night, just to see what would have happened under such circumstances. As it was, the sittings with this great medium could not be regarded as a success. I may add that one of the company was Dr. Pronk, formerly of the Transvaal, then residing in Cape Town, a thorough-going materialist, as he described himself to me, but who was then investigating Spiritualism, and in a transition period. He continued his researches, which ended in his renunciation of Materialism, becoming a convert to Spiritualism, and writing a book in its defence.

I must here also record something which, though not a personal experience, is next door to it, for it was more than once related to me by my deceased friend, Mr Marshall, as a fact witnessed by himself. Mr. Eglington, one of the most famous mediums, visited Cape Town, and during his stay was, I believe, Mr. Marshall's guest. Mr. Marshall was a clerk in the Audit Office, and resided then in Grave (now Parliament) Street, either on the first floor of the building, the ground floor of which was occupied by the Audit Office, or on the first floor of the house next door. They were sitting one evening in the front room, the windows of which were open and abutted on the street. The subject of their conversation was Spiritualism, and Mr. Eglington said he felt that he was being controlled. He rose from his chair, was elevated to near the ceiling of the room, floated through the one window, described a semi-circle over the street, and sailed in at the other window. This happened in Mr. Marshall's room; there was no machinery of any kind to enable him to perform such a feat, if indeed it is conceivable that there can exist any machinery by means of which anything like it could be accomplished. Though I was no witness to this performance, I cannot but believe that it really did occur. I had known Mr. Marshall for many years, and his veracity was absolutely above suspicion, and I fear no contradiction when I assert that no one who knew him will consider him capable of untruthfulness. If it is said that he may have honestly believed it, and yet have been mistaken, I reply that there was no room for self-deception. There was a lamp burning in the room, and outside the moon was shining brightly. The question, therefore, is simply this: Did Eglington float through the air as described, Aye or No. If he did not, then Mr. Marshall was guilty of telling a downright lie. There is no escape, no explanation, no arguing it away. But however marvellous the feat, it is difficult to see how it warrants the conclusion that disembodied spirits, departed human beings, could have had a hand in it. It certainly is outrageously illogical to assume the agency of spirits when we find it impossible to account for an event in conflict with or outside ordinary human experience.

A grave objection urged against Spiritualism—and its opponents make the most of it—is that seances are conducted in darkness. This is, in the first place, too sweeping a charge. Spiritualistic literature teems with accounts of occurrences at seances held in broad daylight. At nearly all those at which I was present, there was light enough to admit of all objects in the room being distinguished. I believe that few take place in absolute darkness. To me, the fact that darkness or subdued light is required for the production of the manifestations, has never presented any great difficulty. It seems to me that the objection is not a valid or reasonable one. In fact, it is a reasonable demand that if we wish to see certain phenomena, we should submit to the conditions under which alone it is possible for them to be produced. It is quite intelligible that there are forces which can act only in the dark, or can act more easily in the dark. It is quite possible that light may be an impediment to certain forces and subtle influences. Is photography suspected because a great deal of its work is and must be done in the dark? Stroke a black cat the wrong way, and sparks are thrown off, but these can be seen only in the dark. It is only in the dark that we can ascertain the luminosity of phosphorus. I know of a Spiritualist who asked an opponent why he believed in the existence of porcupines and antbears (aardvark), since these animals are met with only in the dark. But his eye twinkled humorously when he put the question. However irrational and pueriel the conditions may seem to be, we cannot succeed in our inquiry without submitting to them. It seems, indeed, silly that half-a-dozen persons should sit around a table with their hands resting on it, and touching their neighbour's hands, but it is only when one complies with that condition that the table will rap out more or less intelligent and direct answers to questions put by the sitters.

But the most determined foes of Spiritualism are to be found among the thoughtful men and women, who have discarded belief in the supernatural, and are fully persuaded of the stability of the laws of nature, which are never broken, and from which there never is a departure. Belief in miracles they regard as childish, and their very faith in a God ruling the Universe would be shaken if they were convinced that the immutability and constancy of the laws of nature were fictions and fables. Now if it was certain that Spiritualistic phenomena were in reality infringements of natural law, they would have to be placed in the category of "miracles," and believing, as I do, in the reign of Law in the Universe, which leaves no room for the miraculous, I would, without hesitation, reject the Spiritualistic theory. But the correct definition of a miracle is that it is a violation of the laws of nature *known or unknown*. Hence Spiritualistic phenomena, however much they may conflict with known laws, may yet be subject to laws as yet unknown. They are not claimed to be miraculous, anti-natural or supernatural, they are regarded as under the domain of law, and as occurring in conformity with the natural order of things. It is

a law of nature that a piece of furniture does not move about of its own accord, but there may be, and the Spiritualists say there is, a law of nature by virtue of which it may do so under certain conditions. If, therefore, the phenomena are not supernatural, but natural, the objection that they are miraculous events falls to the ground. Telegraphs, telephones and phonographs would have been declared miracles or transgressions of laws of nature by the most scientific men two or three centuries ago; no one now regards them as such, simply because the laws which govern them, unknown in those days, are now known. And surely no scientist will assert that *every* natural law is known to us, and that there are no more to be discovered. The lesson taught by recent scientific investigations and the forces and elements thus brought to light, have made it abundantly clear to the most superficial minds that we know but little, and that "there are more things in heaven and on earth than were dreamt of in our philosophy."

I can see no reason why the adherents of the new school of thought should be prejudiced against Spiritualism; on the contrary, it would seem that they have every reason for wishing it to be true, to bestow their blessing upon it, and wishing it Godspeed. In the first place, it would supply absolute proof of the immortality of the human soul, which proof cannot be, or rather has not yet been supplied from any other source. Among the so-called proofs of Immortality, there is not one which holds water. They are all vitiated by flaws, or based on false premises, such as the famous one of the Apostle Paul, who calls them "fools" who fail to see that men shall live again after death, "even as seed sown is not quickened, except it die." Whereas everybody knows that seed which is dead never sprouts, and that unless it is living seed it cannot grow. The same applies to the analogy of the chrysalis and the butterfly. No butterfly has ever emerged from a dead chrysalis. We may have hope and faith in Immortality—as I trust we have—but that after death we retain our individuality, our self-consciousness, survive under new conditions, we cannot *know*, unless we know that at least one has actually returned from "that bourne," whence Shakespeare believed "no traveller returns."

In the second place, Spiritualism means death to Materialism. If the truth of the Spiritualistic theory is established, Materialism has no *locus standi*, the theory that matter is but the manifestation of spirit, then becomes an axiom. And, in the third place, the verification of Spiritualism, is death to orthodoxy. If the dead can return and communicate with their friends—entirely irrespective of the description they give of the future life—the orthodox views of heaven and hell, and the scheme of salvation of the popular theology, become demonstrably untenable.

I had an interesting correspondence on this subject with the Rev. P. Huet—a familiar name in the ecclesiastical world of South Africa. He was, during many years, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in Natal, and took a leading part on the orthodox

side in the fierce controversies in the sixties. He was a highly gifted representative of a family, several members of which have won celebrity in the Netherlands in the field of literature, theology and science After leaving South Africa, he was appointed itinerant preacher in Holland, with the special task of championing the cause of orthodoxy against the heresies of the new school. Still later, he did ministerial work in several Dutch towns. He became a convert to Spiritualism, and edited a Spiritualistic periodical. It soon became apparent that Spiritualism had considerably modified the orthodox views he had formerly held. He enclosed an open letter to me, addressed to the Rev. J. J. Kotzé, of Darling, and requested me to forward it, if I thought it advisable to do so. In that open letter he expressed his regret that he had displayed so little of the true Christian spirit in his attacks upon Mr. Kotzé, who had openly denied in the Synod of 1862 that "man was continually inclined to all evil." I forwarded the letter, to which Mr. Kotzé published a most conciliatory reply. Upon this, I again wrote to Mr. Huet, and after some references to Spiritualism, similar to those in the foregoing pages, I asked him how he found it possible to reconcile his orthodoxy with his Spiritualism. His reply shows how his Spiritualism had worn off the sharp angles of his former Calvinistic creed, how it had driven dogma into the background, ethics and conduct to the front. The following translation of his reply, will, no doubt, be welcome to his many South African friends and admirers.

Goes, 24th April, 1887.

"My Dear Brother,

I need not assure you that your letter gave me much pleasure. I heartily thank you for it. How far apart did we stand, how near to each other are we now! I am very glad that you have had the courage to investigate Spiritism. [This is the name given to Spiritualism in Holland.] In this country, I know of only one minister of the Modern School who has become a Spiritist, the Rev. Roorda van Eysinga, one of their leading men, conspicuous by his learning, his character, and his oratorical, or rather, literary ability. Now, however, he is an opponent of the Modern School; of course, not on all points, but because they deny the super-natural (hooger natuurlijke), because they hold wrong views about Christ, and because they reject the spirit revelations of our day. Christ has become the object of his highest love and veneration as the real incarnate Son of God.

You ask me how I can be a Spiritist and at the same time orthodox. Spiritism has not deprived me of my orthodoxy. It found in me a well-tilled field. The popular Trinitarian doctrine, the popular Atonement doctrine, the identification of the words 'God's Word' and 'Scripture,' to say nothing of the dogma of Predestination, I had gradually learnt to discard. But for the rest, my Spiritism has not shaken my faith; on the contrary, it has confirmed it. I do not know whether you read "Het Eenwige Leven,'

of which I am the editor. In 1886, I wrote an article in it, entitled 'My Confession of Faith,' in which I give expression to my ideas concerning the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, and Atonement. In my opinion, the inward is the main point—indeed, I always held this opinion. The mystic life. The 'unio mystica.' The secret communion with Christ in God. This was, is, and remains, my happiness, my bliss. This communion is no imaginary communion, but a Life and Love communion, of which I am conscious every moment of my life, which I enjoy, which fills me with love, joy, peace.

But this has nothing to do with religious systems or dogmas. It is the life, the spiritual, eternal life, which everyone has within himself in germ, so that we can say: God and Religion are the same everywhere. On many points I agree with the views of the 'Moderns,' not through reading their writings, but through a spontaneous process which has been going on within me. I look upon Spiritism as a means provided by God to deliver men from their unbelief and from their superstition, to deliver the Pharisees (the orthodox) and the Sadducees (the modern school) from their leaven, the orthodox from their dogmatism, the moderns from their materialism, and thus to bring them together.

It is a pity that your seances did not give you more satisfaction. I attach little value to physical phenomena, though I would, of course, like to see a materialization—such as occur at Eglington's seances. To me, trance manifestations are the most significant. Why should you not obtain glorious results? If your life is earnest and holy, if you have a small domestic circle of persons devoted to God. If your investigations mean that you are prepared to offer yourself to God as an instrument for the good of your fellow men in the flesh and in the spirit world, if you pray to God to keep, help and bless you, and to send His good spirits to you, then I feel certain that God will make you experience things, which will remove all possibility of doubt, and fill your soul with praise, thanksgiving and adoration.

The Rev. Mr. Kotzé's letter was very pleasing. I did not expect anything else. I am glad I wrote him that open letter. Let me hear again from you, and believe me, in the hope of Eternal Life, yours sincerely,

HUET."

In 1885, there lived in Cape Town, a Hollander, Mr. Fricke, who was an ardent Spiritualist, and much interested in the study of "occult science." He had read of a certain Mr. Buchanan, who was able to describe the characters of persons who sent him their photographs, a few lines in their handwriting, or anything else belonging to them. If my memory serves me, the mode of procedure was that Mrs. Buchanan, a trance medium, in a trance, described the owners of such articles on their being exhibited to her by her husband. Mr. Fricke, wishing to test her powers, procured

a photo of Mr. J. X. Merriman, bearing his signature, a photo of Mr. Upington, and a few lines written by me. These he forwarded to Mr. Buchanan's address, Boston, United States, enclosing the fee. In January, 1886, he received the replies, which he showed me, and of which I took a copy. The description given of me was lent out to a friend, and shared the usual fate of things lent—I never saw it again, and therefore, to my great regret, cannot reproduce it here, though I may say, that to the best judge—myself—it seemed remarkably correct. But, fortunately, those referring to Messrs. Merriman and Upington, are still in my possession, and are here given to the world. The character attributed to Mr. Merriman by Mrs. Buchanan—judging him merely as a public man—must strike my readers as wonderfully true to nature, and if that of Mr. Upington is a little more vague, it may be owing to the fact that in the case of Mr. Merriman, she had a photo with his signature attached, which therefore must at one time have been in his possession, while the portrait of Mr. Upington was one bought in a shop and unsigned. Yet the success of the experiment cannot be explained by assuming that, since it was tried with public men, Mrs. Buchanan might have read or might have made inquiries about them before sending the replies, for in 1885, Mr. Merriman's fame had probably not reached Boston, and Mr. Upington's and my name were unknown to her, for neither his portrait nor the lines I wrote, were signed.

PSYCHOMETRIC IMPRESSIONS FROM THE AUTOGRAPH OF J. X. MERRIMAN.

"This is a strong character, well balanced intellectually, with firmness of purpose and self-confidence. He has marked executiveness and strong individuality.

"This gentleman is calculated to take high rank in the intellectual or business world; he is thoroughly an active brain worker, he has immense power, hardly knows his own resources. I do not see just what he is engaged in, but a great desire to do good is apparent in this character.

"He does not harbour malice towards anyone, but pursues his own even tenor quite independently. He is a man of great information, acquires knowledge with facility, has very quick perceptions, which aid his judgment.

"This gentleman ought to be a public official, his balancing powers are so great; together with his superior talent he could fill any position of trust in a most creditable manner; and with few opponents he is calculated to win the esteem of the masses.

"This is a tenacious character; he holds on to long cherished views and ideas, and would defend them. I think him liberal on political or religious questions, he would not be held down to a party or creed, from policy or self-aggrandisement.

"As a man of business he would be exact in his discrimination and estimates in commercial ventures; he is not really a speculator, but his mind takes a wide range of things generally when they

impress him as being practical. I think him diplomatic and a good financier.

"He is, I think, possessed of generous impulses; would relieve distress and suffering to the extent of his ability. This gentleman's social qualities would make him a desirable companion; he is not convivial in nature, or boisterous in his pleasures. I think he is not much inclined to society outside his vocation.

"He would be sensitive to his domestic surroundings; he likes a refined, well-ordered home. If married, he would make this a consideration. He is a high-spirited individual, but careful and prudent in demeanour at all times. He can succeed very well in controlling his feelings if angered. I think him incapable of doing an injury to one who should assault him, but he is capable of administering a just reprimand, either by word or pen; he can be very sarcastic.

"I do not find a stain upon the inner tablet of his character. In the world's intercourse, its upheavals and change, so trying to this life, there may be seasons when his higher nature would feel the pressure too keenly, but not to succumb.

"As I view this life from my inner vision, I see success whichever way he may turn his attention; he is a lover of art; scientific inventions and educational advancement meet with his approval.

"I do not expect that all the possibilities of this soul can be unfolded fully here; he has a spiritual nature that takes cognizance of his development, and when he has finished his labour here, he will resume it beyond the veil.

"I have written the main characteristics of this gentleman without enlarging upon their various applications; it would require much time to do it. Trusting that my opinion will meet with the opinion of those who know him best, I will be most happy to refer at some future time to this gifted character.

I am most truly,

C. H. BUCHANAN.

Boston, January 6th, 1886."

To Mr. Upington, the Psychometrist ascribed the following qualities :—

"This is a cultured, bright intellect; he impresses me as a man of superior endowments. A cool, decisive temperament, and strong individuality. His disposition is humane and considerate towards his inferiors, affectionate and sympathetic towards family and friends. This gentleman has a large supply of brain force; he is very executive. An excess of business never disturbs his equanimity, however complex it may be. He is punctilious in his arrangement of all his affairs, things of light importance share his attention with the greater ones alike. This is a very shrewd, observing mind, and cannot easily be deceived; he is well adapted to the legal profession; by nature he is very ambitious, likes large

undertakings where he can employ officials and subordinates; with such he would be a favourite. He seems born to fill a high station, as a ruler he would act with discretion and firmness, but never despotic. A person of great command of language, and speaks to the point, always terse in manner, and would never descend to abusive language to an opponent in argument.

"He does not seem a military character, yet familiar with its tactics. He has a far-reaching mind, which leads him beyond the ordinary pursuits of men. His aims and purposes are not for self-aggrandisement, but for the masses. I think this a character that cannot be over-estimated, if understood correctly. He is a politician, as the word implies, but not one who tries to suit a party. He has not yet reached the zenith of success, and will not until he commences his second cycle. I am impressed this gentleman has passed the most stormy ordeal of his life, he is now at a favourable period for results pertaining to professional duties. But he is liable to nervous prostration, and should use great care and not overtax them. There is an inclination to use the front brain exclusively, which will rob the physical of its vitality, if long continued.

"He should have frequent change of air, and certain hours of relaxation from duties. He is very well balanced in his love nature. In the relation of a husband, he would be kind and indulgent; he would be fond of his home if conjugally mated; he is quite sensitive to surroundings. His highest pleasure is with those of his confidential friends, whose opinions he values. He makes one feel at home in his society by his usual urbane manners, devoid of all ostentation, and the absence of all criticism. In my impressions of this character, I have briefly sketched his moral and intellectual faculties, dimly aided by his picture. I have not mentioned anything concerning his spiritual unfoldment. He possesses a spiritual tendency; I think him not radical in religion, but recognizes Deity as a Father. The spiritual philosophy would interest his mind, if properly presented to him. As he gives his attention to the soul and its possibilities, he will happily discover that his true life has only commenced, and as its shadows lengthen, it will grow more bright and beautiful. He will see that every experience in his life, however trying, were necessary educators to prepare him better for a more substantial existence."

In discussing such a subject as Spiritualism, cognate facts should not be ignored or lost sight of, and, in the first place, Mesmerism must be taken into account. I can remember the days when Mesmerism was laughed at in the scientific world, scouted by the "common-sense" men, and when medical men especially took delight in perpetrating jokes and exercising their wit at its expense. *Tempora mutantur*, etc. The doctors of to-day call Mesmerism, Hypnotism, and they swear by it. Shall we still ask: What's in a name? We have seen the same thing vilified, when called by one name, and revered after being re-baptized. The many hospitals and other institutions in which surgical operations are now performed,

and the most marvellous cures effected by the agency of Hypnotism, are recognized and recommended by the medical faculty; they are acknowledged as part of the "regular" and legitimate practice, no Medical Board would stigmatize them as "unprofessional" methods. But when before the middle of the last century Doctor Esdaile established a hospital in India, where he performed the most delicate and dangerous operations successfully on mesmerized patients, he was called a charlatan and a quack.

Mr. J. C. Wessels, the well-known Cape Town Attorney, was one of the first to familiarize his fellow citizens with Mesmerism. He often invited friends to his house at Green Point to witness his experiments. I was there one evening when he had a clairvoyant subject. He sent him to the St. George's Cathedral to see what time it was. The man went, mentally, of course, and every now and then he was asked where he was now. His answers would be: At the Lutheran Church, on Greenmarket Square, on Waldek's stoep (now the South African Chambers). Then he was told to cross Wale Street and look up and tell the time by the Cathedral clock. The man remained silent, and on the question being repeated, he said: "I can't see, the balcony of the church is in the way." No one had thought of that. My watch had stopped at five minutes to one, I held it up to his eyes and asked him what time it was. He replied: "Five minutes past eleven." The answer is explained by the fact that the back of the watch was held up to his eye, so that he looked through it, and thus the mistake verified his clairvoyant power. Mr. Wessels' enthusiasm led him to experiment at all times and all places, even in the street, when he had a subject at hand. I have seen him standing surrounded by some spectators in front of the public offices and place half-a-crown on the ground, telling his subject that the coin was his, if he could pick it up, adding: but you can't. The man tried his utmost, but, of course, failed. Then he would tell him to walk up Wale Street, and asked one of the bystanders to tell him when he should stop the man. And when he was asked to stop him, he simply "willed" him to stop, and the man, however hard he tried, could not move from the spot. I was present also when Mr. Wessels attempted to convert a leading Cape Town doctor, who—being a doctor—was an unbeliever in mesmerism. Mr. Wessels, by means of mesmeric passes, made the body of his subject as rigid as an iron bar, placed two chairs a few feet apart, and resting the back of the head of his subject on the back of one chair, and his heels on the other, asked the doctor to sit on his stomach, and to remain sitting there during more than a minute. The doctor did so, the body did not bend, and the patient showed no sign of distress. Then he made the patient fall into an ecstatic trance, with his eyes wide open, and then held a bull's-eye lantern an inch or two from his eyes, but his eyes neither closed nor winked, not a muscle twitched, not a nerve showed irritation. But the sage doctor walked off muttering something about "humbug" and "gammon." This was in the days, as I said before, when Mesmerism was not yet known by the name of Hypnotism.

In another direction I have myself made some psychological experiments of my own invention, in order to discover whether it is possible to transfer ideas from my own brain to that of another person, and thus to enable me to read the thoughts of others. The idea was suggested to me by the fact that I had often found that by the mere exercise of will power, it was possible to influence the actions of others. At concerts or other public gatherings I had frequently fixed my attention on someone sitting in front of me, and "willed" that he or she should look back, and the persons so being operated upon, without knowing it, almost invariably did turn their heads. It occurred to me that there is a mode of communication by wireless telegraphy from mind to mind When trying my first experiments with my children, to make success more probable and easier, I held the hand of the subject in one of mine, and placed the other on his head. But I soon found that this telegraph line could be dispensed with, that no physical contact is necessary to bring the operator and his subject *en rapport*, and that thought can travel through space without it. The mode of operation is this: I tell the subject to fix his attention entirely on me, and to divest his mind from all other thoughts, and to assume a passive and receptive attitude. I then form in my mind the picture of some animal, building, letter of the alphabet, or any other concrete object, and by force of will try to transfer that picture to the mind of the subject. I then ask him what he thought of, and he mentions the object which was in my mind; or I tell him what he thought of, and he admits that it is correct. I have tried it with perfect strangers, and often have succeeded on the first trial. I feel confident that when this experiment is continued with the same person, it would be possible thus to influence him at ever greater distances, when he is in another room, in the next house, and ultimately miles away, provided the time is agreed upon when he should assume this receptive attitude. But the state of my health just about that time made it impossible to continue the trials, for they are a considerable strain upon the brain of the operator.

While I was writing these pages, I saw a newspaper paragraph describing the performances by which a Danish gentleman, Mr. Zancigs, and his wife, were astonishing the London public, she being able at once to say what her husband touches or reads in another room. I think it extremely probable that the feat is accomplished in the same or similar way in which my own little experiments were made. The perfection obtained by them is probably the result of long and continued practice in transferring ideas, so that now any idea which is in the husband's mind, even abstract ideas, can be instantaneously transplanted by his will in his wife's brain, if she is ready and willing to receive the message. It is mind acting upon mind in spite of intervening space, just as the ticks made by the telegraph instrument are repeated at the other end of the line a thousand miles away. It is the influence which can be exercised by the will on the mind of another, who willingly yields to that influence.

The facts of Mesmerism or Hypnotism, and the fact that thought can be communicated and transferred without any mechanical, physical or visible agency, are not to be regarded as mere amusements in an idle hour; they are peculiarly suggestive, and indicate the solution of many a mystery. If a man, by mere force of will, can make his fellow-man absolutely insensible to the most excruciating pain, can so influence the mind of his fellow-man, can so impress his ideas upon another, and make him think what he himself thinks, shall we then persist in maintaining that these same men cannot be, and are not, controlled by beings superior to man, beings called by various names: spirits, angels, demons. Nay, is not this the explanation of Divine Inspiration? To compare small things with great: Is not Inspiration as natural a mental process in those willing to hear, and thus becoming inspired prophets, as the process set in motion in the minds of those who become mediums? In the one case we speak of Influence, in the other of Inspiration; but the difference between these two is a difference in degree only. The same law controls both.

The field of psychology is an extensive domain, as yet very imperfectly explored. In that department, many a new truth has still to be brought to light, and many an old error exposed. There, many a trophy awaits the inquirer. The inner life is still a mystery, the inner man still a secret—as much a secret to himself as to the outer world. "Know Thyself" is a maxim by no means out of date. And according as we gain self-knowledge, we shall learn to appreciate more thoroughly the truth of Hamlet's dictum, with which this chapter begins and ends: "There are more things in Heaven and on Earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

XII.

EXAMINER.

Among the many tasks which I have been called to undertake, that of examiner in Dutch has occupied a good deal of my time. During many years I had to draw up and examine the Dutch papers for the University Examinations, and ever since the introduction of Civil Service Examinations, I have been the examiner in Dutch, and still hold that position. It must not be supposed that I was selected for this work on account of any special qualification, but simply because professors, teachers and other better qualified men could not be appointed, they being excluded from the examining staff by law, and consequently the services of outsiders had to be requisitioned.

I am aware that some critics have considered the papers set by me too easy, and I am aware also that one year they were right. But that was my misfortune, not my fault. It occurred in this way. I had informed the Registrar of the University that I wished to be let off that year, whereupon the Rev. Mr. Kotzé. of Darling, was asked to undertake the task. When the time arrived for the papers to be sent in, no Dutch papers were received. A reminder was sent to Mr. Kotzé, who startled the Registrar by replying that he had never received a letter of appointment, and therefore had no papers ready. Dr. Cameron was in sore distress, and asked—I may say—begged me to come to the rescue. I could not but consent, though it required all the Doctor's persuasive powers. This was on Saturday, and the papers (Matriculation, Intermediate, B.A. and B.A. Honours) had to be in the Registrar's hands on Tuesday morning at the latest, for they had that day to be laid before the Committee, and had to be forwarded to the University printers in England by Wednesday's mail. So I had to draw up four papers in two days, to frame the questions on grammar, to hunt up suitable paragraphs for translation, and to study the works of all the prescribed authors, besides my ordinary Sunday work. Well, it was done, and Dr Cameron again breathed freely, but it will be readily understood that under these conditions, the work was done in slipshod fashion, and the remarks of the critics—who were unacquainted with the circumstances—were justified. That my papers, as a rule, erred on the side of easiness, was part of a policy. In this bilingual country, where Dutch is optional at the University Examinations, and placed on a level with French and German, I wished to encourage students to take Dutch in preference to other modern languages, and I thought that the best way to encourage them to choose Dutch, was to make the papers as easy as was consistent with reason. Dr. Mansvelt, who had the reputation of being one of the staunchest friends of the Dutch language in the Colony, and who was one of

my critics, thought otherwise. He was Dutch examiner in the School Examinations. I have seen a paper set by him for the School Higher Examination, which, I think, would puzzle many a one who regards himself as a good Dutch scholar. It seemed to me that, if the answers of more than a very select few earned a fair number of marks, the candidates must have been wonderfully proficient in that subject. What was my astonishment when I found from a statement made by Dr. Mansvelt himself, that on that paper 90 per cent. of the candidates had passed! It appears, therefore, that the system adopted by the Doctor differed widely from, was in fact, diametrically opposed to, that followed by me. While my papers were fairly easy, I was very careful to give no one more marks than he was entitled to; Dr. Mansvelt, on the contrary, thought that the cause of Dutch was best served by setting papers far beyond the capacity of schoolboys, and by awarding marks in lavish profusion. Even now I fail to see that my system was the worse of the two.

On this subject there is little to be said that will interest the general reader, except giving examples of ridiculous blunders made by candidates. I found this mental pabulum so congenial to the public taste, that I have, on several occasions, published lists of such blunders in the newspapers. I have so many of them in stock, that I could easily fill a dozen pages with them, but a few samples must suffice.

As specimens of translations, the following are interesting, and they show that the candidate who translated: "Beproevingen ondergaan," "Undergo examinations," was after all not so very absurdly wrong.

Als zij stierf. Als moeder streng of knorrig was.	If she be a stepchild. When mother strings something, or knots something.
't Scheen dat ik in den nacht die mij omsluierd hield, het eenigst wezen was met denkenskracht bezield.	It happened that I in the night possessed my counterpin; the only way was to hide myself with it.
In een uurwerk mag het kleinste rad evennin onklaar zijn als de veer die alles in beweging brengt.	In one hour's work the smallest rat may do as much as the fire that brings everything to destruction or to woe. In an hour's work the smallest bit of advice may be as plain as the four who take all into consideration.
He rejoiced at it.	Hij blij was te het. Hij was pliezierig om dit. Hij rejoiced tot het. Gelukkig was hij daarvan. Hij was blij er aan. Hij blij gewisse. Bij deze hij was blij. Hij blijde zich daarover. Hij lachgende nu. Hij vreugd op het. Hij was behaagd mits deze. Hij verhuichde daar aan.
Nightcap.	Slaapkap. Avondkep. Slaaphutje. Nachthoed. Nachtcapetje. Nachtkappie. Nachtkarpet. Nachtmiss. Avondhoed. Slaaphoed. Nachtpet.

Echtgenote (wife).	Promissory note. Relic. Relatives. Trustees. Certificate. Heir. Partner. My Love. Companion.
Lezers (readers).	Lessees. Gentleman. Diesman.
Hypotheek (mortgage bond).	Apothecary.
Honourable Chief Justice.	Heerlijke hoogrechter. Eerlijke hoogrechter.
Finest Limbs.	Beste lammers. Mooiste longen. Beste bouten.
Burgers worden op paarden gezien. (Burghers are seen on horses).	Burghers went to the Paarl yesterday.
Hoofdzaak (main question).	Head sack.
Creditors.	Kruidenieren.
Statement.	Staatsman.
Nurse.	Kindwachter.
Vrijstaters.	Freebooters.
Arbeids Commissie (Labour Commission).	Strawberry Commission.
In which case.	In welke doos.
Man of business.	Smous.
Schoonvader (father-in-law).	Beautiful father. Godfather. Grandfather. Stepfather.
Welvaart (prosperity).	Sailing vessel.
Gebaar en blik.	Copper and tin.
Kerkhof (churchyard).	Council of the Church.
At 3 o'clock.	Om drie horlogie.
Weelde is onnoodig (luxury is unnecessary).	The world is topsy turvy.
Country Seat.	Buitenlandsche stoel.
Zij komen hem wettig toe (they lawfully belong to him).	He often comes in the wet too.
Alles was toen solieder.	Everything was then by the solar system.
Als zij de raam van haar kamer opende (when she opened the window of her room).	When she let out the rain from his room.
If he coughed.	Als hij raasde met zijn mond met zijn verkouden ti d.
One and a half.	Half een.
Het geluid dat een boor maakt als het in hard hout geschroefd wordt.	The noise a farmer makes when put to labour on hard wood.
Hold converse with nature.	Gezels met de natuur.

As models of Dutch composition, I select two letters written in compliance with the following instructions: "Write a Dutch letter to a farmer stating that you are instructed by the Magistrate to inform him that the police have apprehended a boy answering to the description of the one advertised by the farmer as having absconded. Give particulars as to the boy's height, colour, age, dress and general appearance, and request the farmer to come to the village for the purpose of identifying the prisoner:—

1. Mijnheer, Ik ben instructi bij de Magistraat voor on te laat vitten dat die polisi mannes het voor een jong van ous gevang, net sous hij het in de korante gesit dat van ou weggehaartloop. Hij vivff footten hooeg is, swart is, ten jare out is, hij kleeren als stikent is and wit maar veill. U moet now kommen bij de hof van de Magistraat kommen to zeggen as hij di regt kerl is."

2. Mijnheer, Ik ben ordert bij de Magistraat hier om u te berechten dat de polisimannen hebt een kerl gevang. En de kerl kijkt juist als wie de kerl u had gesaagt in de courant had weggeloop van uwe dienst. De jonge is vijf en half feet hoog. Hij is al te zwaart in de Gezicht. Hij kijkt omtrend 20 jaar oud. Hij had bruin corderoy kleide aan, maar de jas is al te groot voor hem. Hij had klene ooge en een breite neus. Twee van zijn voor tanden is uit. Will mijnheer zoo dadelijk als hij kann bij de dorp kwam om te getuigen om dat die is die rechte kerl of niet. Uwe gehoorzaamelijke, etc.

To the question why the Dutch say "Ganzenei," and not "Ganze-ei," one replied: "The 'n' is inserted because geese keep in pairs, so that the egg is of the two together."

In the paper for the Intermediate Examination, one of the questions was: "Enumerate the chief characteristics of the new spelling of De Vries and Te Winkel, and explain in what respects it differs from the old." One of the candidates showed how much he knew about it by answering as follows: "De Vries—Vries is mannelijk, eerst was het vrouwelijk; Te Winkel—Winkel is mannelijk, maar vroeger was het vrouwelijk. Te Winkel is voor-'te der Winkel, veranderd in Winkel.'"

XIII.

SPORTS AND GAMES.

I have always been a believer in the truth of the English proverb which affirms that "all work and no play" has a bad effect upon "Jack"—upon the boy as well as upon the man. The boy who never handles a marble, who cannot spin a top, and has never even attempted to fly a kite, presents a sad and an ominous spectacle. And there are many such boys in these "cramming for examination" days. From boys who never were young, nothing is to be expected in after-life. The boy who thinks it childish and silly to spend an hour in the playground, instead of at his studies, will probably grow into a man who can afford time for nothing besides money-making. The useful, the men "of light and leading," even in the scientific world, are not found among the bookworms, but among those who can ride and walk and join in games. No education is complete which is one-sided, and which does not fit and equip men for the whole life, life in its sunny, as well as in its serious aspects.

"Play" has been a great help to me in my "work." Idling and inactivity do not rest and recruit the brain. Physical exertion, manual labour, are relieved by doing nothing, but idleness affords no rest to the intellectual organs If a writer, after some hours' work, feels fatigued and lies down to rest, he will generally find it impossible to keep his mind from occupying itself with the subject of his article or book; he will find that the parable of the "unclean spirit" is, in a modified form, applicable to his case; the thought which he supposed to be cast out, travels awhile in the desert seeking rest and finding none; then returning, and finding the house swept and garnished, it re-enters with seven other demons more evil than itself, and the last state of that man becomes worse than the first. Like nature, the human mind abhors a vacuum; we can restrain the activity of the brain as little as we can check the circulation of the blood. While there is life there is thinking. It is, therefore, of no avail to induce mental inertness, and thus securing rest for the intellectual faculties. In order to recuperate the brain, the secret is not abstinence from work, but change of occupation. Playing a game of chess is as much a tax upon the brain as the writing of a poem or working out a mathematical problem, but if the poem or the problem is left to take care of itself for an hour or two, while we occupy our mind with a game of chess, we shall find that this change of labour has relieved and cleared the mind more effectually than would have been the case if we had idled those two hours away. I therefore do not regret the many hours of my life devoted to "play," as lost or wasted time, I could not have done without them, they were restoratives.

As previously stated, even in my boyhood I was an enthusiastic sportsman, and I continued my shooting expeditions twice a year up to 1881, when I no longer found it possible to kill harmless animals. I was a successful sportsman, too, for I was not only familiar with the habits of game, not only knew the spots where they were likely to be found, but was also a dead shot. My weapon was a double-barreller Westly-Richards, a muzzle loader, bought just before the breech loaders came into fashion, and it has answered all my purposes; only when quail-shooting did I find the delay caused by frequent loading inconvenient. I prefer loading my gun myself to using manufactured cartridges, which, in my experience, were always overcharged. For Grysbok shooting, I added a slug (looper) to a charge of buckshot, and I do not recollect ever having missed my buck, when he got up within range. I remember a memorable occasion when I went out with four or five others, all farmers. None of them fired a shot; they had, in fact, seen nothing to fire at. I had fired seven shots, and my bag was seven Grysbok. Town won Country that day. On my shooting expeditions I only once met with an accident. I was walking down one side of a kloof, and my companion a little behind me on the other. A pheasant rose, and when the bird was about forty or fifty feet high in the air, my companion fired, hit, and killed it. But at the same moment I felt a burning sensation in my leg, and soon afterwards it appeared that a slug, which must have glanced off a bone of the bird, had passed between the bones of my left leg, touching neither, and then through the calf of the right leg, on the outside of which it was found in my sock. No serious consequences, however, followed; after keeping quiet a few days, the wounds healed.

Early in life I was deeply impressed by the lines of Cowper, who declares:

> I would not place upon my list of friends,
> The man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

And this principle I have practically carried out to such an extent that when I am walking on a footpath, and come upon an army of ants travelling up and down, in order to avoid crushing them, I leave the footpath and take to the veld. But though the gun has been laid aside for good, the fishing-rod is still very much in use. Such are the inconsistencies—and imperfections—of human nature, that the tender feelings which I now entertain for game, have not yet extended themselves to the fish tribe. Like a true disciple of Isaac Walton, however, I inflict as little pain as possible, remove the hook as gently and tenderly as old Isaac himself used to do, and small fish I at once return to the sea. In extenuation of this crime, I may also plead that my experience has taught me that fish are in a very high degree insensible to pain, an apparently badly wounded fish will at once take the bait again. Exposed to the air they die of asphyxia, as human beings do under water, the easiest and most painless of deaths, even accompanied with

pleasant sensations, as the doctors—who are still alive—tell us. Then there is also the practical consideration. The late Dr. Cameron, a most enthusiastic fisherman, used to say that his interest in a fish ceased the moment it was landed, for he disliked fish diet. But my interest in the fish survives till after dinner next day.

Cricket was *the* outdoor game in my boyhood. The star of football had then not yet risen. In our primitive simplicity we were content with games which did not involve danger to life and limb. Our playgrounds were simply playgrounds, not battle-fields. We found it possible to amuse ourselves without regarding the breaking of an arm, leg, collar-bone, a few ribs, or even the infliction of a mortal wound, as an interesting feature of the game, and we never had an ambulance and a surgeon stationed in a corner of the field. So we stuck to cricket. Our field was the Green Point Common, then a grass-field extending from the lower end of Bree Street tc Three Anchor Bay, on which only two buildings were to be seen, a powder magazine and the race stand. Later, I joined a Gardens club, which made use of Breda's Field, now occupied bv the lower portion of the Molteno Reservoir and the Park. Even during the first years of my ministerial life, I was member of a club which practised on the Green Point Common; of my fellow-members I can recollect only three: Dr. Hutchinson, Mr. (now Honourable) J. W. Sauer, and Mr. E. J. (now Sir John) Buchanan. But however fond I was of cricket, I never excelled in it. I was, however, more proficient in lawn tennis, in which I indulged occasionally, but in croquet, which I played regularly during several years, I was quite an expert.

With regard to billiards, however, there is a longer story to tell. I handled a cue for the first time in my life in the Students' Club, at Leiden. Shortly after my arrival, a fellow Cape student undertook to teach me the game. The very first game was lost by the teacher and won by the pupil. My friend, who never was distinguished for his courtesy, replied in terms more forcible than polite, to my statement that this really was my first attempt. I had indeed a natural and inborn aptitude and talent for the game, for in a very short time I was a match for all the average players. Without any teaching, I discovered how to give side to a ball and how to make use of it to the best advantage. I was an adept also at screwing back, and could do it over the whole length of the table. If I had proved a failure in billiards, it would not have been for want of practice, for during the whole of my University life, it was my daily recreation. Thus it came to pass that during the last years of my student's life, I enjoyed the distinction of being the best player at the University. Accordingly, when a "professor of billiards," from Paris, who was touring Holland, giving exhibitions of his skill, visited the Students' Club at Leiden, the task of playing against him on a cannon table, was entrusted to me. The results were those which usually follow contests between amateurs and professionals, the amateur came off second best; but the

professor had to play all he knew to get the better of the amateur, who had had only a couple of years' practice. When he heard that I was destined for an ecclesiastical career, and that too in South Africa—to him a land of savages—the excitability and impetuosity of the Frenchman knew no bounds, he almost wept at the thought that such professional talent should be hidden under a bushel and lost to the world. It was his rooted conviction that the Church could well do with one preacher less, if his profession thereby gained one adept more. However, I was not carried away by his enthusiasm, or persuaded by his eloquence, and the "professor" was left to mourn over so glaring an instance of human folly.

My career as a billiard player came to an end simultaneously with my students' life. On my return to the Cape, I saw that it would be unwise to increase the theological prejudice against me by frequenting billiard rooms, which would then have been regarded as behaviour quite as indecent, if not more indecent, than frequenting hotel bars. In order to avoid the appearance of evil, I had to immolate my liking for the game. Occasionally, however, I played a game in the Young Men's Institute and Club with Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Fuller, who also was a preacher at that time. In those days, the House of Assembly sat in the Society Rooms of the Lodge De Goede Hoop, and its members had the use of the Lodge's billiard table. As a member of the Lodge, I had free access to the billiard room, so that there also I had an opportunity to return to the old love.

But the old love had vanished, and for good reasons. Having been entirely out of practice, though I am still quite at home in the theory, my right hand had lost much of its cunning, and I really felt ashamed of my play when I contrasted the present with the past. Nor was there an inducement to regain the old skill by renewed, regular practice. For the English mode of playing billiards is to me an abomination. I learned the game in the Continental school, and in Holland it is considered "dirty" play to pocket a ball which is lying right in front of a pocket, or to make a cannon direct, when the two balls are two inches apart. Pocketing balls generally was regarded as disreputable play, and playing billiards there meant making cannons, and making them not in the easiest way, but over several cushions; "fancy strokes" English players call them, *we* call such strokes "billiards." The difference between the two systems is this: the Englishman plays to win, the Hollander to make a display of brilliant strokes, and to see his opponent make them, neither player thinking it worth consideration who shall pay the two pence—for this is the fee charged for the use of the best tables. Such is my taste in billiards, but *Chacun à son goût*.

Besides the three billiard tables in the Students' Club Room, there was a skittle-alley in the grounds, which, however, was not very extensively patronized. The Cape students also ordered a set of quoits from London, but no Dutchman ever acquired the knack of throwing a quoit properly, so that the game was entirely confined to the Colonials.

During thirty-five busy years, chess was the game, which, as I explained before, distracted my mind from its ordinary work, and thus helped me to perform it, refreshed by the relief afforded it by chess. During all those years I played Mr. L. Marquard twice a week, each sitting lasting between three and four hours, and at each, I estimate, that on an average seven or eight games were disposed of. I was also a regular attendant at the weekly meetings of the Chess Club, of the original founders of which I am now the sole survivor. A calculation of the number of games I have to my credit, will show prodigious results. I began to play chess in my schoolboy days, but in the years spent at the University, it had to make room for other recreations. Subsequently, however, I returned to it with enthusiasm, and not being classed among the "sinful" games, even a minister could indulge in it without incurring blame. When Baron van der Laza, one of the masters of world-wide fame, frequently mentioned in Stanton's book, visited Cape Town, I had the honour of entering the lists with him, but, of course, the "Great Light" was too much for me. In later years, when in very poor health, I ventured to play one of the minor professionals at Sampson's, in London, and to my great satisfaction the professional was checkmated. When, in the first year of this century, I fainted at the chess-board three times at short intervals, it was naturally ascribed to the fatigue and excitement caused by the game. I knew very well that it was not so, and that the cause was an entirely different one. There was neither fatigue nor excitement, for on all these occasions I was in a winning position, but in the opinion of others, the coincidence was too obvious and striking, and as the members of my family were, above all others, fully convinced that chess and fainting fit stood to each other in the relation of cause and effect, and consequently were in a state of constant anxiety and alarm while I was at the Chess Club, I resigned as member of the club, and renounced chess. And now with improved health, I feel disinclined to resume it, for after having weaned my thoughts from the game during the last five years, I have to a great extent forgotten the openings, and after having been able to hold my own against most local players, I am too ambitious to submit to be defeated now by inferior players

Before leaving this subject, I wish to place on record for the benefit of present and future chess-players, an opening which, though not mentioned in any of the books, seems to me of great promise, and fraught with great possibilities. It is: 1. PQKt. 4 and 2: BKt. 2. I recommend it to the ingenuity of the students, and I feel sure that those who carefully investigate the opening, will arrive at the conclusion that it is a strong one, and that its merits will make it one of the recognized openings in the future. I may add that it is the one with which I beat the professional at Sampson's.

One of the great French authors—I forget which one—once wrote to a friend advising him to learn to play whist, so that he might have something with which to while away the time, and to

occupy himself in his old age. I have followed the very opposite course. As I advanced in years, the number of games and recreations in which I indulged, gradually has grown smaller, until at last only chess remained, which now has also been abandoned. Yet I do not miss them, I find no difficulty in filling up my time without these aids. The spare time left me by my work, which is now also very much reduced, is pleasantly spent in reading. While I have my eyesight and books, I think I shall be able to manage very well without whist, though I am prepared for the other contingency, without now learning the game, having been familiar with whist ever since the days of my youth.

XIV.

TRANSLATOR.

Loss of Money and Health.

The year 1890 brought troubles of a new kind, and anxieties, worries and cares, to which I had hitherto been a stranger. In July of that year, the Union Bank failed. The liability of the shareholders was unlimited, and the deficiency was enormous —very nearly one million—thanks to the scandalous mismanagement of its Directors and Manager. More than twenty years before, I had bought shares in that institution, not for the purpose of speculating, but merely as an investment. Years before the crash came, public confidence in its stability had been shaken; the shares were, therefore, unsaleable, and it was impossible to get rid of them. I held 26 shares, and a call of £185 per share was necessary. I was unable to pay the call in full, and accordingly had to propose a compromise, which was accepted, and with the kind assistance of friends, the debt was paid, but the savings of many years were swallowed up. A few weeks later, the Cape of Good Hope Bank closed its doors, or more correctly, its doors were closed by its chairman, Mr. Eaton. The affairs of the bank were somewhat embarrassed, but though all the other directors were of opinion that the difficulties could be tided over, and though the bank's legal adviser, Mr. Advocate Innes, strongly opposed the step, and though Mr. Rhodes, who was then Prime Minister, promised Government support, Mr. Eaton, who was a most conscientious man, but a hard-headed, inflexible Scotchman, could not be persuaded to deviate from what he held to be the path of duty, and the bank stopped payment. The business was taken over by the African Banking Corporation, which has since thrived and flourished on the ruins of the last Colonial Bank in Cape Town. The Cape of Good Hope Bank was one with limited liability, the call being limited to £30 per share. I held 30. Excepting the loss of the shares, the failure of the latter bank made no material difference to me, since all I possessed was already absorbed by the Union Bank, and my contribution had now only to be divided *pro rata* between them. I was now entirely dependent upon what I could earn, without anything to fall back upon. My sources of income were now the contributions of my congregation, and my earnings as reporter in Parliament and as translator. But the latter source now became a much more prolific one, thanks to my friend, the Honourable J. W. Sauer, then in office as Minister of Public Works, through whose instrumentality all the Government translation work now came to me.*

* This was not the only occasion when Mr. Sauer went out of his way to do me a good turn. Some years later, when the office of Parliamentary Librarian became vacant, he asked me whether I would care to have it and told me

Henceforth, my functions as translator, which up to that time had been of a desultory description, became a very substantial reality. Of these Government translations, the Parliamentary Reports are the most voluminous, about 1,500 pages per annum. Yet one could get through that work comfortably enough, were it not that they all are sent in at the same time, and all are "urgent." That the work was done with facility and rapidity, will be understood when I say that during the period from 1890 to 1897, the usual number of pages translated per day was twenty. I have a vivid recollection of some special achievements in this line. There was the Louriesfontein Correspondence, which, being a matter in which the Dutch-speaking members were much interested, could not be discussed in Parliament, until the Dutch translation was ready. It extended over 140 pages, the greater portion of which, being notes of evidence, was printed in small type. It was finished in little over six days. There was the report of the Committee appointed to enquire into the Jameson Raid, the Dutch translation of which was also urgently required before it could be considered by the House. It was handed to me late on Friday afternoon, while I was busy in the Reporters' Gallery, and as there was a night sitting also, I could not commence the translation before Saturday morning, and besides this, there was my ordinary Sunday work. At nine o'clock on Monday morning I handed to the Clerk of the House, as a first instalment, the translation of one thousand questions and answers of the evidence, and before the printers could set it up, the remainder was delivered. So that the delay caused by the translation was only two days. Then there was the Cape Town Municipal Bill, consisting of 188 clauses, covering 50 pages, the second reading of which was to take place on Monday. But on the preceding Friday afternoon it was discovered that the promoters had not supplied a translation, and some Dutch members declined to consider it unless they were provided with a translation. This work was given to me. The printers began their work on Sunday evening, and just after I came home from church, I received the proofs of the first portion.

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that some members of the Internal Arrangements Committee, he mentioned Mr. Merriman and the Speaker, would support my application. A few days later he informed me that it would not be necessary to send in an application just yet, for Mr. Merriman was on the point of leaving for England, and it had been agreed with the then Prime Minister, Sir Gordon Sprigg, that the matter should stand over till his return. A few weeks later, long before Mr. Merriman's return, another gentleman was appointed. I did not, however, take it very much to heart, for at that time I could read only with great difficulty, which made it doubtful whether I could have filled that office with credit to myself. Mr. Sauer's attempt to do me a service failed, but I took the will for the deed and fully appreciate his kindness.

This reminds me that when, long before this time, a librarian was wanted for the Cape Town Public Library, I applied for the situation, in case the Committee should decide to appoint a colonial man—an amateur as it were. But I myself felt that it was desirable that a professionally-trained librarian should be obtained. The Committee was of the same opinion, and the post was offered to and accepted by Mr. Lewis, of the Bodleian Library, and the selection has proved to have been a very wise one.

I corrected these, and later in the evening the office boy fetched these and brought another batch of proofs. This went on throughout the night at intervals of about two hours, and when the sun was well above the horizon on Monday morning, the proofs of the last clauses were handed to the boy. It was not worth while to go to bed then. That night's sleep somebody still owes me. But the members of the Assembly had their Bill printed in Dutch on their desks when the House met at 2 o'clock.

There is a Dutch proverb which says that "the pitcher goes to the well till it breaks." Latterly, I had had warnings off and on that it was unwise to burn the candle at both ends. The writing of sermons especially was a severe and perpetual strain. It must be remembered that I always had the same congregation, and that it was not an ordinary congregation. The very fact that they had left the churches in which they had been brought up, because the creeds of those churches no longer satisfied them, and that they had joined an unpopular church, proved that they were men and women who could not be content with appeals to authority, that they felt the want of a meat, instead of a milk, diet, guidance for reason and conscience, instead of reiteration of platitudes. And to interest and influence the same audience during a long series of years, Sunday after Sunday, was no easy task; it required continuous study in order to keep abreast of the times, and much thought to keep pace with new theories, and to present old truths in ever new forms. With the many other occupations, to which I have referred in previous chapters, added to my work as a preacher, the mental exertion became unendurable, and I felt as if something must give way, that the catastrophe could not be long delayed. It became clear to me that a complete breakdown was imminent, unless the strain was at once relieved, and I resolved to do so. In 1894, I wrote a letter addressed to the Church Committee, in which I informed them that I wished to resign, mentioning the reasons. I added that, in order to prevent the services being suspended, I would continue the services during the next six months, but I hoped that they would at once take steps to obtain a successor from England, who should be asked to take over the work immediately, for I was anxious to be relieved as long before the expiration of the six months as possible. I handed the letter to Mr. L. Marquard, one of the members of the Committee. It was a great shock to him, it completely upset and disconcerted him. He thought that it meant the ruin of the church. He did not believe that it would be possible to induce an able preacher in England, to accept the situation at the salary which they were in a position to offer. He was of opinion that I had still many years of useful work before me, and he begged me to withdraw and destroy the letter. I had not the heart to hurt the feelings of one who had done, and had sacrificed so much for the church. I lacked the firmness to say No; I took the letter back with a heavy heart, and with the full conviction that I was doing wrong. But I yielded on the distinct understanding that I would go on till the end of July, 1897, and thus complete my

thirty years' ministry, but that at the expiration of that period, I would positively retire. I had thus agreed to run the risk three years longer. There was a miscalculation of four months. Four months before the expiration of the thirty years the crash came.

On one of the last days of March, 1897, immediately after retiring to bed, I suddenly felt an acute pain in the forehead, and then lost consciousness. I had ruptured a blood vessel in the brain, and thus at the period of my life (55) when man's intellectual powers are at their best, my career as a preacher was brought to an end. After 36 hours of insensibility, consciousness returned, and I began to mend slowly. I felt well enough to read, and asked for the newspaper. To my dismay, I discovered that I was unable to read. I could see a white sheet covered with black marks, and that was all. I was told that there was no cause for alarm, that it was mere weakness, the result of the shock to the system. Every day the attempt to read was renewed, followed by the same disappointment. When I was on my legs again, I wished to write a short note to a friend, and found that writing was an impossibility. What was really the matter was not discovered till I told my doctor one day that when I looked at a piece of furniture in the room, I saw only half of it. Light then began to dawn, and it was found that I suffered from the ailment known in the medical world as hemiopia or half-sight. In common parlance, it meant that the section of the brain which is put into requisition when one reads or writes, was injured, and rendered incapable to discharge its functions. A long rest was prescribed as absolutely imperative, which seemed a mockery, considering that the very organs necessary for the performance of my work were disabled, and work, therefore, impossible. A voyage to Europe was also considered highly desirable. In my weak, shaken, nervous condition, the discomfort and unrest of travelling were a terror to me; but ultimately I consented to go, and accompanied by my wife, I went. Having undertaken the voyage with such reluctance, I expected neither benefit nor enjoyment, and my negative expectation was fully realized. I felt miserable all the time, the only bright spot being the weeks spent in Holland, where I met and spent happy hours with the still surviving friends of my younger days, the number of whom was now sadly reduced. I returned in no better health than when I went, but glad to be again at home, and at rest. I feel sure that I would have been in a better state of health than I was then, if I had gone to some country or seaside village, or even if I had stayed at home. Within a year after my breakdown, my writing power returned, and I can now write as fast as ever I could in former years. But the reading faculty remained quite dormant for about a year, during which everything had to be read to me; then it began slowly to recover, but very slowly, and now, after ten years, it is still impaired. Reading is still slow work, and I cannot read fluently aloud, and since I have not been able to notice any improvement during the last five years or more, I must conclude that no further advance is to be expected, and I can only be thankful that

there has been so much of it. In other respects, I am now in very fair health, but during three or four years, though walking about in apparently good health, I was in a condition which I can hardly describe. During all that time I was extremely familiar with death. I always felt that it could come at any moment. When I stood at the top of the stairs, I always asked myself: Shall I reach the bottom? When I went out for a walk, I always wondered who would carry me home. Before bringing this long *historia morbi* to an end, I may here state a fact, which possibly is not known to psychologists, and if they do not know it they are not to blame for it, for the opportunity for arriving at such knowledge must, in the nature of things, be few and rare. I believe that it is generally assumed, and the assumption seems a most natural one, that the same portion of the brain which is used when one reads a book or a newspaper, is used also when one reads numerals, a column of figures. But if this be the theory, it requires revision; in my case, at all events, it did not hold good, for when I could not read a word of printed matter, I could read figures without difficulty. The fact appears to me so singular and contrary to all reasonable expectation, that it seems worth mentioning.

My collapse did not affect the fortunes of the Free Protestant Church. As far back as 1872, a building fund had been started. But we were so comfortably housed in the Mutual Hall, that we were in no hurry to make a change, and acquire a building of our own; the fund was accordingly allowed slowly to accumulate. In 1889, however, after the Hall had been in existence and in use nearly a quarter of a century, the Municipal authorities suddenly discovered that the Hall was unsafe for public meetings, the number of exits being too small in case of fire. The Directors of the Company, therefore, had to give us notice to quit, and it now became necessary to look for other quarters. A store was bought in Hout Street, and converted into a church building, which was opened in August, 1890.

When I was placed *hors de combat* in 1897, the services were suspended for only three months, when the Rev. Mr. R. Balmforth, who had been appointed my successor, arrived from England. Mr. Balmforth is still the officiating minister, and the ability and zeal with which he discharges the duties of his office, have proved beyond all doubt, that the interests of the church, and of the cause, are safe in his hands.

XV.

THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

Up to the day of the perfidious Raid into the Transvaal territory, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes, then Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, was the soul, and in the execution of which he employed Dr. Jameson, then Administrator of Rhodesia, now Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, as his tool, hatred, ill-feeling and distrust were unheard of in connection with the relationship between the two European races in South Africa—the Dutch and the English. The few solitary firebrands, on the one side or the other, I leave out of account; I speak of the population of South Africa as a whole. I may go further, and say that confidence in the justice of the British Government, and in the magnanimity of the British people, never was so strong and so universal in the Republics, as during the fifteen years which followed Gladstone's grand retrocession of the Transvaal after General Colley's defeat and death on the top of Majuba Hill. In the Cape Colony, that act of justice—so unprecedented in the world's history—awakened a feeling of loyalty to the British flag in those in whom this sentiment had up to that time been dormant, and it accentuated that feeling in those who hitherto had been Her Majesty's faithful subjects. There was among the Africander people, no gloating over the humiliation of the British arms, no boasting about the blow administered to British military prestige, the only feeling universal among them was gratitude to their God, who had delivered and saved them, and admiration and veneration for His servant Gladstone, who had preferred Righteousness to Revenge.

Those who know South Africa and its people, know that this is so; but for the benefit of those who require ratification, I quote the remarkable words I read only a few days ago—remarkable because they were written by Lord Randolph Churchill, a Tory leader, who joined in the attack upon the Gladstone Ministry after the restoration of the Independence of the South African Republic. Some years afterwards, Lord Randolph visited South Africa, and to the lesson taught him by his visit, he gives expression in the following words:—"The actual magnanimity of the peace with the Boers concluded by Mr. Gladstone's Ministry after two humiliating military reverses suffered by the arms under their control, became plainly apparent to the just and sensible mind of the Dutch Cape Colonist, atoned for much of past grievances, and demonstrated the total absence in the English mind of any hostility or unfriendliness to the Dutch race. Concord between Dutch and English in the Colony from that moment became possible." This is fairly strong testimony, given by an independent, if not a hostile, witness, but the attitude taken up by the Africander people, both before and after the last war, affords practical proof of the non-existence of hatred

and enmity between the old Colonists and their English fellow Colonists.

If this antipathy were a fact, and not an invention and a myth, the Africander majority would have adopted a policy in the matter of education, for instance, very different from the one they have actually followed. The Dutch Church is quite strong enough to start and maintain its own schools, and if it had done so, instead of co-operating with, and loyally supporting the Government system, that system might to-day perhaps still exist on paper, but for all practical purposes it would be inoperative and nugatory. Or again, if that majority had set their minds upon "driving the Englishmen out of the country," could they not have gained their object by an attack on the most vulnerable position of the supposed enemy? The vast majority of Englishmen in the Colony and in South Africa, are traders. If the Africanders set up their own trading establishments and shops all over the country, where they sold their wool and other produce only to these companies or individuals, and bought what they required only in those stores, the English trader would not thrive as he does, would, in fact, find his occupation gone, and would have to leave the country or starve. That the Raid, the War, and the events connected with these, stirred up national feelings, and set race against race, was natural and inevitable. But it was a temporary ebullition, and as the causes are removed, the effects also are disappearing.

How the Raid, and especially its sequel, shattered our faith in British honour and in British justice, in which we had so long and so firmly believed! When in the evening of the last day of the year 1895, I first heard of Dr. Jameson's treacherous deed, and my informant added that Mr. Rhodes was believed to have had a hand in it, I laughed at the story, and felt certain that it was a hoax. "I do not believe in Mr. Rhodes as a politician," I said, "but Mr. Rhodes is no fool, and being no fool, he could not have instigated an undertaking which must, of necessity, prove a failure. For even if the Raiders had succeeded in surprising and upsetting the Republican Government, and if they had hauled down the Vierkleur and hoisted the Union Jack at Pretoria, what would they have gained by it? The moment it becomes known in London, the British Government will at once repudiate this fillibustering, and forthwith take steps to restore the country to its rightful owners, and order the arrest of the brigands." I have not the slightest doubt that, like myself, all Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the Colony thought so, if they did not say so. But what could we say or think when we found that the Raid—miserable, ridiculous failure though it was—met not with repudiation, but with sympathy? Every high Imperial representative in Charterland, in the British Protectorate, and the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, were members of the conspiracy, nay, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, knew all about it. Among these Imperial officers, there was only one honourable exception—Sir Hercules Robinson

(Lord Rosmead van Tafelberg).* How was it to be expected that the Boers and their kinsmen in the Cape Colony could retain their confidence in British justice when they heard of the absurdly light sentence passed upon Dr. Jameson by the Chief Justice of England, and of the still greater scandal of his release from prison after a few months, on the plea of ill-health, which was soon got rid of in the West End drawing rooms. President Kruger's generosity in handing him over to be dealt with by the Imperial authorities, met with exceedingly poor recognition and reward. There were two ways of dealing with the leader of the Raid. His invasion might have been treated as a serious crime, and the severest penalty provided by the law of the land might have been inflicted; or, considering the laughable fiasco of the attempt, the comedy might have been played out to the end by the perpetrator being dismissed in a manner that would have covered him with ridicule, and would have contributed to the hilarity of nations. Paul Kruger entrusted his punishment to the criminal's own countrymen, only to find that his confidence had been misplaced.

Then again, the other conspirators not only escaped scot-free, but, in spite of the horror at first expressed by the English Press, and by English statesmen at the atrocity, were rewarded for their abuse of the British flag. Mr. Newton received an appointment in the West Indies, Sir Graham Bower was made Governor of Mauritius, and Mr. Rhodes, who had been declared guilty by a Cape and a British Parliamentary Committee, and who had himself admitted his guilt, instead of his name being erased from the list of Privy Councillors, retained that title during the rest of his life. As to Dr. Jameson, he has been selected by the political party, which calls itself "Progressive," as its leader, and thus raised to the position of His Majesty's Prime Minister in the Cape Colony—a stumbling block and an offence to the majority of the Colonists, who, if they give vent to their feelings on the subject, are forthwith accused of race-hatred! Further, as a mere act of violence, the Raid might be forgiven or dismissed with a smile of contempt, but

* The Honourable Mr. Sauer is the only Colonial politician with whom I always have been at one on every important question—probably because he has always been consistent, true to the principles with which he started on his political career thirty-five years ago. On one question, however, we took opposite sides. When it was rumoured that after the departure of Sir Henry Loch, Sir Hercules would be re-appointed Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner for South Africa, Mr. Sauer and his political friends expressed strong disapproval and did what they could to prevent his reappointment, because they believed that Mr. Rhodes was anxious to have Sir Hercules and had used his influence in his favour, and that the new Governor would in turn do his best to support Mr. Rhodes. I thought that if Mr. Rhodes had really recommended Sir Hercules and had done so expecting to find in him a useful tool, Mr. Rhodes would assuredly soon discover that he had caught a Tartar. Having had the privilege of considerable personal intercourse with Sir Hercules, I had unbounded confidence in his integrity, independence and rectitude. Subsequent events proved that on this solitary point of difference between Mr. Sauer and myself, I was right, and this must be as satisfactory to Mr. Sauer as it is to me.

the treachery, the deceit, the lies, the forgery, to which all these high officials stooped, and by which they disgraced themselves, are simply sickening and nauseating, and the South Africans who fondly imagined that their feelings would be shared both in England and by their English fellow-Colonists, cannot be blamed when, bitterly disappointed in this expectation, they concluded that their faith in British honour and justice had been faith in the stability of the shadow of a broken reed.

A complete history of the Raid, and the War which followed it, would fill thousands of pages, and therefore I cannot give here what the heading of this chapter promises, even if I had the ability and the materials required for such a purpose. I hope that the right man will be found—a South African Motley—to write the true history of the fall of these new Dutch Republics, so that posterity may not be misled by the prevarications and travesties which have already been published, while most of the actors in the tragedy are still living, and the events still fresh in contemporaneous memory. But the tale would be out of place in this book, and its writer is not in a position to tell it. I intend to refer only to the very subordinate part acted by myself.

My first word on the subject appeared in the *Cape Times* of the 11th of January, 1896, when both that paper and other English journals and their correspondents had begun to minimize the crime, and to find excuses for the criminals. I transcribe the letter, together with the characteristic editorial note of the then editor, Mr. St. Leger.

"Sir,—It seems indeed high time to protest against the morbid sentimentality which has fixed upon Dr. Jameson as the hero of the day. To regard him as such is not merely morbid sentimentality, but, what is worse, it is the obliterating of the dividing lines between right and wrong, between morality and immorality. A section of the community, infatuated for the moment, lavishes its sympathy upon Dr. Jameson, who, when the present excitement has calmed down, will be admitted by all to be a criminal, a man who has levied war upon a friendly State, who has compromised the reputation of the British Empire, who is responsible for the death of a large number of men who were misled by him, who has perpetrated a piece of political mischief which bids fair to prove irretrievable, and which, in any case, will produce the sour grapes by which the teeth of South Africans will be set on edge for a long time to come. And this is the hero whom we are asked to worship. And we are asked to do this by the very men who would be among the first to condemn 'Shilling Shockers' and 'Penny Dreadfuls,' which hold up highwaymen as heroes, and seek to incite our boys to emulate such 'brave' and 'gallant' and 'splendid' exploits. Every free-booter, every pirate, every filibuster, naturally must be possessed of a sort of 'courage.' If such dare-devils did not exist, no police and no gaols would be required, but it becomes a serious matter when criminals, when Jack Sheppard and Dr. Jameson are repre-

sented as objects of sympathy, as heroes to be admired, as fit objects for popular enthusiasm. The fewer such exhibitions of 'courage' as the one to which we have been treated by Dr. Jameson, the better it will be for the world. Let there be an end to such sickly sympathy with and coddling of criminals; let there be an end to calling things by wrong names; to calling Wrong Right and Evil Good.

I am, etc.,

D. P. FAURE."

[If anyone is praising Jameson's act without any qualification, Mr. Faure's strictures apply, though we cannot for a moment admit the comparison of Jack Sheppard until Jameson's motives and information have been inquired into. After that, we may have to repeat, and even to emphasise our original judgment on the "rights and wrongs" of the matter. We leave them carefully untouched for the present, for reasons which only a very cold-blooded person would fail to appreciate; and we suppose that others who confine their attention for the time being to the beaten man's bravery, and thus incur Mr. Faure's censure, are actuated by the same feelings.—Editor, *C. T.*]

Following hard upon the Raid came Mr. Chamberlain's claim to British Suzerainty over the South African Republic. With the exception, perhaps, of President Kruger himself, Mr. Chamberlain, I think, surprised no one so much as myself by this claim, which I knew was groundless and unjustifiable, and of the abandonment of which in 1884 by the Gladstone Ministry, of which Mr. Chamberlain himself was a member, he was in the best position to be fully aware.

I feared then already that pretexts were being sought for interference, and for picking a quarrel with the Republic—interference, for instance, with the franchise laws of a foreign State would be entirely indefensible unless the interfering party had suzerain rights—and believing that Mr. Chamberlain might be honestly mistaken and being also under the impression at the time that all the British representatives who had been present at the conferences with the Transvaal Deputation were dead, and I at that time also hourly expecting death, considered it my duty to place my testimony on record, and to undeceive Mr. Chamberlain. I addressed a letter to him on the subject, in March, 1898, and handed it to Sir Alfred Milner at Government House with the request to forward it. Sir Alfred, having glanced over it, was evidently not pleased with the contents, and condescended to enter into a long conversation, in the course of which, he, *inter alia*, tried to convince me that the preamble to the Convention of 1881, in which the suzerainty was asserted, had never been repealed. Sir Alfred seemed to be of opinion that that preamble could stand without enacting clauses, for these latter had undoubtedly been repealed, or that the Convention of 1884 had two preambles, the one of 1881 having been added to it. This conversation took place on a Monday, in the forenoon. On Tuesday morning I was astonished by a leading article in the

Cape Times, then edited by Mr. E. Garrett, on the Suzerainty, apropos of nothing, for the subject was then by no means on the *tapis*, and what astonished me still more was to find that in that article, all the arguments, objections and observations were repeated with which Sir Alfred had favoured me on the previous day. From that day I knew that Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of the Cape Colony and Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, was a collaborator of the *Cape Times*.

I never again came into personal contact with Sir Alfred, except on one occasion, and then only for a few minutes. About five months before the war broke out, I was sitting off the Kloof Road, smoking a cigar one afternoon, where a steep footpath full of deep ruts and holes leads down towards the Round House, cutting off a long zigzag. Sir Alfred, accompanied by a lad, his cousin, I believe, came up on horseback, and he was just going to ride down that footpath, when I went up to him and told him that it was a risky thing to undertake, and that if he was determined to go down by that road, he should dismount and lead his horse down. He hesitated for a moment, and apparently annoyed at not being able to take the road he wished to take, he would take no other, and decided even not to go further; he said to his companion: "We'll go home," and at once turned back. A little trait, characteristic of the man, who, when once he had "put his hand to the plough," never looked back. If Sir Alfred Milner had ridden down that path that day on his spirited horse, it is quite possible that there would have been no Boer War. On such trifles the fate of nations may depend.

More than thirteen months elapsed without my hearing anything either from Mr. Chamberlain or from Sir Alfred Milner. In the meantime, Mr. Chamberlain had reiterated his claim, and the question had become a more burning one in this Colony also. I therefore determined to publish my letter to him in the Cape Town newspapers, and did so on the 3rd of May, 1899. The letter is in my own opinion a rather poor production, the case might have been put much more strongly, but it must be remembered that it was the work of a very sick man.

THE SUZERAINTY QUESTION.

To the Editor, *South African News*.

Sir.—May I request you to publish the following letter, addressed by me to the Secretary of State for the Colonies in March, last year?

As a loyal British subject, I should not like to see the British Government in the wrong in any dispute or difference it may have with the Transvaal Republic, as it would be if it claimed any right to interfere on the ground of Her Majesty being suzerain of that country.

Mr. Chamberlain never having replied to the question contained in the last paragraph of my letter, nor, in fact, ever having acknowledged its receipt, though it was forwarded to him by Sir Alfred Milner, Her Majesty's High Commissioner, I assume that its publication is a matter of perfect indifference to him, and it seems highly necessary that, at this juncture, both the people of South Africa and the British public should know that no suzerainty exists.

I am, etc.,

D. P. FAURE.

May 1st.

The following is the enclosure :—

To the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Cape Town, March 18th, 1898.

Sir,—The question as to whether the suzerainty of Great Britain over the South African Republic still exists, or whether it has been abolished by the London Convention, seems rapidly growing into a burning question of the day, and possibly may result in the peace of South Africa being imperilled, and under these circumstances, I deem it my duty to address your honour on this subject.

When in 1883 the British Government agreed to receive a deputation from the Transvaal, I was, on the advice of Lord Rosmead (then Sir Hercules Robinson) requested by Lord Derby to accompany that deputation and to act as his interpreter. I was, therefore, present at all the conferences which took place between the representatives of the Transvaal and those of the Imperial Government. Of the latter, all are dead. They were Lord Derby, Sir Robert Herbert, Sir Hercules Robinson (Sir Evelyn Ashley was present on, I believe, one or two occasions).

The object of the deputation was, as is well known, to secure the removal of certain grievances. One of these grievances was the suzerainty (see C. 3947, 1884, page 3). To this the Transvaal representatives attached great, if not supreme, importance. On the other hand, Lord Derby and Sir Hercules Robinson treated it throughout as a small matter. I am proud to say that Sir Hercules Robinson placed great confidence in me, and I had many interviews with him at his private residence, at his club, and at Brooks's Hotel, Albermarle Street, sometimes seeing him at his request, and sometimes uninvited. I distinctly remember his saying in the course of one of these conversations, that he could not understand why President Kruger was so anxious to have the suzerainty abolished, that it really meant nothing, that even if it did not exist, England would not allow the Transvaal to conclude treaties with foreign powers which she might consider to be detrimental to her own interests, and that, therefore, he saw no objection to humouring

Transvaal sentiment. And I also remember Lord Derby saying at one of the conferences that as regarded the question of suzerainty, the deputation was making a mountain of a molehill, but he objected to an article being embodied in the new Convention specifically revoking Her Majesty's suzerain rights, because he did not care to provide the then Parliamentary Opposition with weapons for attacking the Ministry—an argument, the weight of which was realised by the deputation, for they knew that there was a strong Party in the House of Commons which had strongly disapproved of the retrocession of the Transvaal, and was now determined to make no further concessions. In fact, while the negotiations were going on, a public meeting had been held at the Mansion House, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided, and where all the speakers declared against further indulgence being shown to the Transvaal.

Of these conferences with the deputation there probably will be no record in your office, for no notes were taken, and all the representatives of the Colonial Office who took part in these conferences or conversations have since departed this life. President Kruger, one of his colleagues, and his secretary, are still living, but they are interested parties. I, therefore, thought it right, that I, as the only surviving disinterested witness—by no means prejudiced in favour of the South African Republic, as is well known here—should, in the interests of truth and justice, offer my testimony, and this testimony is, that it was clearly understood and agreed by both contracting parties, that Her Majesty's suzerainty should be abolished, except to the extent defined in Article Four of the Convention of London, subsequently signed. And the Transvaal Deputation left London completely satisfied with the result of their mission, except with regard to their new boundary line.

As showing that this is no afterthought, or a mistake resulting from defective memory, I quote here a few lines of an article which I wrote immediately after my return to the Cape, in the *Volksblad*, a Dutch newspaper, of which I then was the editor. In the issue of that paper, dated the 17th of April, 1884, these words occur: "Last, not least, the Suzerainty has been abolished. This, we understand, was in the estimation of the Transvaal Republicans, the great thing, and this, the sorest of their grievances, has now been removed. The Volksraad may henceforth manage home affairs as it pleases," etc., etc.

In corroboration of my view, I also quote some passages occurring in an account of an interview of the editor of the *Saturday Review*, with Lord Rosmead, published in that paper after his death on the 6th of November last. There the interviewer observes: "People in England insist that the Suzerainty was implied in the 1884 Convention, as it was explicit in that of 1881; is this true?" To which Lord Rosmead replies: "Well, I ought to know, as I drafted it. The meaning 'suzerainty' was withdrawn, and the word left out purposely. Kruger was not content with the 1881

Convention, because of the claim of suzerainty, and we meant to withdraw the claim in 1884."

I trust that it will not be considered a breach of confidence on my part, if I publish the above facts, when such publication at any future time may aid in the maintenance of peace in South Africa.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

D. P. FAURE.

On the same day on which this letter was published, I received a letter from the Imperial Secretary, apologizing for not having informed me of its receipt by the Secretary of State, and enclosing the remarks on my letter made by Sir Robert Herbert, the Under-Colonial Secretary in 1884. Sir Robert Herbert denies that the Republican Government had mentioned the Suzerainty in their cablegram asking for a conference, but he admits that in their very first letter to Lord Derby, they asked that the relation between Great Britain and the Republic should be that of two contracting powers. He admits also that Sir Hercules Robinson was of opinion that the determination of Great Britain to remain the Paramount Power in South Africa was so strong and manifest that no Suzerainty was needed, "while as regards the ordinary internal affairs of the Transvaal, it would be better not to retain the semblance of a disposition to interfere." But he denies that Lord Derby and the Ministry were inclined to surrender the Suzerainty, and in answer to my statement, he says: "That it would not be in accordance with official usage for a Minister to assign as a reason for not taking so important a step as the specific revocation of the Queen's Suzerainty, the anticipation of opposition in Parliament.". I admit that on this point I did not express myself quite correctly. I did not mean to convey that Lord Derby, distinctly and in so many words told the Deputation that he would not revoke Her Majesty's Suzerainty because he feared the Opposition in Parliament; but to an astute diplomatist like Lord Derby, it was easy to give the Deputation to understand, without saying it in plain words, that such a step might not be approved of by Parliament. For I well remember that when President Kruger observed that his Volksraad would certainly not ratify the Convention, if it did not contain a clause abolishing the Suzerainty, Lord Derby replied: "But I have *my* Volksraad to consider."

I badly wanted something to cheer me after reading Sir Robert Herbert's letter. It came next day in the shape of a cablegram dated 4th of May, in which Sir Evelyn Ashley, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1884, stated that my recollections of the Suzerainty negotiations were correct.

When war was imminent, in fact, only twenty days before it commenced, I wrote a final letter on the question. It is dated the 19th of September, 1899, and reads as follows:—

THE SUZERAINTY ONCE MORE.

Sir,—Since the date of the publication of my letter to Mr. Chamberlain on the Suzerainty question, so much has been said and written on this subject, and the question has recently assumed such supreme importance, it being now classed, with many other things, as a "casus belli," that I wish to say a final word on the matter, if you will kindly permit me to do so in your columns.

In March, 1898, when I wrote that letter, the topic was not prominently before the public, and therefore some explanation seems necessary of my writing it at that time. I was then in a most precarious state of health, and I was, not in daily, but hourly expectation of being summoned away. Being in that state of health, and Mr. Chamberlain having at that time occasionally asserted the Suzerainty, and aware as I was of the sensitiveness of the Transvaal on this point, I foresaw the possibility of its developing into a serious difficulty, and accordingly I resolved in the interests of truth and justice to place my testimony on record. That letter of mine consequently contains what is virtually a dying declaration, and I respectfully submit that it is entitled to the weight attached to similar declarations by courts of law.

Nor is my testimony unsupported. While altogether ignoring the Transvaal delegates, take the evidence we have of the British representatives who had to do with the drawing up of the Convention of London.

1. Lord Derby, on the day on which the Convention was signed, telegraphed to the Acting High Commissioner, Cape Town:—"Convention signed to-day. Same complete internal independence in the Transvaal as in the Orange Free State. Conduct and control of diplomatic intercourse with foreign Governments conceded. Queen's final approval to treaties reserved. Delegates appear well satisfied, and cordial feeling between the two Governments."

2. Lord Rosmead stated shortly before his death: "I myself drafted the Convention. The meaning 'Suzerainty' was withdrawn, and the word left out purposely. Kruger was not content with the 1881 Convention, because of the claim of Suzerainty, and we meant to withdraw the claim in 1884." And this confirms my statement as to His Lordship's opinions expressed in private conversation with me in 1884.

3. Sir Evelyn Ashley's testimony is contained in a telegram published here two days after the publication of my letter. The cable reads as follows:—"The Right Hon. Anthony Evelyn Ashley, P.C., who was Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1882-1885, interviewed with relation to the letter forwarded by the Rev. D. P. Faure in support of the non-Suzerainty position, says that Mr. Faure is correct in his recollection of the Suzerainty negotiations."

I am content to have two dead and one living authority confirming my statement, even though Sir Robert Herbert stands alone in contradicting it. We are four to one.

I might further appeal to such facts as that the Transvaal delegates on their return, officially reported to the Volksraad that the Suzerainty was abolished, and that neither Lord Derby nor anyone else at the time questioned the correctness of the report; and that during the period of 12 years, subsequent to the signing of the Convention, nothing was ever heard of the Suzerainty till Mr. Chamberlain, after the Raid of Mr. Rhodes, P.C., revived the claim.

To me this is not a question of law or of interpretation of documents. To me it is a question of fact, pure and simple. I *know* that since 1884 no Suzerainty exists. I speak of what my own ears have heard, and of what I have personally witnessed. Consequently, if a man cognizant of my views tells me to my face that the Suzerainty does exist, or even that its existence is open to doubt or argument, he raises the same feelings in me which he would if he were to question my veracity. And knowing that the claim now made is a spurious claim, I have no hesitation in saying that if the British Government of this day persists in claiming Suzerain powers, which it solemnly agreed to abandon 15 years ago, then English horror at French injustice in the Dreyfus case is a striking illustration of the parable of the mote and the beam, and then "British honour" must be something very different from ordinary honour.

I am, etc.,

D. P. FAURE.

The Rev. S. J. du Toit is the only survivor of the Republican delegates. I believe I do him no injustice when I say that he has changed his political views since the days when the London Convention was discussed. I believe that during, and some time before the war, he spoke and wrote in defence of the "progressive" cause, and his sympathies were not with the Boers and the Colonial rebels, but with the Imperialists. Having abandoned the Republican cause, it stands to reason that whatever his views may have been in days gone by, he is not now biassed in favour of the Boer view. While busy with this book, I wrote to him, asking him to give me the benefit of his recollections of the conferences with Lord Derby on the Suzerainty. Mr. Du Toit kindly supplied me with some interesting and important information, of which the following is a translation:—

In connection with the Suzerainty, there is one important point which, as far as I know, has never yet been brought to light, and which is significant, with an eye to the prolonged controversy on the question whether it was or was not revoked by the London Convention. Gladstone at once told us, in a semi-official interview, after he had read the first memorandum we sent to Lord Derby, in which

we had stated what we really desired, that he could assist us in all those matters, except two, which required further consideration: (1) The Western Boundary Line, in which the wretched native policy of his Exeter Hall supporters made things awkward for him, and (2) the Suzerainty question, which was a matter which concerned the Crown, so that he could not decide that point without the personal consent of the Queen (then in Scotland), but had to reserve it, and refer it to Her Majesty, as he would reserve the first point for further consideration by Lord Derby. Her Majesty subsequently gave her *fiat*, and signed a document by which she ceded (afstond) this right of the Crown, which had been reserved by the Pretoria Convention, and only after that the London Convention could make further provisions for the supersession of the Suzerainty in Art. 4. It seems to me that this settles the matter."

Having to fear no Kaiser's displeasure for revealing State secrets, I publish also Mr. Du Toit's postscript: "Gladstone's Private Secretary told me in confidence, after this interview, that Gladstone was so cautious in the matter of the session of the Suzerainty by the Crown, because there had been an unpleasant difference with the Queen in consequence of the cession of the Suzerainty over Afghanistan, when Her Majesty at first refused, and only consented after being most urgently pressed."

Need it be added that to this favourable evidence, the utmost weight is to be attached, as being that of one who must now be regarded as a hostile witness? I trust that I have made it clear to every unprejudiced mind that the correctness of my assertion as to the abandonment of the Suzerain rights of Great Britain over the Republic in 1884, is fully proved by the evidence not only of President Kruger, General Smit and Advocate Esselen, but also by that of Lord Derby himself, of Lord Rosmead, of Sir Evelyn Ashley, and last, and not least, by Mr. Du Toit. If Mr. Chamberlain, by asserting this baseless claim, meant to irritate the Republican Government and people, and deliberately designed to rouse their suspicions, and to awaken distrust in the honour of the British Government, his plan succeeded to perfection, and was scarcely less effective in paving the way for war than the massing of troops on their borders.

I now come to my own poor and fruitless attempts to avert the war, which was now, as it seemed to me, day by day casting more ominous shadows before. For the Jingoes it had no terrors, "they had the ships, they had the men, they had the money, too." They knew all about it. It would be a six weeks' campaign, it would, in fact, be a picnic, and England could well spare the two millions it might cost. There can be little doubt that if Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Milner, and their backers and admirers, had known that the six weeks would have to be multiplied by 30, that the 2 millions would swell into 250, that there were half-a-dozen additional Majubas in store, and that the picnic would be on a field of blood, death and mourning, they would have stayed their hands, and have counted the cost before embarking on that undertaking.

At the end of April, 1899, I heard, on what I believed to be good authority, that Mr. W. P. Schreiner, then Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, had received a telegram from Mr. Chamberlain asking him whether he would guarantee that the Dutch in the Cape Colony would keep the peace and remain loyal, in case war broke out between England and the South African Republic, and that Mr. Schreiner, in reply, had declined to give such a guarantee. Later, I heard on as good, or better authority, that no such telegrams had passed between the Colonial Secretary and the Prime Minister. While still under the impression that the first report was correct, and much regretting that Mr. Schreiner had not gone further, and had not informed Mr. Chamberlain that a Transvaal War would mean disturbance of the peace in the Cape Colony, and feeling quite certain that the latter would be the case, I wrote a letter to the newspapers, in which I expressed this conviction, and predicted rebellion in the Cape Colony, hoping against hope that it might perhaps reach Mr. Chamberlain's eyes or ears, and "give him pause." The letter was headed "War Clouds," and it was so printed in the *South African News*, but the editor of the *Cape Times*, who declared every assertion and forecast contained in it exaggerated and unjustifiable, thought fit to substitute "War Visions," for "War Clouds." Unfortunately for South Africa, even the heading of my letter was correct. To prevent misunderstanding, I must explain that the statement in the letter that one shilling was paid for every signature on the petition of the 21,000, was not meant to convey that the one shilling was paid to the person who signed, but that the agents employed to collect signatures received one shilling for each name on their lists. This explanation is necessary, because my critics at the time did not neglect to make capital out of the statement which admitted of two interpretations. The other, and more important assertions of mine in reference to the petition, were a few days later fully corroborated by a Johannesburg newspaper, *The Financial Record*, which called attention to the fact that it was an utter impossibility to find 21,000 British male subjects of adult age in the Republic; according to official returns, there were only 9,000 white miners on the fields, and among them many Italians, Austrians, Americans and Germans. The paper further stated that "a prominent Englishman in Johannesburg," had personally asked 154 members of the Stock Exchange (whose names were in his possession) whether they had signed the petition. Only 3 admitted that they had. He then went to "200 leading British subjects," all of whom replied that they had never seen it before it appeared in the newspapers. He then made inquiries among 80 British subjects employed in the Standard Bank, and not one had signed it. This was the letter:—

WAR CLOUDS.

Sir,—Only a very few weeks ago the idea seemed outrageous that war between England and the Transvaal was imminent. To-day

only the most sanguine can regard such an idea as extravagant or ridiculous. We have heard the explanation given of the increased number of troops in South Africa, we have daily read of questions about Transvaal matters almost daily asked in the House of Commons, we have daily seen extracts from newspaper articles cabled to local papers, more or less peremptorily demanding vigorous interference with Transvaal affairs, and the most alarming feature is, that papers hitherto moderate and even friendly disposed towards that country, have now adopted a different tone and have assumed a hostile attitude.

Once more the British public is being deceived, and it will not discover this till it is too late. When the late Sir Bartle Frere informed the British Government that only a few noisy agitators clamoured for the Restoration of the Transvaal Independence, and that the bulk of its inhabitants were perfectly satisfied with British rule, the British Government, believing that statement of its representative, declined to withdraw British rule, and the result was, the first Transvaal war. Now 21,000 petitioners assure the British Government that they are oppressed by the Republican authorities; they complain of the franchise being withheld, etc., etc., and England, believing that these men deeply feel their maltreatment, seems ready to interfere on their behalf. Will history repeat itself? If the British public were to know of the manner in which, and of the motive with which, this petition was got up, to be played out at the psychological moment as the League's trump card, there would be little danger of the peace being disturbed. If it were known in England that one shilling was paid for every signature obtained, that miners and workmen were told by the canvassers that they would please their employers by signing, that not a single member of the Johannesburg Clubs, and only four members of the Stock Exchange had signed it, no great importance would be attached to that petition. If it were as well understood in England, as it is here, that the statements in the petition are only make-believe, that this time it actually was only the work of a few agitators, who do not want the franchise but the country; that the workmen in the mines and the whole mining community are less anxious about politics than about money-making, little harm would be done. British subjects in Johannesburg know very well that no money is to be made out of the franchise, they would insist upon it only when their dividends could be increased thereby, or when its possession would make one ton of ore produce one penny-weight more gold. For all that, it is a pity that the Republican Government does not put their sincerity to the test, and offer them the coveted franchise upon the one condition upon which men obtain it in all civilised countries, namely, that of their taking the oath of allegiance to the Republic, and then it would be seen that not 21 dozen out of the 21,000 would accept the boon.

Another agency by which England is being misled is the irresponsible scribblers, more especially the local correspondents of London newspapers, who are indefatigable in inventing and cabling

alarming and misleading intelligence—some of them newly-imported youngsters who have nothing at stake, and who would like to see "the fun of a big row"—and thoroughbred Jingoes who are fond of talking about "wiping out Majuba," in blissful ignorance that a "fait accompli" cannot be wiped out in all eternity.

Everybody admits that England can wipe out the Transvaal Republic, if it should make up its mind to do so. Kruger's burghers may shoot down 10,000 soldiers, but 20,000 will take their place, and the ultimate issue is a certainty. But is it worth while? Is the game worth the candle? Have Jingoes, have Imperial expansion men, thought of what another Transvaal war would mean? Let me bring some of its consequences to their notice.

First, as to what would happen in the Transvaal. It is very certain that it will be a contest in which gloves will be dispensed with, and, therefore, it is easy to predict that the first result there would be the destruction of Johannesburg and its mines by the Boers. The end will be the extermination of a nation, and mourning throughout South Africa, for we all have our friends and relatives there. But what will that matter when the Greater Englanders will enjoy the satisfaction of seeing a land bravely won from wild beasts and wild men devastated and reduced to the condition in which that same country was in the days when Moselekatse's savage hordes had assegaied its original inhabitants, and had converted it into the silent waste which the fathers of the present generation of Transvaal Boers found it when they there sought and found a new home?

Next, consider England's position should the British Government prove unwilling or unable to resist public opinion as expressed by the London *Times*—that is to say, the Miss Shaw of Raid renown—and by other papers. Will it seize as a *casus belli* the newly-discovered breach of the London Convention by the dynamite monopoly, which has been in existence during the last 16 years, and in its present form since 1893? I will not believe it. It cannot be. England cannot afford to act thus. If this could be done with decency were the Transvaal a poor country, obviously England cannot afford to attack and annex the richest gold country in the world on such a pretext. Will war be England's reply to the petition? I have already referred to its value; but, grant its honesty, its genuineness, its sincerity, is it worth while to shed oceans of blood because these British subjects are not allowed to vote in a foreign country, where they are only temporary residents, and which they leave when their pile has been made? When a weak nation is to be exterminated for such reasons, it may be well to recall the lines penned by Viscount Sherbrooke during the Zulu War, which the Empire-makers of to-day will no doubt stigmatise as disloyal:

> To govern nations, Roman, was thy care.
> To crush the mighty, and the weak to spare;
> But Britain's sons a cheaper glory seek,
> To spare the mighty and to crush the weak.

In any case, England, with its enormous resources and overwhelming power, cannot enhance its prestige or increase its military glory by crushing the Transvaal, with its handful of men. Goliath would have gained no applause nor additional celebrity if he had vanquished David. Yet the unexpected will happen sometimes. Goliath came off second best, and it was in David's honour that the maidens of Israel sung: "He hath slain his tens of thousands." Or have men forgotten that wonderful cartoon published in *Punch* just before the commencement of the Franco-German War, while the Parisians were shouting, "A Berlin"? It was the picture of the shade of the first Napoleon appearing to Napoleon III., uttering the ominous warning, "Beware." The French army did not reach Berlin. Might does not always conquer Right.

But it is not the Transvaal and England alone which are concerned. It seems to me that the fate and the fortune of our own country, the Cape Colony, are at stake. And because I believe this, therefore do I speak. I may be mistaken, and I hope that it may prove I am mistaken, but in my mind I feel convinced that a war at the present time between England and the Transvaal will not be confined to the Transvaal. I much fear that it will prove too severe a strain on the loyalty of the majority of Cape Colonists. It may readily be inferred from the results of the recent Parliamentary election in which direction the current of popular sympathy is moving. They will rush to the assistance of their kinsmen in the north. There will be riots in every district in the Cape Colony, it will practically take the shape of civil war, racial war; and the large number of troops sent here to be at hand, if required in the Transvaal, will be required in the Colony itself to maintain order. Race hatred—that bitterest fruit of the seed sown by the Rhodes Raid—will burst forth everywhere. Neither life nor property will be safe from the sea coast to the Orange River, from Cape Town to the eastern border.

Let our Jingoes pause, and reflect on this. This war would mean ruin to the Cape Colony, as well as to the whole of South Africa. It is easy for the birds of passage, for the men who have come here to make money, and who leave when this aim has been achieved, to talk glibly of war; but the men whose fathers have dwelt here before them, the men whose children grew up here, the men who have no other country which they call their home, the men who love this country, the men whose souls—unlike those of the cynical cosmopolitan—are not so dead that they "never to themselves have said, this is my own, my native land";—it is these men who realise the appalling prospect, see the precipice overhanging a bottomless abyss, to the brink of which they are being driven.

Let us hope that our warlike newspaper correspondents are satisfied with the crises they have succeeded in bringing about. Let us hope that the prospect of trouble and unpleasantness nearer home than they anticipated will cause their martial ardour to cool down, as their prospect of being able to sit at home at ease while others

are being shot down becomes more doubtful. Let us hope that in a matter of such surpassing importance, all Colonists will be united, none for a party, all for the State. Let us hope that the Government now in office will do their utmost in the interests of peace, influencing both the British and the Transvaal Governments. Let us hope that such efforts to avert the ruin of this fair land of Good Hope will meet with success.

Let all join in praying for the peace of our Jerusalem,

I am, etc.,

D. P. FAURE.

Cape Town, May 6th.

The sky grew darker as time went on. Daily telegrams were published announcing the departure from England to the Cape, of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and munitions of war, and the tone of the despatches and messages which passed between the two Governments became more and more acrimonious. Hope in the maintenance of peace had virtually died away in the most sanguine breasts. On the 20th of August, I wrote my second letter, "War and Thereafter," which speaks for itself, and needs no comment:—

WAR AND THEREAFTER.

Sir,—It is thirty-two years since I last crossed the threshold of a Dutch Reformed Church for devotional purposes. But this morning, on the day set apart by that Church to pray for the peace of South Africa, I went—I and my house—to pray with my people for my people in the Church of my fathers. May those prayers not be in vain! But I do not believe in prayer without work. I therefore set to work once more to emphasise what I stated in my letter which appeared in your issue of the 8th of May, for the war clouds to which I then referred have now almost changed into cannon smoke.

Since I last wrote, events and developments have been numerous and important, and the question now under discussion is Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to have the new Franchise Law examined by a Commission. The proposal was probably made on the chance of its being rejected, and then there would be some semblance of an excuse for resorting to force. But if the Transvaal authorities would surprise Mr. Chamberlain by accepting his proposal on condition that the enquiry should be conducted, not by politicians, but by Judges—English Judges—with the Lord Chief Justice as chairman, it seems difficult to see how Mr. Chamberlain could decently have refused his consent; and if he did consent, the Transvaal could safely rely upon it that justice would be done; for, however sadly my faith, and I believe the faith of many, may have been shaken in the fairness and justice of British politicians, British Judges are above suspicion, and may be trusted to do right.

That our confidence in the aims and methods of the rulers of the British Empire is fast approaching vanishing point, is to me, who have ever been a morbidly loyal British subject, a no less bitter experience than the prospective material losses which this country may have to suffer by war. The vanishing of a life-long cherished ideal leaves a painful vacuum. If I am permitted briefly to allude to myself, I would say that Her Majesty may have had many subjects as loyal as myself, but none more so. Though without a drop of English blood in my veins, French by blood, Dutch by education, the only flag under which I cared to live and die was the Union Jack. I felt proud at the thought of being a fellow-subject with William Gladstone and John Bright. I was fond of indulging in visions of a great coalition of the English-speaking races, and alliance between England and America. I identified it in my thoughts with the advent of a millennium of civilisation and peace. I do not stop to go into details of my past career for proof of these assertions; those who know anything about me know that these things are so. But predominant Jingoism has now well-nigh crushed out such sentiments. The actual has cruelly dispelled the ideal. So the man who has wooed and won the fair angel, the perfect woman of his dreams, wakes up after marriage to find the wife of his bosom unfaithful and addicted to brandy-drinking. It is experiences such as these which suggested to Schiller the lines:

Die Ideale sind zerronen,
Die eins das trunkne Herz geschwellt.
Er ist dahin der süsse Glaube
An Wesen die mein Traum gebar,
Der rauhen Wirklichkeit zum Raube,
Was einst so schön, so gottlich war.

But what does it matter what an obscure individual like myself feels and thinks about England and about what the men at present in power choose to do? I admit it would matter very little indeed if I stood alone, or if I were in a miserable minority in this country. But I am convinced that I am voicing that which dwells in the hearts of thousands of my hitherto silent fellow-colonists. The very fact that I feel thus must at once suggest a question of vital importance to thinking men, and especially to statesmen; and that question is this: If the writer of these lines is in this frame of mind —a man who, by his education, by his associations, by his life-work, must have been trained in moderation and calmness—a man who till now has been bigoted in his loyalty—what must the feelings be of his fellow-countrymen who have not had his advantages, who have not all their lives been preachers of the gospel of peace, who have grievances of long-standing against the British Government—imaginary grievances, but to them very real—grievances which were fast dying a natural death, but which are now recalled and revived? What must the feelings of these men be at this juncture, when their kinsmen, their brethren, are without just cause threatened with annihilation? I shall not take up arms, I shall not rush to the

assistance of my people in the Transvaal; but is it to be expected that the mass of untutored children of Nature all over the Colony—British subjects though they be, but men keenly sensitive to the family ties—will be able to resist the impulse to take the part of their kindred?

I said in my former letter, and it has been treated as a very remarkable statement, that "a war with the Transvaal would prove too severe a strain on the loyalty of the majority of Cape Colonists." Since then the authorities of the Colonial Dutch Reformed Church have spoken out, and in their petition to the Queen they have used stronger language than I did on this point. They say: "The allegiance of Your Majesty's loyal Dutch subjects would sustain the most formidable shock which it has ever received." Do not the leaders in the Dutch Church know their congregations? Do they not know what their people think on the subject of this contemplated aggressive and unrighteous war? Are the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church not fully aware of the thoughts which burn in the hearts of their flocks? Is the truthfulness of the Dutch Reformed clergy suspected? Are they to be brushed aside as vain alarmists? A Good Hope Hall meeting, where Tom, Dick, and Harry shout, where discredited politicians vapour, where the "loyal" men who buried the British flag after the retrocession of the Transvaal by Mr. Gladstone, have now dug it up again and wave it, such a meeting is made much of, and the opinions of such an assembly are cabled to London and cried up as the voice of the people, and of the intelligent public—is the solemn warning given by the heads of a Church of which three-fourths of the Colonists are members, to be treated as so much waste paper? The day will come when that warning will be remembered! It is part of the British Jingo's creed that a Transvaal war means Empire-making. The day is coming when they will wake up to find that such a war is Empire-breaking. We hear that British supremacy is in danger in South Africa, and therefore there must be war. British supremacy is as safe as a rock while peace is maintained in South Africa; only war will imperil it. Such a war, sir, is the first nail in the coffin of the Empire. And, therefore, it is the height of disloyalty to advocate it. No one who wishes the British Government well can wish it, and can work for it.

War can have only one of two results. It may prove to be a repetition of George the Third's and Lord North's mistake, which resulted in the loss of the American colonies. That result seemed extremely improbable at the time. The American colonists were apparently so weak as compared with the Mother Country. Yet they were lost. In the 16th century Spain dominated the world; its Netherland provinces were but a grain of dust in the balance. But when those provinces were irritated and goaded into resisting Spanish overbearance and tyranny, Holland commenced an apparently hopeless struggle, which continued for 80 years, and the end was that the once insignificant Holland took the first rank among

the European Powers, while the once mighty Spain received a wound from which it never recovered. The blood of the Hollanders of those days flows in the veins of the wine and grain farmers of our Western Province, and in the veins of the cattle farmers of the immeasurable Karoo.

But if this result should not follow England's attempt to remove the Republican thorn in the flesh of the Chartered Company, the other contingency is absolutely certain—the creation of another Ireland in South Africa, but an Ireland with Responsible Government!

The latter result is so certain and so obvious that it is inconceivable that any man gifted with ordinary common-sense can possibly fail to see it. And yet we have the "Great Progressive Party," so far from lifting a finger to avert this calamity, and to safeguard the Empire, actually fanning the flame. And such of the members of that party who have hitherto been dumb, are, by their silence, consenting to the war cry raised by the organs of Dr. Rhodes and Dr. Harris. Are they South African Colonists? Is there no spark of patriotism amongst them? Is it a pleasure to them, is it a matter of indifference to them to see South Africa—their country as it is mine—ruined, and a racial war inaugurated which never will die out? And if none of them care about the country, or for aught else, will they not care for themselves, and about their own interests? Will they not realize the possibility that when war breaks out, and Englishmen fight Dutchmen in the Transvaal, the millions of South African Natives surrounding the handful of Europeans, the Zulus, Swazies, the Basutos and Barolongs, the Pondos and Bacas, the Gaikas and Gcalekas, may avail themselves of the golden opportunity to carry out their cherished idea of driving all white men into the sea?

I said that our "Great Progressive Party" and their organs, in as far as they are not silent, actively support high-handed proceedings, not only against the Transvaal, but against individuals who venture to give expression to honest opinions unpalatable to Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues. We have within the last week seen the General in command of the Colonial Forces recalled, because he had the temerity to state the plain truth that war was quite unnecessary. Perhaps, like all others who question the wisdom of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, he is suspected of disloyalty. Fortunately, General Butler is not a Dutch Africander. That recall offers food for reflection. If the General, the highest official in the Colony next to the Governor, is got rid of for such a reason, what is going to happen to others who call this war a crime? The principle underlying this policy will be applied in other cases. To the Colonial Ministry for instance. What we have to expect is that our Ministers, representing the large majority of the people, will be sent home. But not, of course, till after the Estimates are passed. Then, and only then, can another Ministry be appointed to hold office, and be subservient during the next six months. After that, when Parliament

meets again, they will, of course, be forthwith dismissed by the people, but, by that time, some hope that the Transvaal will have been wiped out, and the mischief will have been done.

Nay, will Parliament ever meet again? Mr. Chamberlain, who forsook Mr. Gladstone, and deserted his party on the question of Home Rule for Ireland, is not likely to leave the Cape its Responsible Government, its Home Rule, when it shall have become a second Ireland. Let war come, and the dim future is big with great issues.

Still, let us cling to the hope that wiser counsels will prevail. Surely civilization cannot be played out. Surely Great Britain is not going to earn the name of "perfidious Albion," which Continental politicians once were so ready to apply to her. And even if it should come to the worst, there still is hope, for in the Jingo policy which is now being followed, there is one factor which has been left out of account, and that eliminated factor is "The God of the Universe."—I am, etc.,

D. P. FAURE.

Sunday, August 20th, 1899.

On the morning of the day on which the letter appeared, I heard that Mr. E. Garrett, editor of the *Cape Times*, whom I did not know personally, was anxious to see me, and wished to know where I was to be found. Being in the neighbourhood, I went over and saw him in his office. It appeared to me that he was somewhat in a fix, for he was very anxious to comment on my letter, but as it had appeared in the *South African News*, he was prevented from doing so by the stupid journalistic etiquette, which forbids an editor to notice correspondence which has appeared in another paper. I suggested to him a simple way of surmounting the difficulty, namely, to publish the letter in his own paper also, when he would be at liberty to criticise it to his heart's content. This advice he followed. In the course of our further conversation, he expressed his astonishment that a man with my antecedents, should have taken up this attitude in this matter. "We don't want war," he said, "and there shall be no war." I do not remember that he said in plain words that they were playing a game of bluff—I do not believe he did—but the impression made upon me was that this was what he meant, and being under that impression, I told him that if bluff was meant, he would find that the game was not understood by the South African Boer

Paul Kruger did not play any game, and of bluff, I suppose, he had never heard; if he did, he must have thought it a most expensive game, which involved the cost of sending many thousands of soldiers six thousand miles over sea, and nearly one thousand miles over land. Kruger and his people could see no game in this, they took it in solemn, grim and real earnest, and accordingly, in the beginning of October, the Republican Government sent a telegram to Mr. Chamberlain to the effect that unless the troops were removed from their border at a date mentioned, the Government would regard

it as an act of war. This afforded the war party an ostensible ground for pretending that the Republic had commenced the war, of which they have availed themselves to the fullest extent. Unbiassed and fair-minded commentators and historians will say that the responsibility for the war lies with the party which had been holding out threats for many months, and which during all that time had been persistently massing its troops on the border of the country so threatened. It is superfluous to ask whether if France sent an army to the Rhine, Germany would regard it as a *casus belli*, and if Germany acted on that assumption it would be beyond dispute that it was not Germany but France that commenced the war. There is no intelligible reason for bringing in an opposite verdict on the attitude taken up by England against the South African Republic.

The war went on, and continued through three and a half years, and its features and phases are still fresh in our memory, but these lie outside the scope of this book. Confining myself to my own affairs, I now come to an incident which caused me bitter disappointment and acute pain. Advocate Innes (now Sir James, Chief Justice, Transvaal), with whom I had been on terms of close friendship, whose political views had hitherto been identical with my own, who had stood for morality in public life, and for Humanitarianism above all things, and who to me had been the political hope of the country, now, in March, 1900, publicly declared himself in favour of the annexation of the Republics by England. The effect this made upon me I shall not attempt to describe. I could not but regard it as the fall of my mighty hero. It shook my faith in humanity. I had to give vent to my feelings, and I did so in the following Open Letter, addressed to him, and published on the 2nd of April :—

OPEN LETTER.

To the Honourable J. Rose Innes, Q.C.

My Dear Innes,

Having read in the *South African News* a report of the speech you delivered at the Claremont public meeting, when you moved the resolution in favour of the annexation of the Republics, I cannot help addressing this public appeal to you as a public man on the burning public question of the hour, and if I fail to influence your feelings, you will be pleased to hear that the necessity is laid upon me to relieve mine, even though I hold that the discussion of this question at the present time is very much like the disposing of the bear's skin before the owner thereof has been captured.

Let me confess to you at once that the attitude taken up by you in the speech referred to, has been a sad shock to me. Oh, Innes, the pity of it—the pity of it! Thus another long-cherished ideal is shattered. You say that you have devoted much thought to this matter. I believe it. Who of us has not? But I would fain believe that more mature reflection might have made you pause. You

hold an exceptional position in South Africa, and you do so deservedly. You have the esteem, the confidence, the affection of thousands in this Colony as the *par excellence* moderate, just, far-sighted, incorruptible politician. Your word carries weight with us perhaps more than that of any other man. You stand out among the crowd *sans peur et sans reproche*. But your influence also extends beyond the boundaries of your country. You are known in England. Your reputation stands as high there as it does from Table Mountain to the Drakensberg. The opinion you express on the present situation and on England's future policy will carry more weight there than that of any other Africander—you are proud of the name, are you not?

And what have you done? The Jingo cause has been immensely strengthened by the authority and prestige of your support. You, who so utterly condemned the first "buccaneering" Raid—and surely you do so still—now seek to justify the second "constitutional" Raid, engineered by the same agencies, and by the same persons, from Mr. Chamberlain downwards. You have thrown all your weight into the Jingo scale. You will bear that scale down, down deeper than you think, down in to a bottomless abyss. For if your advice is adopted, if the Republics are wiped out, if a rising nationality is crushed, it will be the knell of British Authority in South Africa—unless Great Britain can afford to establish a huge military camp from Salt River to the Limpopo.

Can you indeed succeed in persuading yourself into the belief that such a nation as the Boers have proved themselves to be, can be subjucated, made British subjects against their will? Can you believe that they will submit humbly and contentedly when the country they love so well shall have been wrested from them by an armed force laughably in excess of their own? I imagined that you knew my people, your countrymen, better. The men in whose veins the old Hollander and brave Huguenot blood flows are made of sterner stuff than that. And have not the heroes of Dundee, Tugela, Colenso, Spion Kop, Stormberg, Magersfontein, and, above all, the men who made the magnificent ten days' stand with General Cronje in the river bed at Paardeberg, an unparalleled feat of 3,000 against 50,000, which will live for all time in the military annals of the world—have they not established their right to Independence?

Writing on the subject of the war, months before it broke out, I ventured upon several predictions which have all been verified by the results. This emboldens me. And I would now say that it is vain to hope for peace in South Africa, as you do, as a result of the Republics being robbed of their independence. Something very different will result from such a step. Like that famous North African father, the South African fathers of the future will instil into their children the one principle: hatred and defiance of their oppressors, and as the outcome of that teaching in ancient times was a Hannibal who caused the mighty Roman Empire to shake on its foundations, so, human nature not having changed, it is unwise to

expect different results of a similar training in our day. And if the fathers should neglect their duties in this respect, the Africander mothers are sure to take this task in hand, and at their mothers' knee the Jouberts and Cronjes of the future will listen to the story of their forefathers' wrongs, and as their tears drop over the vanished glories of the past, their young breasts will swell with noble ambition to avenge their country's wrongs, to expel the foreign usurper and to recover their old independence.

Is it possible that you can have convinced yourself that annexation is the only and the best security for the future peace of South Africa? It is exactly the solution which would make permanent peace an absolute impossibility. There is no more effective means of exciting, aggravating and perpetuating the bitterest race-hatred. The outcome will be that all social intercourse between Africanders and Englishmen will cease—an exception being made only in the case of such Englishmen as politically side with them. British trade —and this is the tender point—in South Africa will be ruined. Not only every English trader, but all English goods will be boycotted. For American, German, French and Dutch wares only will there be a market. The population of our four or five towns may still find life bearable in South Africa, but all over the country, outside these towns, Englishmen will find it impossible to make a living. As you are aware, before the name "boycotting" was invented, the thing itself had been practised on a large scale, and with magnificent success, fifty years ago, when a stand was made by the Colonists against the decree of the then Imperial Government by which this Colony was to be made a penal settlement. What they did then, they can and will do again. Let us be very sure that it is easier to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, than permanent peace from your scheme.

I cannot take up every statement in your speech and go into full details. I can only briefly touch upon a point here and there.

You surely are not in earnest when you argue that the Transvaal is to be blamed for the war, because England appears not to have been prepared for it. It is not for me to give you information in such matters. You read the papers, you study Blue-books, you go about with your eyes and ears open. You know that months before the war thousands of British troops were massed on the Transvaal borders. You know that the franchise was a mere pretext for interference, and that the British Government had no right to interfere. True, Mr. Chamberlain claimed that Her Majesty the Queen was still Suzerain over the S.A. Republic, but you, as a lawyer, know that the claim is completely indefensible and groundless, and what you know as a lawyer, I know better from personal knowledge, having been present at the negotiations preceding the signing of the London Convention of 1884. You know further from the Blue-books, that Mr. Chamberlain, far from showing any intention to conciliate the Republic, did what he could to irritate them. Still, very large concessions were made in the new Franchise Law. Mr.

Chamberlain, unable to ignore these concessions, as they appeared on the face of the new Law, pretended to believe that they were not honest and genuine, and proposed a Committee of Inquiry. When, contrary to his hope and expectations, the Republic accepted the proposal, he at once repudiated his own suggestion, dropped it like a hot potato, well knowing that no impartial Committee would be able to find any flaw or dishonesty, and in order to make a peaceful solution impossible, threatened entirely new demands.

All this you know, yet you attribute the bloodguiltiness to the Transvaal. They commenced the war, true; but in self-defence. They could not afford to wait till all the 200,000 soldiers were in their country. So also their stock of guns and ammunition was acquired in self-defence. You know that only after the Raid these arms were purchased and forts built. Disapprove of these armaments if you will, but saddle the right horse—the Secretary for the Colonies and Mr. Rhodes, who, if they had not been defeated at Doornkop, would have stolen the country on New Year's Day, 1896. You know that they armed in self-defence. You, like every South African, laugh at the idea of the Republics ever having aimed at the annexation of the Cape Colony and Natal. No, Innes; you who are acquainted with the history and the affairs of this country, by reading, by personal observation, and experience, you must agree with me that two facts are as clear as the noonday sun. First, that if no diamond mines had been discovered in Griqualand West, the land upon which Kimberley now stands would have been Free State territory to this day; and secondly, that if Witwatersrand, in the S.A. Republic, had not proved the richest gold mine in the world, there would not be to-day 200,000 British, Australian, Canadian, and Indian troops, fighting 40,000 farmers, the unfortunate lawful owners of those gold fields. It would matter little if this were the opinion of an obscure individual like myself, but it matters a very great deal indeed when this is the opinoin of the whole civilised world outside the British Empire, and of a daily increasing number within that Empire. In deference to that opinion it might be wise to "avoid even the appearance of evil."

You feel for the uitlanders. You are deeply concerned about their future. And to make things comfortable and pleasant for them you advocate the appropriation of the Republics by Great Britain. You, Innes, whose life's work it has been "to speak the word of might, which guards the weak from wrong," are you on the side of Justice now? Is the land to be given to strangers, and are the men who won it, who cleared it, who made it habitable, the men who love it as their country, are they to be robbed of it merely because "Christians thirst for gold," because the Republic stands in the way of the Chartered Company? Is it you who stand up as the defender of the immaculate Beit, Levi Moses, and Jack Cade, men who have deceived our Queen, the people of England, and the British Colonies, by false statements, by fraudulent documents, by agents and newspapers bought, by corruption, practised on a larger

scale than ever before? Is it you who are prepared to say that the uitlanders' rights are rights preferent to those of the burghers of the land? Are you prepared to support a policy which robs Jan van Wyk in order to enrich John Smith, a policy which will make the aristocracy of this country hewers of wood and drawers of water to millionaires and their satellites?

You will say that I am making wild statements. You will refer me to your speech, in which you say that Great Britain will rule the newly-acquired territories fairly and justly, and without respect of persons. Will the Transvaal Boer believe you? He will tell you of his brief experience of British rule 20 years ago, when Sir Owen Lanyon drove them into rebellion, and Mr. Gladstone restored them their independence, of which they had been temporarily deprived in consequence of the misrepresentations of the High Commissioner of that day. And what impartial administrators are to be expected from the Government now in power. Will Colonel Brabant or Captain Crewe be the successors of Lanyon selected by Mr. Chamberlain?

I mentioned Mr. Gladstone. I know your opinion of him, your veneration for him. Would Mr. Gladstone, think you, side with the Jingo in this matter? *Nemo omni tempore sapit.* Believe me, you have gone wrong in this instance; gone wrong, but I know honestly. Many dishonest men rejoice at having captured you; the Stock Exchange fraternity no doubt are in high glee. Do you feel comfortable at the thought? Jingoism is in the air. It is a disease more contagious than the plague. If some drops of the insidious poison have entered your veins, do not suffer them to abide there. Cast out the foul thing. Let your old friends see you once more as of old in the full vigour of moral health.

If I have written anything at which you feel hurt, pray forgive me; it was kindly meant: But though you forgive you will not be able to forget when the unpalatable fruits of the policy you now favour shall be reaped in the near future.—Yours sincerely,

Cape Town, 31st March, 1900. D. P. FAURE.

Next day I received a private note from Mr. Innes, informing me that he would take an early opportunity of replying in public.

In the beginning of December, 1900, a Congress, called together by the Africander Bond, to discuss the situation, to protest against annexation, and against the prosecution of the war to the bitter end, was held at Worcester, at which 97 districts, and 120,000 Colonists were represented by delegates, from Kokstad at the one end of the Colony, to Clanwilliam at the other end. The audience present numbered over 10,000. The Government had sent a company of Australian artillery to overawe the meeting, but the meeting itself maintained perfect order, without military interference. I had been asked to speak, but the emotion and excitement of addressing such a gathering on such an occasion would have been too much for my then weak nerves and health; my speech was therefore read by the Rev. Mr. Pienaar. I was much

surprised when I woke next morning and read the report of the meeting, to find myself a popular man. It was an unwonted sensation. The newspaper report of my speech read as follows :—

The Rev. D. P. Faure had been announced to speak in support of the resolution. He was unable to be present, but sent the following address, which was read on his behalf by Rev. Mr. Pienaar :—

We who take part in this meeting and share the opinions here expressed, must be prepared to be accused of disloyalty. Against previous meetings of this nature this charge has been brought; let us rely upon it that we shall not escape it. But what is the meaning of the word "loyal," and who are the "loyals"? We are loyal to our Queen, to our country, to our people, when we endeavour to promote the interests of that Queen, of that country, and that people, when we assist in averting dangers which threaten that country or people. (Cheers.) The events of the last 14 months have shown who have proved themselves to be true friends of Her Majesty the Queen, of the British Empire, and of the English people. (Cheers.) When, after the outbreak of the American War of Independence, William Pitt described that war as a crime, and even went so far as to express the hope that the Americans might win, George III. undoubtedly regarded him as a disloyal subject, but the judgment of history has been that George III. has proved himself to have been the bitterest enemy of the country of which he was the King, and that Pitt has been the saviour of England in her darkest hour, even though he had been accused of disloyalty by his Sovereign. (Cheers.) Everybody in and outside South Africa feels convinced that if Her Majesty's Ministers could have foreseen the consequences, if they had had a conception of the gigantic task which awaited them, this war—which might have been so easily avoided—would never have been commenced. But those who were in authority allowed themselves to be misled by such "loyal" Britons as Beit, Eckstein, Rhodes, Garrett, Monypenny —(laughter)—and by a corrupt press, which assured them that the Boers would never venture to fight, that they would climb down, that only a small army would be required, and that the expenditure of only a small sum was needed to make England the owner of the richest goldfields in the world, to wipe out the Republics, and to expand the Empire from Table Bay to the lakes of Central Africa. (Cheers.) These assertions were believed, on this advice action was taken. The warnings, the prayers of those who were in the best position to predict the results of such a policy, were cast aside with scorn. The petition of two-thirds of our members of Parliament, the petition of the whole Dutch Reformed Church, the numerous resolutions passed by Bond and other meetings, the letters of individuals from all parts of the Colony—all these were dealt with as if they were beneath notice. (Cheers.) And later still, the deputation sent by us to England to enlighten the people was

silenced by means of stones and mud. ("Shame.") And this has been done in the land which used to boast of its fairplay and free speech! Mr. Chamberlain pretended to believe that a Monypenny was better acquainted with the people of South Africa than Dr. Andrew Murray, that Garrett was more worthy of credence than Dr. Kolbe, that a Beit was a safer guide than the majority of the Cape Parliament. Our voices, which, as those of loyal British subjects, made themselves heard in the interests both of the Empire and of South Africa, were

TREATED WITH CONTEMPT.

We foresaw the consequences. (Cheers.) We knew that the South Afrcian Boers were sleeping lions which it was dangerous to rouse. (Cheers.) We knew that the blood of the Beggars (Gueux) who fought the 80 years' war against Spain still streams in the veins of one-third of the population, that in another third still flows the blood of the French Huguenots, and that in yet another third the Beggars' and the Huguenot blood is intermingled. (Cheers.) And accordingly we knew also that the struggle which awaited the British army here would be one totally different from that against Hindoos, Bedouins, and Negroes. Well, the advice was followed of the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, of the capitalists, and of their newspapers. What was the result? What have we, loyal British subjects, had to witness? We have had to see a blow administered to British military prestige such as has been inflicted never before. The whole world is amazed at the figure cut by about 35,000 untrained farmers, against over 250,000 soldiers from England and from all her Colonies, brought into the field against the Republicans. (Cheers.) I shall not stop to notice the way in which the nations of Europe have made themselves merry about the mode in which that army has avenged and wiped out Majuba. But we cannot shut our eyes to the criticisms now indulged in by the most bellicose English newspapers. With one exception, the *Globe* is the most ultra-Jingo of London dailies. Listen to the language used in that paper. It says that throughout all their military operations the British troops have behaved as amateur soldiers, rather than as professional soldiers. It points out that the Boers have received little or no education, that they passed no examinations, that they have never studied the history of great campaigns and sieges, and then followed these words: "Yet they have out-generalled and outwitted again and again British officers of high reputation, who had enjoyed all these advantages, and they have performed this with small forces of undisciplined men, more farmers than soldiers." Another, also an Imperialistic paper, the *Empire*, bitterly complains about the uninterrupted

SERIES OF SCANDALS

which have characterised this war from its incention up to the present moment. It wishes to know from Lord Roberts why he is returning

to England while the country is being raided in all directions by the victorious Boers. (Cheers.) It wishes to know what has become of the 200,00 men who are fighting the 15,000 remaining Boers. And it says that "if there were now 200,000 Boers in the country fighting against 15,000 British, there is no doubt that the British would be annihilated within a week." "And why," it asks, "why are the British still paralysed?" But the testimony of Jingo newspapers is altogether outweighed by authorities of infinitely greater significance. I refer to England's Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, with whom on this point Lord Rosebery was fully agreed. Both these statesmen of the first rank have declared in January in the House of Lords, that the condition of affairs at that time was such that the South African Boer War had become a question of life or death to the Empire, and they implored the nation to spare no exertions and to begrudge no sacrifices in order to extricate the Empire from the extreme peril in which it then found itself. I shall not allude to the millions which this war has already cost, but think of the more than 60,000 British soldiers killed by bullets or diseases, wounded, maimed and invalided, and think of their widows and orphans. It is now 14 months since the commencement of hostilities, but the end is not yet. (Cheers.) All this is the outcome of the disregard of the words of us who are branded as disloyal, and of the adoption of the advice of those who are called loyal, loyal not to the one Sovereign on the throne, but to the many

Sovereigns in their Pocket,

who have not scrupled to lead their country into the Valley of Humiliation, if thereby they could promote their own interests. This day, and by this resolution, we once more warn against the continuance of the war, and against the annexation of the Republics. (Cheers.) As British subjects who are anxious to save the Empire, we feel bound to speak. (Cheers.) It is possible, it is even probable, that once more we shall fail to obtain a hearing, but if the Imperial Government remains deaf and blind, then only one result is possible, namely: dismemberment of the Empire and the loss of South Africa. We do not subscribe to the motto: "Our country, right or wrong." (Cheers. If I am asked, what is the first duty of a statesman or of a Government, my answer is—and I trust that it is yours also—their first duty is to do Right, and I would add, their second duty is to do Right, and their third to do Right. (Cheers.) If I understand the Republicans, this is also their principle. (Cheers.) They beg for no favours, they solicit no magnanimity, but they demand Justice. (Cheers.) And for my part, if I were convinced that in this instance England was in the right and had a just cause, I would side with her, against my own people. for however praiseworthy it is to love one's country and one's people, it is a higher duty to love Justice. (Cheers.) But in the firm conviction that

England in this case is committing an injustice, I decline to applaud her proceedings. (Cheers.) Unfortunately, however, we live in days when with brutal shamelessness, conscience is ridiculed, trodden under foot, and is called "liver"; in days when righteousness is described as "unctious," in days when men who controlled the destinies of the Empire are shareholders in syndicates which are the contractors for supplying munitions of war, they, their wives, their sons and their daughters, while at the same time in the House of Commons they solemnly declare that they are not, and in days when such men, after such and other scandals have come to light, yet at Parliamentary elections obtain the support of the majority of the British people! ("Shame.") We live so fast that the causes and creators of the war are now temporarily eclipsed, and at the present moment the manner in which the war is being conducted, is a matter of far greater importance and urgency. The rules and usages of civilised warfare are being totally ignored. (Cheers.) When reading the war telegrams, we feel as if we were suddenly transported into the dark middle ages, and as if barbarities, which we fondly imagined to have been outlived by the Christian world, have revived on the eve of the birth of the twentieth century. We now hear little about fighting against men, war is now being made on their wives, their sisters, their mothers and their children. The resolutions of the Hague Peace Conference, signed by England a few months ago, are now by her trodden under foot. Furniture, dwelling-houses, villages are being burnt down, farms are destroyed, food, necessaries of life are consumed by the flames, bereft of bed and clothing, helpless women and children, even babies, are left in the open veld to starve or to succumb to disease, or as an extraordinary concession, or as an act of extraordinary clemency, these women are, by hundreds, taken prisoners of war, and treated as such; they are exiled to this Colony or to Natal, kept prisoners there, and guarded by British soldiers. Uncivilized Kafirs stand astounded, cry shame, feel pity where so-called civilised fellow-Christians feel none, and those Kafirs have taken these despoiled and maltreated ones into their huts and have fed them. And this unheard-of treatment it is sought to justify by the assertion that these women are helping their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, who are still fighting for their independence! Did these people then, really imagine that these women would be ready to betray their husbands and their fathers? Did they actually cherish the hope that these women would assist the enemies of their nation in the conquest of their country? Would English, Scotch, Australian women have acted differently? Would these have welcomed their country's enemies, and have become unfaithful to their husbands? Though these women are

ONLY "DUTCH BOER WOMEN,"

their sense of duty and their human feelings are no less developed than those of the most aristocratic "English ladies." (Cheers.)

It is a mistake, however, to impute all the blame and guilt of this inhumanity to Lord Roberts and his officers. These things could not possibly have been done without the consent of the Imperial Government, and since the Government which acts thus has been honoured with a vote of confidence by the British people, the entire British nation—with exception of the 7,000 who have not bowed the knee unto Mammon—has taken over the responsibility, the guilt and the shame. The result of the recent elections in England means: "Their blood be on us and on our children!" O, Land of Charles Dickens! How are the mighty fallen! What marvel that Olive Schreiner—our Olive Schreiner of whom we are proud, and of whom England in days gone by was proud—sorrowfully and pathetically exclaims: "The England of my love is dead!" Woe unto the country, whose most accomplished and most high-minded daughters are coerced into the admission that that country has lost their love, and that it is dead to them! Let us hope and pray that this wave of demoralisation may soon pass away, and that the England which we all admired, trusted and loved, may come to itself again. (Cheers.) England's best friends, its truest sons and daughters, shed tears and mourn over its temporary insanity. Should it persist in this mad course, the issue is clear and certain. We read of Babylon's king, who boasted of the mighty kingdom which he had builded, but at the riotous feast in the gorgeous palace, a mysterious finger was seen writing on the wall: "Mene Tekel": "God hath numbered and finished thy kingdom, thou art weighed and art found wanting, thy kingdom is divided and given to others." And the story ends with the solemn words: "In that night was Belshazzer, the King of the Chaldeans, slain." The mightiest kings of to-day are subject to the same Law, and are in the hands of the same Omnipotent Ruler who shaped the destinies of Babylon, and the nation which transgresses, violates and defies these Divine Laws of Truth and Righteousness, must inevitably perish. Dark is the present, still darker the future. But a ray of hope pierces the skies. A voice from the distant past re-echoes through the ages: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" In the year which lies behind us, prayers have been offered up as never before by men and women, by old and young, by believers and sceptics, and there are many who complain that these prayers have remained unheard, and that the heavens are as brass. Let us bear in mind that God's ways are not our ways. The ancient Greeks and Romans said of their goddess of avenging justice, Nemesis, that she comes on woollen shoes, but with iron grip—an idea which a Christian poet has expressed in the well-known words:

The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small.

John Brand was accustomed to say in bad Dutch, but with incontestable truth: "Alles zal recht komen," and one who was greater

than he, has taught mankind that: "All things work together for good." Let deceit and machinations, let "streams of malignant lies," designed to compass the ruin of our people within and beyond the Colony, do their work, in the end they must fail and be brought to shame. (Cheers.) Such were the practices which the Israelite poet had in view, when he wrote: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." Let us retain our faith. Let us learn to labour and to wait.

We lift up our eyes to the mountains,
Our help we expect from above.

With America's prophet, Lowell, we say:

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Meanwhile, we do what our hand finds to do, and we protest as we hereby do, against the annexation of the Republics, and against the prosecution of this war of extermination. (Prolonged cheering.)

A member of the audience called for "Three cheers for D. P. Faure, and long life to him!" and the cheers were heartily given.

The war is now a thing of the past. The Golden Age which was expected to follow it has not yet dawned. Lord Milner, unequalled as a political incentiary, has proved a ghastly failure as a statesman and administrator. I venture to say that to-day, four years after its conclusion, none are more disappointed by its results, than those who lit its flame, eager for glory and gain—the Imperialists, who are red-hot loyals while the Tories are in power, but who bury the Union Jack, and talk of "cutting the painter" when a Liberal Ministry is in office. And now those who have done what they could to prevent the war, and who, when it had broken out, have left no stone unturned to bring it to an end, at the risk of a Martial Law trial, banishment from their homes, and imprisonment, are lectured *ad nauseam* on their duty to "forgive and forget," and cordially to co-operate with the old war party. These moralists find it convenient to assume that the wrongs done and the suffering undergone were trivialities. Their advice would come with better grace and would have more weight if they at the same time showed that they are aware of the enormous generosity, magnanimity and self-abnegation involved in such forgiving and forgetting. For what we have to forgive and forget is not confined to the war itself, but its concomitants, its unnecessary aggravations, the gratuitous insults offered to respectable men, and the petty tyranny exercised by military officers clad in brief authority, and the countless violations of the rules of civilized warfare.

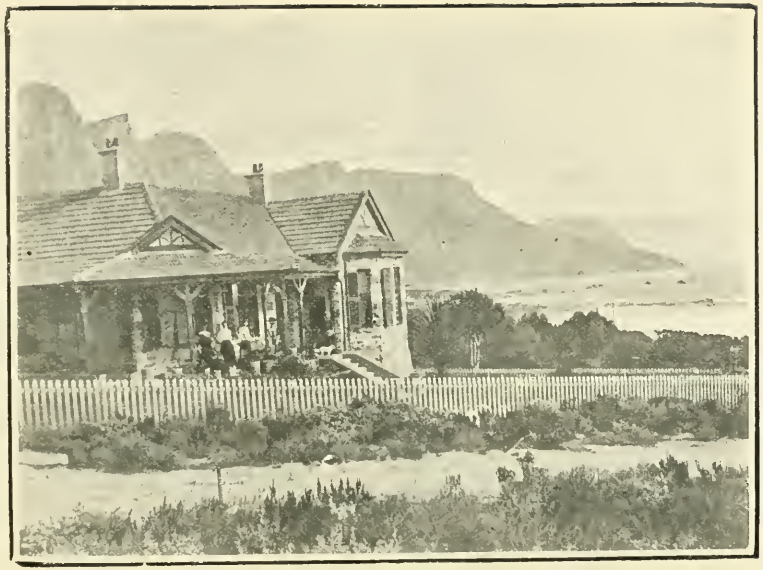
We have to "forgive and forget": the stabling of cavalry horses in Dutch churches, the ribald and obscene inscriptions on church walls and bibles, the burning down of churches, the burning of farmhouses, wanton destruction of furniture, theft of family bibles, the war against women and children, their confinement as prisoners of war in camps, where twenty-two thousand of them died, the hypocrisy which called this imprisonment "generosity and charity," the shooting of a prisoner of war in the Green Point camp, who, while singing an evening hymn, was thought to be too near the barbed wire fence, and the promotion of the soldier who perpetrated the act, the shooting of a prisoner in the St. Helena camp, while gathering wood, the murders committed by military courts, the hanging by order of such a court of Viljoen and Nienabar for breaking up a railway line while a few days later it was proved that these men had had nothing to do with it, and had been many miles away when the line was destroyed; the shooting, after a court martial trial, of Commandant Scheepers, no rebel, but a belligerent, a Transvaal burgher and Commandant; the exile, without trial, of hundreds of innocent and respectable men and women, and of several Dutch Reformed ministers, to distant places, where they were to live at their own expense, and to report themselves daily to the commanding officer, and the imprisonment of others during many months, without trial and without even being charged with any offence, except having a Dutch name; the brutality and ruffianism of which our delegates were the victims when we sent them to England, "the land of free speech and fairplay," to inform the British people of the truth, but who were hunted down, silenced by brickbats and mud, narrowly escaping personal violence; and all this ending in the annexation of the two Republics, an act unprecedented in modern civilized warfare.

I merely jot down a few instances which occur to me as I write these lines, but if the files of the newspapers of those three or four years were consulted, what memories would be revived of iniquities, oppression, injustice, wanton cruelties, even though those papers were muzzled and under censorship. In striking contrast to the above, we have the general acknowledgment of the generous treatment of their prisoners by the Boers, and their unanticipated forbearance and self-restraint in leaving intact the mines and the costly machinery, the property of their bitterest enemies, which were entirely at their mercy.

From this lesson in theoretic morality, our pedagogues pass on to practical morality, and coolly demand that we should now cordially co-operate. Do they realise what is involved in their demand? Nothing less than this, that we who have opposed this unjust war, and have predicted the troubles it would cause, are now called to co-operate with its supporters, in order to make that iniquitous war a success! I do not remember reading that when the French people proclaimed the Republic, they begged the Buona-

partists to help them to make that Republic a success. Nor after Poland's mighty neighbours had divided that country between them, did they request the Poles to glorify the partition and to help them to make things snug and comfortable.

It is indeed provoking to hear these newly-converted apostles of peace—the "Rule Brittania" singers of yesterday—now posing as the mentors of those who have all their lives preached the gospel of peace and the barbarism of war, and warning the latter against animosity and race-hatred. And this is the more provoking when we see these very sentiments indulged in to the fullest extent by the other side. This, however, cannot be regarded as unnatural. It is human nature to entertain more bitter feelings against those whom we have injured than against those who have injured us. Thus it happens that the Prime Minister of the Colony professes a political creed, the first, last and only article of which is: "Fight the Dutch politically." And it must be assumed that the entire Progressive Party subscribes to this creed, for if they did not, they would not support him. All the "Dutch" that I know of are only too anxious to welcome as members of the South African Party as many Englishmen as are willing to join it. For we work not for a race, but for a nation, and we do not look to the descent or the language of the men who are to constitute that nation; we regard and accept them as South Africans, if they regard and accept South Africa as their country and their home. And because we are in this frame of mind, therefore we are prepared—not to forget—but to forgive and co-operate; we are determined to make the best of the situation, in our own interest, in the interest of the land we live in, the land we call "Our Country."



My Camp's Bay Home.

XVI.

RETROSPECT AND ANTICIPATION.

The first four years of my married life were spent in a hired house on Riebeek Square, facing the St. Stephen's Church. I then bought a property in St. John's Street, with an entrance from the Government Avenue, which was my residence during the next twenty-eight years. The Jewish Synagogue, which adjoined my garden, had by that time become too small to accommodate the largely increased and still growing congregation. A new site being now required for a more spacious building, negotiations were entered into with me for the purchase of my property, which suited their purpose exactly. The very liberal offer they made, and which I accepted, enabled me to erect a commodious residence on the fairest spot in the Cape Peninsula—Camps Bay—where on the one side the ocean symbolized eternal change, and on the other the mountains typify eternal rest. Here I have been since 1903, where out-door life has much improved my health, and where I feel as if I had reached the haven of rest, after having weathered so many storms.

Now, looking back upon the past with its diversified and chequered experiences, the conclusion of the whole matter is that life is worth living, if we make it so. This is the lesson which stands out in strong relief on the tablets of memory, and the discouragements, disappointments, perplexities, insoluble problems and impenetrable mysteries which cross our path, cannot blot it out.

I would fain think that the theological and political controversies in which I have been engaged during so many years, have not been entirely fruitless and abortive. I still believe that I have fought on the right side; my only regret is that wisdom and moderation were not more conspicuous. To the *fortiter in re*, the *suaviter in modo* was too often sacrificed.

Here, as elsewhere all over the world, Liberal Theology has advanced with immense strides during the last forty years, and it is a flattering thought that the Free Protestant Church may have done some little service in aiding that onward movement; the *post hoc* is not always the *propter hoc*, but since its establishment, the change for the better has certainly been most remarkable, though its influence has been more indirect than direct.

The beliefs and convictions I held when I began my work are still mine. I have nothing material to recant, retract, modify or reverse. On the contrary, they are now more firmly rooted than ever. Livelong study, more mature reflection and thought, as well as practical experience, and more intimate knowledge of men and things, have all contributed to establish and confirm them as sound, true, or the nearest approach to truth.

But while my creed has remained unchanged, in another respect I have had ample reason to change an opinion with which I started in life. I then attached far too high a value to theological systems as influencing men in their daily lives, and as an agency by which character is moulded and conduct shaped. I then much over-estimated the effect of theology upon morality. I over-confidently assumed that men acted up to their creeds, and that if, for instance, they professed belief in a cruel God, they would themselves be cruel. I have found that the moral lives of men do not vary according as their theological views differ. The teaching of practical life is that Human nature is stronger than Creed. The explanation, probably, is that men do not realise what is involved in the creed they profess. They thoughtlessly repeat it by rote, and ostensibly adhere to it for many extraneous reasons, but where moral conduct is concerned, when they are called to choose between right and wrong, they ignore their theological articles of faith, and follow the dictates of reason and conscience. I have always thought and taught that there is a wide gulf fixed between theology and morality. I have found that in reality that gulf is very much wider than I ever imagined. The outcome has been that a true theological system, however desirable, now seems to me to be of less vital importance than I ascribed to it in past days. The creeds professed by the Roman Catholic, the orthodox Protestant, the Unitarian and the Theist, are as far asunder as the poles, but in their daily conduct and moral lives, the professed adherents of all these diverse theologies, resemble each other closely. There are good men and bad men among them all. This obvious and trite truth can escape the observation of no one who is at all acquainted with the world he lives in, and thus the question naturally suggests itself: If there are Roman Catholic saints, and Unitarian saints, as there are Roman Catholic sinners and Unitarian sinners, what reason is there for their wrangling and hatred, where is the *raison d'etre* of *odium theologicum*?

It is to me the one bright side of the recent war that it has brought me to realise this truth more vividly than ever I did before, and I have reason to believe that the same event has similarly impressed many other minds. We all felt that theological disputes and differences dwindle into insignificance when we stand face to face with a great national calamity. It is then that we feel our common humanity, and that though articles of belief may be inscribed on tables of stone, the Eternal Moral Law is engraved in the hearts of us all. It was then that was seen the unprecedented sight of a Roman Catholic priest, the ex-moderator of the Dutch Reformed Synod, and myself, standing on the same platform, speaking for Justice and Humanity, and condemning that most unchristion relic of the barbaric ages—war. It was then that I realized that I stood closer to the priest, Dr. Kolbe, to the leader of Protestant Orthodoxy, Dr. Murray, than I did to some members of my own Church, to whom I had preached in vain against all wars and every war during thirty years.

When men holding widely different, even opposite, theological views, are agreed as to what is Right and what is Wrong, while men holding identical theological opinions, are totally at variance on this vital point, then it must be clear to the dullest understanding that the influence of theology on conduct is exceedingly slight, practically insignificant. Abstract theories which have no effect on the lives of men, may be fit and interesting subjects for academical discussion, but nothing will be lost and much will be gained if the bulk of humanity devote their time to more profitable and ennobling occupations. In order to make Tennyson's well-known and oft-quoted words applicable to the subject, I have ventured to replace his last lines with two of my own:

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be,
For full communion with Thee,
'Tis Life, not Creed, that paves the way.

Now if it is recognized that mere acceptance or mere rejection of certain dogmas, exerts no influence either for good or for evil, on the minds and characters of men, then the way is opened, and the eyes of all preachers of religion, with whatever church they may be connected, should be opened to the imperative necessity of their desisting from internecine warfare, and of uniting and concentrating their forces, and standing shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy—materialism, which in our day is gaining ground appallingly. To-day, the burning question is no longer whether God is Triune or One, but whether there is a God at all. To-day, it is not the attributes of God, or His mode of operation, which form the subjects for debate, but it is the very existence of a Moral Governor and a Moral Law which is called in question. Is it not high time that all who believe in the supersensual, and do not believe that man shall live by bread alone, should sink their minor differences and lay all stress on the central, essential truth, on which they are agreed? The allies of materialism are numerous and powerful enough, without our promoting their cause by giving them occasion to sneer with the sceptics of olden time at the wrangling and persecutions in the religious world, saying: "See how those Christians love each other!" God or Mammon, Higher Law or the Law of the Flesh, these are the questions to-day, and the churches which fail to see this, the churches which are content "to drag their slow length wearily along" in the old ruts without heeding and without making a supreme effort to stem this demoralizing tide, and to keep the light burning of higher ideals and nobler aspirations—such churches cumber the ground, and the sooner they are buried the better, for they only aggravate the evil and precipitate the moral ruin against which they are called to safeguard society.

But in that contest with materialism, it must be borne in mind that in order to come off victorious, other weapons are to be employed than appeals to authority, be it the living authority of a Pope, or

the dead authority of a Book, which themselves need authentication. Materialism is the child of Science, of Science a superficial knowledge of which, as Spinoza observed, leads away from God, but which exhaustively studied, leads to God. This superficial science should, therefore, be met with sound science, arguments must be met with logical reasoning, doubtful facts with realities. It is to science it appeals, it is by science that it must be confuted. Dogmas which conflict with and insult reason will prove unavailing. The incredibilities and impossibilities which have so long been associated with religion, have estranged men from it; it is not these which will induce the lost sheep to return to the fold; on the contrary, they will drive them further away. Mere declamation, assertion and threats will be found worse than useless. It is only by appealing to his reason and conscience, and by the use of sound and reasonable arguments, that the materialist will be impressed. If the churches were to rely on and to adopt these means, the results would astonish them, the fruit brought forth would be a hundredfold.

The other field which has been the scene of my activities is that of Politics. During many years, both as Parliamentary reporter and as journalist, I have had ample opportunity closely to follow and to watch the political current, and though I would not go so far as to say that familiarity with the world of politics has bred contempt, I find myself unable to declare that it has bred admiration. Parliamentary Government is beyond all doubt the ideal Government, the Government by the people, for the people; but Party Government I cannot but regard as an unmitigated evil, and a complete failure. In the very nature of things it must be so. For the system involves, I may say, demands that, instead of a representatives of the people concerning themselves solely with the interests of the people, the interests of the party are the first and most important consideration, with the result that all are for party, none for the State. The majority of members on both sides of the House may feel convinced that a Ministerial measure is unwise, unjust, detrimental to the interests of the country, yet the members on the Ministerial side vote for it and support their party leaders, rather than bring about a Ministerial crisis, and the fall of the men on the Treasury Bench, and see the leaders of the other party take their place. Thus it happens that questions before the House are decided not on their merits, but with an eye to party interests. It stands to reason that in such a mock Parliament the individual who has been wronged by the Government, has no chance to obtain justice from the House. Several cases of this nature will occur to the reader, I quote only the most recent instance which was decided in the last session—the case of the Assistant Surveyor-General. This gentleman, belonging to an old Colonial Dutch family, was clearly entitled to succeed to the vacant Surveyor-Generalship, by his position in the office, his abilities, and the rules of the Service, but a junior in the office was capriciously and unjustly preferred and

appointed over his head. Every member of the House outside the Ministry, and perhaps some in the Ministry, must have realized that a gross injustice had been done, and if free from the shackles and fetters of party, would have given expression to that view by their votes. But the Prime Minister had only to rise and state that such a vote would be regarded as a vote of non-confidence, and his party forgot the rights of the wronged man and ratified the iniquity.

In this case only a solitary individual was concerned, but the same course is followed when great public interests are at stake. Again I content myself with mentioning only one such incident, also from the annals of the last session. Mr. Merriman moved an anti-Chinese resolution, confirming those passed in previous sessions. Probably there are not more than half-a-dozen pro-Chinese in the House. All the rest, in their hearts, entertain no doubt that Chinese immigration is a curse, but the fear of bringing about a change of Ministry induced the faithful supporters of the Government to record their votes against the resolution. There was only one honourable exception—Mr. Jagger—who voted with the Opposition, only one who voted on the merits of the case, only one to whom the State was dearer than his party. Here, not in a merely personal question, but on a matter on which the To Be or Not To Be of the whole of South Africa depends, Party triumphed over Country. Surely the system which operates in this fashion stands utterly condemned. Good Government is impossible under it. No wonder that we hear men speak of the "game of politics," when the prosperity and well-being of the country are made subservient to party.

If politics are to be more than a "game," if they are to be a serious reality, if they are to be an honest and honourable pursuit, the time has arrived for thorough reform, for a better, more practical and more efficient system. He is a bold man who will assert that in this country Party Government has been a success, and why cannot we have Parliamentary Government without Party Government? Why should new countries reproduce exact copies of the institutions of older countries, when the circumstances and conditions in the young country differ so widely from those in the old? If I am asked to name a satisfactory substitute which can replace Party Government, I say that it is not within the province of a critic of a particular form of Government, to invent a new system, but surely it should not be beyond the ingenuity of man to invent an improvement on Party Government. The substitute which suggests itself to me is: Parliamentary Government pure and simple, Parliamentary Government without Ministers. Instead of a Ministry consisting of party leaders being responsible to Parliament, the permanent heads of the several Departments should take over that responsibility. These heads should hold office during good behaviour, and of this good behaviour, Parliament must be the judge. These heads should virtually be an Executive. While Parliament passes Bills, introduced

either by these permanent heads or by private members of the House, it would be the duty of each head to see that every Act which deals with matters belonging to his department is properly carried into effect. If he fails in this, he should, in the ensuing session of Parliament, be called to show cause why he should not be dismissed for neglect of duty, and if he has no satisfactory defence to make, he is dismissed, and another appointed in his stead. These heads should have no seat in the House, but may be heard when they or the House consider it necessary. In the days before we had Responsible Government, there also was a permanent Executive, but that Executive was appointed by the Crown, and was not responsible to or removeable by Parliament. My suggestion is that the permanent heads should be appointed by Parliament, and be responsible to and removeable by it. Under the old system, if the House passed a Bill of which the permanent Colonial Secretary, the Honourable Mr. Southey, disapproved, he simply ignored it, treated it as waste paper, and Parliament was powerless, it could grumble and make indignant speeches, and there the matter ended. Mr. Southey smiled, and next year did it again. Under my scheme this would not happen, for the heads of Departments will be very careful to obey Parliament, knowing that if they do not, their occupation—and their salary—would be gone. I do not go into further details here, this rough sketch must suffice. It leaves us Responsible Government, it gives us a Parliament, untrammeled by party considerations, a Parliament in which fighting for office is unknown, in which there are no interests to serve except those of the country, in which there is nothing to work for, or to strive after, except the welfare of the people, in which, there being no party to serve and support, all will be for the State. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. But I am not sanguine. Politicians are as difficult to convert as doctors.

Of the political questions with which throughout I have concerned myself, the all-important Native Question, stands first and foremost. Of necessity it had to occupy that place, for it is as closely related to morals as to politics, and the preacher of religion who calmly looks on when injustice is done or contemplated to be done to our Native races, is not worth his salt, and has not grasped the very first principles of either morality or religion. Of late years, attention has been diverted from this subject, by the storm and stress of war and rebellion, and it fell into the background of political consciousness. But ever since the country has settled down again, and normal conditions have revived, there have been signs of renewed interest in the Natives, whom we always have with us, and recent references to this topic are by no means reassuring to those who have espoused the cause of the Natives, and who for that reason are sneeringly and foolishly termed negrophilists, or black men's friends. Now, I have never met or heard of a man who loves the Natives more than he loves the men of his own race.

Such a man would be an almost inconceivable anomaly. The error into which the advocates of a so-called "vigorous Native Policy" fall, is that they fail to discriminate between lovers of Natives and lovers of Justice.

The signs to which I have alluded above as ominous are that hostile feelings are being openly expressed in regard to Natives generally, now not by the old population, but by the new-comers, by the once so famous "uitlanders" at Johannesburg, who take the lead as *the* loyalists, and pose as the Imperialists *par excellence*, and are accordingly followed by the "Progressives." By these men it is regarded as an enormity that a black man should have a vote, and it is a thorn in their flesh that in the Cape Colony, Natives, if they are possessed of the qualifications required by law, are entitled to the franchise. It is the Englishman, who has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being the black man's friend and protector, who now takes the lead in the movement to exclude Natives from the franchise, and lay down the doctrine that a man should be disqualified as an elector by the colour of his skin. No one wishes to enfranchise the barbarian, nor does the barbarian himself claim the right to the franchise, but there are in the country many brown and black men, Malays and Kafirs, who are not barbarians, and who are capable to make use of the franchise more intelligently than many white men are. Taxpayers who have a stake in the country, and who are to a greater or less extent civilized and educated, should be and should remain entitled to elect their Parliamentary representatives, without their colour being taken into consideration. Let the Education Test be made a real test, and let it be strictly and indiscriminately applied to would-be electors of all colours. Let the law of the land not be disfigured and stained by traces of racial prejudice.

The preliminary discussions on the Federation of the South African Colonies indicate that the Native franchise is to be a burning question in the near future. Mr. Rhodes' idea that, in order to facilitate federation, the Cape Colony should assimilate its franchise law to that of the other Colonies, and deprive the Natives of their vote, seems to be in great favour among his admirers, and with a "Progressive" majority in our House of Assembly, a majority pledged to follow its leaders, all fair-minded and just men will have to make a united and determined stand against this iniquity. The Cape Colony will assuredly pay too dear for its whistle, if it buys Federation at the price of its Native Franchise Law. *Fiat Justitia ruat Federatio.* Perish Federation if it is to be secured by the perpetration of an injustice. Let the Cape Colony stand out, go its own way, rather than humiliate and disgrace itself. A South African Federation with Unrighteousness as its fundamental principle, will come into being infested with the germs of decay and disruption. Years ago I had occasion to announce that my fighting days were over, but the old war horse

will again have to be saddled and take the field, when an assault is made upon our Franchise Law, by which the Cape Colony has distinguished itself above all others.

Then also there are voices becoming more frequent and more bold, and emanating from the same quarter, advocating forced Native labour. Apart from its mediævalism and its tyrannical aspect, such a measure can have but one result: a general rising of all the millions of South African Natives. I much fear that this outrageous policy will be attempted when the Chinese serfs have been sent home, as they will and must be. And however objectionable and undesirable Imperial interference with local affairs in Colonies under Responsible Government may be, the British Ministry then in power, whether it be a Liberal or a Conservative Ministry, will then find it impossible to maintain passivity and inaction; it will be compelled by the British people to veto such legislation, and however justifiable and inevitable interference in such a case, in my humble opinion, will be, the consequences to the Empire are not difficult to foresee. The gold of Johannesburg has already brought this country to the verge of ruin, it may yet be instrumental in accomplishing the utter ruin of South Africa, and the disruption of the British Empire.

There is another phase of the Native question, which I cannot leave unnoticed. I refer to the unrestricted sale of brandy to the Natives. Here, I much regret to say, a section of the South African Party is at fault. They object to the prohibition or restriction of the sale of liquor to Natives, on the ground that it is class legislation, that people who are registered voters should not be treated as children, and that such prohibition would mean the ruin of the wine industry of the Colony. I shall first deal with this last argument, which is the real reason why such a law is unpalatable to wine farmers and their friends.

It seems to me that far too much importance is attached to it. It is pure exaggeration to talk of wine farmers being ruined by such a measure. In the first place, wine has nothing to do with it. The wine trade is in no way concerned, and cannot be affected, for the simple reason that everybody knows that Kafirs do not buy wine and do not drink wine. It is brandy, and scandalously adulterated brandy, against which they must be protected. It may be urged that in some districts of the Colony, owners of vineyards make only brandy and no wine; as, for instance, in the Oudtshoorn district. I am aware that this has been the fact hitherto, but this practice will not be continued in the future, for the reason for its adoption no longer exists. Hitherto it did not pay the Oudtshoorn farmers to make wine, because they were far removed from a market for such produce, and they had no means of reaching it; consequently they reduced the produce of their vineyards to the smallest dimensions, and transported it to the consumers in the shape of brandy. but now when they, and the other brandy districts, have been placed in communication with the ports and other markets by new lines of

railway, there is no longer any reason why these farmers should not follow the example of the wine districts nearer to Cape Town, and make wine of their grapes, and distil only the husks. And when this method is adopted, not even these former brandy farmers will be injured by restriction of the brandy trade. And is there not an ample market for Colonial brandy outside of the Native Territories? If not, can it not be converted into spirits, for which there is a demand always and everywhere? The other ostensible reason that Kafirs have votes, and therefore must be left free to buy drink if they like to do so, is easily disposed of by pointing to the fact that only a handful of them have votes, and that the bulk of the nation, who urgently require this protection consists of "raw Kafirs," ignorant, uncivilized, children, utterly devoid of self-restraint. And the other argument that prohibition of the sale of brandy to Natives is class legislation is deprived of all force by the fact that the Natives, the class concerned, themselves ask, beg, beseech to be protected against themselves.

This is much more a moral and religious question than a political one. And it is, indeed, surprising that men, some of whom take the first rank in our religious world, do not regard it in this light. Is it possible that such men can close their ears to the cry of savages who implore them to protect them against physical and moral ruin? Can they lose sight of the fact that we have annexed these tribes, and that we have thus made ourselves responsible for their good Government? What becomes of our morality and religion, if, instead of providing them with good government, we supply them —against their will—with brandy, the most deadly destroyer of Native races? Surely a little reflection must make it clear that it is entirely incompatible with religious professions to demoralize and extirpate a whole nation, in order that the brandy trade may not suffer. Even if the brandy trade should go to ruin by prohibiting the sale of liquor to Natives, it is only the heartless and Godless, who would protect that trade at such a cost. The man swayed by religious sentiment, cannot for a moment hesitate in his choice. Perish, he will say, perish the brandy trade rather than commit the sin of ruining tens of thousands, body and soul. In the districts in which this trade is restricted, all the magistrates and all the inspectors unanimously testify to its beneficial results, the only complaint they have is that the operation of the law is hampered, often nullified by the free trade prevailing in adjoining districts, whence liquor can easily be smuggled into the prohibited area; and not only these Native magistrates, but all the judges of the Supreme Court have over and over again declared drink to be the chief incentive to crime. Therefore, nothing less than total and general prohibition of the sale of brandy to Natives is politically expedient, a moral necessity and a religious duty. I hope to live to see the day when this shall be adopted as a principle in politics, as an axiom in morals.

Social and moral progress is often represented as advancing in a straight, unbroken line, steadily and uninterruptedly. Will any one who has intelligently and attentively studied the history of the past, who has watched the course of events and the streams of tendency in his own day, endorse this statement, when he passes them under review, as he approaches the setting sun? I think he will arrive at the conclusion that this forward movement, without a break, is a myth. The law of action and reaction operates in the world's history with the same constancy and uniformity, as in the natural world. Progress and retrogression alternate. The onward march of mankind accordingly assumes the zigzag form. So, for instance, the period from 1860 to 1895, can be described as, upon the whole, a forward movement. Civilization, refinement, political morality, humanitarianism, they advanced with such rapid strides and obtained such a firm footing that it seemed impossible that the ground so gained, could be lost again. Then commenced the reaction, the retrogression. Of this deterioration, the two factors were Jingoism and thirst for wealth, which then gained the upper hand and raged as never before.

It is one of the faults which generally characterize old age that it praises up the past at the expense of the present, that it can see nothing in the old days that merits disapproval and nothing in the present that is commendable or creditable. But though the *Laudatores temporis acti* are as a rule not entertaining nor pleasant company, in our day there is less reason than ever for calling them prejudiced, narrow-minded, or wrong-headed. Such a wave of Mammon worship as has swept over the Western world at the end of the nineteenth, and is still engulphing us in the beginning of the twentieth century, can safely be described as unparalleled in the annals of history. Money is the god of the day, the millionaire is the hero in Society, the Golden Calf of tradition has again been placed on its pedestal, but now it is not only the children of Israel who dance around it. Men seem to forget that the millionaire for whom they entertain such veneration, so far from being the benefactor of humanity, is its determined foe. For every million he possesses is taken from the common stock and leaves the rest of the community so much the poorer. With the distinguished exception of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller, the millions of no millionaire have benefitted the world during his lifetime. They are never satisfied, and ever bent on increasing their hoard. When they die and have neither wife nor child to whom they can leave their wealth, they bequeath it to public and charitable institutions, and then they are lauded to the skies for their liberality by the parasites, just as if they could have taken their money with them, but from charitable motives, kindly left it behind. The day will come when the laws of every civilized country will make it impossible for men to become millionaires to the detriment of the community—but that day is not yet.

We have been for years, we still are, on the backward track of the zigzag; let us hope that the turning point will soon be reached

and that humanity will once again realise that "The man's gold for a' that." The backward movement follows the forward, but it never goes back the full length of the line, a margin is always left which is absolute gain, and the renewed advance extends far beyond the point reached by the previous advance; the retrogressive march goes only half-way back and so on "in infinite progression." This explains why the conclusion arrived at by extremists of the optimistic and pessimistic schools are so widely discrepant and irreconcilable. The one looks only at the line of advance, the other notices only the line of retreat. The optimist, however, is nearer the truth, for his line is always the longer, and always leaves a nett gain.

There is, therefore, no reason to despair. It so happens that our lines have fallen in unpleasant places during the last decade, but these forming part of the natural onward march of humanity, we submit to the inevitable, and feel hopeful, nay, confident that the wave of sanity will soon supplant the wave of madness which is responsible for so much material loss, and for so much moral deterioration. But there are signs that reason and good sense and moral sentiment, so long dormant, are beginning to reassert themselves. The darkest hour of the night is the one preceding daybreak. The mists in which we have so long been enveloped are dissolving. The light of a brighter day glows on the eastern horizon. The Hermit of Camps Bay may not live to see the South African sun in all its glory at meridian altitude, he is thankful that he has lived through the night and has been privileged to welcome the dawn.

Appendix I.

MELODRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

(Translated from the "Volksblad.")

Referred to on page 49.

"At the usual meeting of the Kerkeraad held on the 4th October, a letter was read from Mr. R. L. Keeve, the Sexton of the Adderley Street Church, in which he informed that body that he felt it his duty to make it known to them that he intended, on Wednesday next, to get married."—*Volksvriend.*

Act I.

Scene.—The banks of the Lammetjes Stream, Table Valley.

Roeloff Laubscher Keeve *(alone, walking up and down in a very thoughtful mood, his white neck-tie arranged with less care than usual. Several washerwomen in the distance).*

Truly, my home is becoming too oppressive; I must desert it; I must come to breathe in this free and open place. Last night was again passed sleeplessly. I am pressed down with a crushing weight. I must speak, though no one hears me; I must give utterance to my overwrought feelings. See now the results of human weakness; I have allowed myself to be conquered, through the weakness of the flesh, and have come to the conclusion to get married. I, Roeloff Laubscher Keeve, I, who am invested with so solemn and honourable calling—what a weakness! And now—and this it is that so oppresses and haunts me—how shall I justify myself to the Rev. Kerkeraad—how shall I dare again to look the Reverend gentlemen in the face? I, who have so shamefully forgotten myself as to fall in love. Oh, I could almost give utterance to the words of Homer or of Washington (I know not which of the two), and cry out "Table Mountain fall on me, Lammetjes Stream waft me to the sea! Let me find that cool rest that I so earnestly desire." But what do I say? What would she say did she but hear me? Come now, be a man! Realise your responsibility as sexton and undertaker. Take courage! . . . . . Yes, it is better that I put on a bold face, and inform the Rev. Kerkeraad of my intention, implore its indulgence towards my weakness, and seek from the reverend gentlemen their blessing. The gentlemen can easily place themselves in my circumstances, and they can understand that I, a man who am myself sexton and undertaker, need see no objection to marrying. A sexton can always, without difficulty, get his children christened. He can, should they die, bury them without being bound to give any fees. Come now, away to the house and write the letter. Now that the decision is taken, I feel my heart much lighter. *(He returns homewards, whistling the Dead March in Saul, with variations.)*

Act II.

(The Consistory Chamber of the Adderley Street Church. A large number of solemn faces, and an equal number of long and short necks, wrapt in white neckcloths of various pattern).

The Chairman, Dr. Heyns.—I open this meeting and call upon the Scriba to read the minutes of the previous meeting. (Minutes read and confirmed.)

The Scriba.—I bring to the notice of this assembly that a letter has been sent in.

Dr. Heyns.—Let the letter be read. *(The Scriba then read the epistle in a distinct voice; but towards its close, where the Kerkeraad's blessing was most pathetically implored, the Scriba's voice trembled, and he, quite overcome, sat down.)*

Dr. Heyns *(after a long, solemn, and general silence).*—My brethren, I observe from your countenances that you all share in my emotion. It is needless to tell you that the letter just read, has touched my inmost soul. It appears to me that for a long time no such important case as this has been brought to our notice *(loud applause.)* I confess I am taken by surprise. I don't know what course to adopt, I was altogether unprepared for this; and if I, a Doctor in Divinty, am at a loss how to act—will you, then, my brethren, who are not doctors, know how? Would it not then be reasonable to adjourn this meeting until we have somewhat recovered from the shock, and until we have had the opportunity of giving the matter more mature consideration?

Brother Elder Horak *(quite overcome).*—I think that the Chairman has spoken words of truth and of sound judgment. I second the proposal to adjourn. We have need of time for consideration.

Rev. Murray.—Brethren! It is well that we endeavour to apprehend the tendency of a subject before we come to a conclusion upon it. But it is my opinion, if we have gathered the sentiments of the brethren, and have viewed the subject from all sides, that we could, perhaps, settle the matter to-day. I propose, therefore, as an amendment, that the case be proceeded with at once.

Brother Deacon de Villiers.—I second. *(The amendment was carried by 12 votes against 11.)*

Brother Elder de Smidt *(in a nervous manner, playing with his eye-glass).*—I agree with the Rev. Chairman that this is an exceedingly thorny case. But I believe, if the brethren will take the circumstances into consideration, they will agree with me that we cannot withhold our consent and our blessing from the suppliant. I wish to impress this fact upon the meeting, that from time immemorial the Church has been served by a sexton that bore the name of "Keeve." A "Keeve" has become an indispensable piece of furniture; the Church, without possessing a member of that

family, would come to grief. And does it not become us to further the marriage of our sexton? If he dies, who shall succeed him if he have no son? His nephew, you perhaps say; but the nephew is mortal, and should Roeloff Laubscher Keeve die, and the nephew die—for both, as it strikes me, are mortal—then will the Church of our fathers be Keeveless! Oh, my brethren! I shudder at the thought, at the bare possibility of such a calamity. Is there anyone present who will take upon himself the responsibility of such a fatal eventuality, or dare do it? Should there be such present, let him speak. But, brethren, I, your elder, tell you that if there be no Keeve in the Church, then the Church is ruined! I have spoken.

BROTHER ELDER J. A. LE SUEUR.—I begin by complimenting the last speaker. He has displayed great eloquence. He has profited well by the lessons he has received as a member of the Legislative Council. It is an honour for the Dutch Reformed Church to have in her midst such an orator as the last speaker has shown himself to be. I acknowledge that he has, by his oratory and sound arguments, carried me with him; and although I regret that a person in the responsible position of our sexton should be guilty of such weakness, I cannot refuse the request made.

BROTHER ELDER G. GIE.—Mr. Speaker. . . . . I beg pardon, I meant to say Very Rev. Chairman and beloved brethren, I believe we are treading on dangerous ground. My parliamentary experience has convinced me that, before long, the Voluntary Principle will be carried. And if my fears are well-grounded, is it not hazardous to give our sexton leave to marry? See, we shall in a short time have our ministers to support. That will be a hard task, as you know. Should we now consent to let our sexton marry, will he not before long ask us for more salary, on the ground that he is a family man, and has a large family to maintain? An unmarried man cannot expect that we should pay him more than £25 per annum—a married man, on the contrary, might expect from us £50 per annum. Shall we be in a position to pay our sexton so large a sum, should the Voluntary Principle be introduced? Brethren! What I entreat of you is, look well before you leap!

BROTHER EX-ELDER HORAK.—As I listened to the words which have fallen from Brother Gie, it was to me as if his eloquent utterances in Parliament were again sounding in my ears. It was to me as if I were again listening to his thunderings against the introduction of the Voluntary Principle—when it was discussed, not long ago, in the Assembly *(prolonged applause)*. Brother Gie! Brother Gie! What courage did you not evince on that occasion. Truly you have not disappointed the expectations of those who sent you to Parliament to oppose the Voluntary Principle *(applause)*. You have demolished Porter! You have made Saul Solomon tremble, and driven him to despair *(tremendous applause)*. But to return to the subject that engages our attention. Brethren, the question has arisen in my mind, whether the Church regulations allow us to interfere in this matter *(great excitement)* . . . . . and I think

. . . . . *(loud interruptions).* I say, it strikes me . . . . . *("Sit down; we don't wish to know what you think")* . . . . . I WILL *speak (uproar, hisses, whistling. Brother Horak, seizing his hat, leaves the meeting. Order being restored,)*

BROTHER DEACON H. MARAIS said: Come then brethren, we must grant the request and blessing sought. I will give into the bargain six bottles Cango brandy, pure and *unadulterated*, towards Keeve's marriage-feast.

BROTHER ELDER D. VAN BREDA.—I also should have no objection to accede to the request, only it occurs to me that the holy communion is so near at hand; I consider Keeve should wait.

BROTHER ELDER J. P. DE WET.—This is going, my brethren, this is going, on my word, somewhat too far. Imagine, a sexton wishes to be married! How any person whose daily calling as undertaker should convince him of the vanity and insignificance of all things earthly, can be so childish and think of such worldly things, I solemnly declare I cannot comprehend. My consent the man shall not get!

BROTHER EX-ELDER ISAAC VAN DER POEL.—Brethren, man is inclined to all evil; let the man marry. Paul says: "It is better to marry than to burn." I have long observed that our sexton is insusceptible of reform—let him, then, go his way. But only on one condition do I give my consent. A commission must be first appointed to inquire whether our sexton's intended is sound in the faith. Our sexton must not marry a heathen. A commission being appointed, should it find that Keeve's intended bride is truly orthodox, then I will not put a straw in his way; but should the commission find to the contrary, then I will not give my consent—and possibly decline even to allow myself to be buried by him.

No further remarks being made, the question was put whether the Kerkeraad's consent and blessing should be given. The majority declared in its favour. Keeve was then called in, and was shaken by the hand by each present, and received congratulations from each. Then the Rev. Kerkeraad formed a ring round Keeve. The ex-Deacon S. V. Hofmeyr, as precentor, sang the hymn, "Thy seed shall be as the sand of the sea," the others present joining in. The hymn being ended, Keeve wipes a tear from his left eye. (The man has, from his occupation of undertaker, quite unlearnt the art of being merry.) He showed considerable feeling, and thanked the gentlemen for their kindness, inviting them all to the marriage feast to taste the Cango of Brother Marais. He further informed them that in the evening there would be a hop and a skip, on the hearing of which the brethren ominously shook their heads. The brethren then stretched out their hands and blessed Keeve; he kneeling before them. The tableau was lit up by Bengal fire!

Appendix II.

Referred to on page 112.

(From the "Fortnightly Review," December, 1883.)

PRO PRATIA.

The South African Problem.[1]

It is scarcely matter of surprise to residents at the Cape that the great body of the English people should know little or nothing of the real feelings of the Cape Colonists. As a Cape Colonist, I may perhaps be allowed to take advantage of my sojourn in England to offer some remarks in defence of the country which is my fatherland, and of the people who are my countrymen, in the hope that I may assist in removing the misapprehensions of those who attribute to them sentiments which they do not entertain, and which would disgrace them if they did. The very first newspaper I took up on my arrival in London contained the summary of a speech recently delivered in Scotland by Sir Charles Dilke, in which the statement is made that all the British Colonies are loyal to the Crown, except the Cape Colony. It may be that the condensor of the speech put it more strongly than Sir Charles himself, but in any case it may be taken for granted that the impression conveyed was that the spirit of rebellion is rife in the Cape Colony. It is only at six thousand miles' distance from the Cape that such a conclusion can be arrived at. What are the aspirations of the Colonists supposed to be? They are generally spoken of as "Dutchmen": is it supposed that they desire to change the British flag for that of Holland? So preposterous an idea is scarcely worth combating. No Cape Colonist is a Dutchman in that sense.

With a little more show of reason they are accredited with aspiring to become an independent Republic, and conjointly with the Orange Free State and the Transvaal to form the United States of South Africa. It must be admitted that this is a favourite idea of a section of the Colonists, but even this section is quite willing to wait till England of its own accord offers them their independence. The "Afrikander Bond," which, combined with the farmers' associations, has its branches all over the Colony, is, at a distance, regarded as the Association which aims at securing this independence; but, at its last general meeting, when this independence was mooted, the question was almost summarily dismissed as being outside the limits of practical politics, and even the extreme men amongst its members—the Irreconcilables of South Africa, and they are few indeed—spoke of it as of an event which only the dim and

(1) The writer of this article is a minister of a Free Church in Cape Town, who has long held the office of Interpreter in the Supreme and Circuit Courts at the Cape, and who is now in London as the Interpreter, appointed by Lord Derby, to the Transvaal Deputation.

distant future could bring. The Bond, which at a distance seems so formidable an engine, has other aims than severing the tie between the Colony and England. It is mainly an electioneering committee bent on securing to the farming interest a more adequate and full representation in Parliament, and the objects besides this for which it exists are very evident from the petitions with which its various branches flooded Parliament during its last session. In nine out of ten of those petitions, three boons were prayed for: 1. That equal rights should be given to the Dutch and English languages in the public schools and law courts. 2. That Colonial industry should be protected. 3. That Sunday railway traffic should be stopped. Now, whatever views may be held upon these questions, it will be admitted that it is an easier task to extract sunbeams from cucumbers than to trace revolutionary tendencies in such demands.

And why should the Colony desire to see the British flag hauled down in South Africa? The wish would have been intelligible in years gone by when an irresponsible Governor ruled the country, when Governors were sent from England who did not understand either the people or the requirements of the country, and who, after a few years' residence, just when they began to be fit for their work, had to make room for new and inexperienced men. Discontent might have been explicable when, in later years, the representative institutions we possessed were powerless to enforce their wishes and their measures, when the Executive Government consisted of permanent officials irresponsible to the Parliament and to the people. Yet in those days the people were not accused or suspected of disloyalty; they were not then charged with conspiring against British rule. Is it rational to suppose that the people who resignedly and cheerfully bore with autocratic rule should now, when they have Responsible Government and the full measure of political liberty, develop rebellious proclivities? The system of government at present in vogue at the Cape is even more a government by the people than that existing in England. We have no hereditary House of Lords; we have two elective Houses, both elected by and both representing the same constituencies and the same interests. As matters stand, the Colony is as nearly as possible a Republic, a Republic enjoying British protection and all the numerous and important advantages which this connection ensures. What more liberty, what more advantages could the Colony secure, if it were declared an Independent Republic to-morrow? Can the Colonists not elect what parliamentary representatives they please? Cannot the majority of these oust obnoxious ministers and put their own men in office? Can they not pass whatever measures they deem desirable, and govern the country in accordance with their own views? Every one understands his own interests best, and the Colonists may safely be presumed to form no exception to this rule. They have no desire to fall to the level of the South American Republics; they know full well that if independence were granted them at present, they could not maintain it; they know full well that if the British flag is struck in South Africa, some other

European Power would very soon hoist its. The Colonists, more especially the "Dutch" Colonists, are by nature a most conservative people, and I have no hesitation in saying that, if the question of severing the connection with England were this day subjected to a plébiscite, both in the Cape and the Australian Colonies, a larger number of malcontents would be found in the latter than in the former.

Another very popular, but very mistaken idea prevailing here is that the South African people, as a people, are grossly inhuman in their dealings with the Natives. So, for instance, the letter of Mr. Chesson, the Secretary to the Aborigines Protection Society, which appeared in the *Daily News* of the 5th November, in which the assertion is reiterated that slavery prevails in the Transvaal, expresses a conviction which seems to be generally held in this country. In order to add more weight to what I have to say on this subject, I am forced to commence with some reference to myself. I write as one who, in his own country, has earned for himself the reputation of a "negrophilist," as one who takes pride in saying that for years he has to the best of his ability pleaded the cause of the Natives, has stood up for their rights whenever there was any danger of their being infringed, and has pleaded for just and even lenient dealing with them. The members of the Aborignes Protection Society can feel no more for the Native than I do, and Mr. Chesson may probably know that, as the first to call public attention to the woeful miscarriage of justice on the occasion of certain well-known murder trials, I was made to suffer severely. When, therefore, in individual cases and on special occasions I defended the Natives there, I venture to think that I am entitled to a hearing here, when I declare the sweeping condemnations of the Colonists generally as cruel oppressors to be unfair and unjustifiable. It must be admitted that atrocities have been perpetrated on Natives but let the British public not fall into the error of judging by isolated cases, and condemning a people for the act of individuals. I write entirely relying upon memory and without any documents at hand to which I can refer, but I am quite certain that, within the last four years, only in three instances those guilty of gross cruelty to Natives have escaped their well-merited punishment, owing to juries in the superior courts unduly sympathising with the accused, and acquitting them in the face of the clearest evidence.

The first of these cases is the famous Koegas, and the still worse Bergman and Hennik case which occurred in 1879. Mr. Froude has given the British public the particulars of that dreadful story, so that it is not necessary now again to give the details. But let it be remembered that this miserable failure of justice was more attributable to the Ministry of the day—a Ministry consisting of Englishmen—than to anything else. It could scarcely have been expected that the trial, taking place where it did, could have been a fair one. Several of the jurors summoned were men who had taken part in the same campaign, during which their comrades had perpetrated the crime. When the prosecuting barrister had

telegraphed to Mr. Upington, the Attorney-General of the Sprigg Ministry in Cape Town, that popular feeling ran high, and that the local officials thought that a fair trial could not be expected, the Attorney-General telegraphed in reply: "Go on." When the first and worst case, that of Bergman and Hennik, ended in an acquittal of the prisoners, in the face of the clearest evidence, the acting prosecutor telegraphed the result and asked whether he should proceed with the Koegas case, and again the Attorney-General wired: "Go on." And again the same result followed. If these men had been brought before a Cape Town jury, most assuredly a verdict would have been given in accordance with the evidence; and when, within a few days, the brothers Steyn, charged with shooting some Bushmen in the same district, will be brought to trial in Cape Town, by order of Mr. Leonard, the Attorney-General in the Scanlen Ministry, it will appear that justice is done in the Cape Colony without fear, favour, or prejudice, and that verdicts are given according to the evidence. Undoubtedly, the deeds above referred to were deeds of shame. But are all the Colonists to be held responsible? Was the whole nation blamed for the massacre of Glencoe? Then, also, in passing judgment on these men, the circumstances are not to be left out of consideration. The murdered persons, in these instances, were Bushmen. They constitute the very lowest type of humanity. They are thieves by profession, ay, by nature. They prowl about seeking what they may devour; they are, and always have been, the common foe. In the days when Van Riebeek landed at the Cape, all the Native tribes were being despoiled by the Bushmen, no quarter was ever given to them by their fellow-countrymen, and the Hottentots and Kafirs have ever been carrying on a war of extermination against them. It will be said that this is no excuse for the white man. No, it is not. But it extenuates his guilt when we consider that, on the northern frontiers of the Colony, the sparse farming populations are compelled to help themselves, if they would not be helpless altogether. An Englishman sitting at home at ease will say, why not apprehend the thieves and have them tried and punished by magistrates and judges? Let me tell him that some of these men live *more than a hundred miles* away from the nearest magistracy, in a country where travelling is difficult, frequently impossible, owing to protracted droughts; that a stock farmer cannot leave his home and his flocks for days and weeks to take a prisoner to a magistrate and make the same journey again a few weeks later to give evidence against him before the circuit judge. Let the feelings of these men be considered when they see their stock stolen day after day and week after week, when they have to act as their own police, when they catch the criminal red-handed, and when the Bushmen brought to bay sends his poisoned arrows at him from behind a rock or bush with unerring aim. On the borders of the Orange River there is no police-station round the corner, and no lock-up within reach.

The second instance of a flagrantly corrupt verdict occurred at Graaff-Reinet last year, when a farmer was acquitted when it was

clearly established by evidence that he had beaten a Native with a saw, and had inflicted serious wounds upon him; and, in the third case, which was tried in Grahamstown, the most English town in South Africa, and before a jury consisting entirely of Englishmen, an English farmer was declared not guilty who had fired at and seriously wounded a Native who was suspected of trespassing for an unlawful purpose.

Only these three cases have occurred, as stated before, during a period of four years, over a tract of country so large that I will not undertake to say how many Englands might be cut out of it. And who will say that during the same period, and in enlightened, civilized, humanitarian Great Britain, as many and as grossly corrupt verdicts have not been brought in?

Then, leaving the Cape Colony for a while, we have the accusation brought against the Transvaal of perpetuating slavery, an accusation recently reiterated by Mr. Chesson. I would not undertake to deny that individuals may have thus transgressed in this respect with impunity, but Mr. Kruger, the President of the Transvaal, positively states that he knows of no such cases. What has taken place is this, that in native wars parents fall, their young children are left destitute, and instead of being left to starve and to perish miserably, they have been apprenticed to Boers till their twenty-first year. Grant that in most, or even in all these cases, the motive is self-interest, yet, in this case, self-interest clearly coincides with humanity. Mr. Kruger relates how, in 1869, he, with a party of Boers, were near the frontiers, when they met a number of Swazies who were returning from a successful raid on a Matatee tribe. As usual, most of the adults had been killed or had fled, and the victors had carried off a large number of children. The children were offered by these men to Mr. Kruger and his party in exchange for a bit of tobacco! Mr. Kruger, knowing that a stringent law had been passed, in reference to this "apprenticing," by the Volksraad in its Session of 1865, knowing also that his countrymen had been much blamed for indulging in this practice, refused to take any of the children himself, and prohibited his men from entering into such negotiations. The Swazies left, and took the children with them. Next day, Mr. Kruger happened to send a patrol in the direction taken by these Swazies, and it was then found that the children which had been the previous day refused by the Boers had all been murdered by the Natives, to whom they were a burden and an encumbrance. Will it be contended that the interests of humanity were thus served?

The charge brought against the Boers of being slave-dealers is most conclusively disproved by the fact that neither at the time when the Transvaal was annexed by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, nor during the whole period of British rule, has one single slave been set free, for the simple reason that there were none to liberate.

Another grievance against the Transvaal people is that by law no Native is entitled to be a landed proprietor in that country. It

is a pity indeed that such a law should exist, and it is to be hoped that it will not exist much longer. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that this law, which jars upon English ears as a specimen of most reprehensible and unjust class legislation, is not regarded by the South African Native in the light in which it is here viewed. It would be no great hardship to an Englishman to be forbidden by Act of Parliament to revel in blubber, but to the Greenlander the prohibition to indulge in that luxury would entail a painful degree of privation. It would, of course, be a most tyrannical measure if the British Parliament were to enact a law prohibiting any section of the British people to hold titles to land, but to the South African Native such a law has little terror, for individual tenure of land is something about which he cares very little, and which he scarcely understands. The Kafir is satisfied with tribal tenure, and in the Cape Colony, where he is entitled to possess land, and where the Government is most anxious that he should adopt this practice and thus settle down to civilized habits, it is found most difficult to induce him to take up titles, and the Kafir landowner is a *rara avis*.

Generally, Native servants are well treated in the Cape Colony. In olden times, when slavery was not yet abolished, the slaves in the Colony had a milder lot than they had almost anywhere else. Cases of cruelty to servants are exceptional; they certainly are not proportionately more numerous than they are here. And among the Dutch farmers in the Colony there is a growing desire to deal fairly by the Native. Their self-interest alone dictates this. It is not they who are independent of the Natives, but it is the Native who is independent of them. He works when he likes, while the farmer always requires hands, and frequently has to do the best he can without them, because the Native has few wants and is by nature averse to work. The farmer frequently has to employ his own children as farm labourers and as cattle herds, while the Kafir's children attend school. Of late years, it has been nothing unusual to hear Dutch farmer-members in Parliament speaking for Native rights. The late iniquitious Basuto war was thoroughly distasteful to the people generally; it was utterly condemned by the Boer population throughout South Africa. In Basutoland, "land and loot" were to be had in abundance, but, to their honour be it said, the burghers refused to fight, and the Government of the day met with its well-merited reward when the war proved an utter failure, though unfortunately the Colony had to pay for the misdeed which had been perpetrated against its will.

I would not be understood to breathe a word against the aims or the motives of the Aborigines Protection Society; it unquestionably merits respect; its intentions are undoubtedly pure and noble; it has on many an occasion done excellent service; it has frequently proved the successful champion of the weak and the oppressed; it has many a time prevented injustice; and it has on several occasions been instrumental in injustice, already committed, being undone. Yet it will itself readily admit its fallibility, and it will not maintain

that its interferences have invariably been judicious. *Audi alteram partem.* Colonists feel aggrieved at some of the actions of the Society; they chafe under its criticisms and interferences and under those of the British public generally. They say: "You do not judge us fairly, and you cannot; you are not in a position to do so. You know not of our difficulties, our troubles, our situation. You indulge in your telescopic philanthropy, and you have thousands of neglected and starving amongst you—white slaves. You dictate to us what course to pursue and what policies to adopt, and you speak of our disloyalty, of our lawlessness, of our ruffianism, and you cry out over every instance of lynch law being resorted to in the Colony, six or seven thousand miles away, and behold, you have Ireland near home!" Colonists fail to understand why philanthropy should not, like charity, begin at home.

And it is chiefly the "Dutch Boers" who are maligned. They are presumed to be the oppressors and the fiends. We Dutch at the Cape, who know better, feel the injustice of the charge deeply. The Dutch Boers confidently assert that all the blood of Natives shed, both by individuals and by Governments, since the days of Van Riebeek to the present day, is far less in quantity than that spilt by Englishmen in South Africa during the last few years. The Dutch Colonists can well afford to treat the charge lightly when they think of Sir Bartle Frere—who, forsooth, is or was a member of the Aborigines Protection Society, I believe!—and his unnecessary, wicked, and unjust Zulu war; when they think of the wanton and iniquitous Basuto war—not to mention the Transvaal troubles into which England was plunged by his advice. The Zulu war was Sir Bartle's masterpiece as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, the Basuto war was his grand feat as Governor of the Colony, though the latter was ostensibly the work of his Ministry, a Ministry appointed by him during the recess—a characteristically autocratic act—after he had dismissed another Ministry which had a will and opinions of its own. True, the Disarmament Act, the enforcement of which in Basutoland drove the Basuto people into rebellion, was passed by the Cape Parliament, but it was intended to be enforced only in such districts as were in a disturbed state, and members of Parliament were allowed to go home under the impression that the Act would certainly not be applied to Basutoland. But scarcely was Parliament prorogued, when the Fingoes, the best friends and the ever-faithful allies of the Colony, were made the first victims of the Act, and then it was put into operation in Basutoland. And the Ministry which did this was by no means a "Dutch" Ministry. Its members, Messrs. Sprigg, Upington, Miller, Laing, and Ayliff, were no "Dutch Boers." They were, in fact, opposed by the Dutch people. The burghers refused to fight their battles, they went home or stayed at home, and the result has been that the Basutos have remained unsubdued, and that the Colony is now saddled with a war debt of nearly four millions sterling. Let the English people no longer think that the sense of justice is less strong in the Dutch Boers of South Africa than it is in themselves.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this, that in its dealings with the Colony the Mother country should more consistently follow the *laissez-faire* system. Without claiming to be an authority on Transvaal matters—the capital of which country is as far distant from Cape Town as Madeira is from England—I would with deference submit that, if the Transvaal authorities will undertake to respect the boundary-line, as it may now be amended, in consequence of the representations of the delegates now in London, and if they will further undertake to place no obstacles in the way of the road from the Colony to the interior being kept open—a road which is of vital importance to Colonial trade—Her Majesty's Suzerainty over that country may be safely abolished. The Suzerainty, which was retained on the restoration of the Transvaal independence, has shared the fate of all half-measures. It is, indeed, difficult to see what advantages are afforded, and what guarantee is supplied, by retaining the Suzerainty. Look at the question from a practical point of view and face the situation. Suppose for a moment that the Transvaal Government should refuse to carry out the wishes of the Suzerain, will England think it worth while to enforce submission by force of arms? It will be admitted at once that the game will not be worth the candle. The British taxpayer will scarcely approve of a costly military expedition being undertaken, which, however successful it may be, will yield little or no substantial advantage. The Cape Colonists may, and certainly would, strongly disapprove of the Transvaal people not keeping faith with England, but if a British army were sent to the south-western frontiers of the Transvaal, which can be reached only through the Cape Colony, it is much to be feared that such an event would prove to be a severe strain upon the loyalty of a large section of Colonists, who are but human, and who, therefore, would not remain unmoved when British troops are sent through their midst to do battle with men of their own race and their own kindred, even though the latter had misconducted themselves. On the other hand, there need be little fear that generous dealing on the part of the British Government will fail to call forth generous feeling on the part of the Transvaal people, and that they will not prove themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them.

Still more confidently I recommend the adoption of the *laissez-faire* policy with regard to the Cape Colony. It may be remembered that South Africa's greatest politician, and the most able, most consistent, and most brave defender of Native rights, Mr. Saul Solomon, stated, when he was in London last year—I believe in reply to an address presented to him by the Aborignes Protection Society—that the interests of the Natives were, in his opinion, quite safe in the hands of the Cape Legislature. When an undoubted and well-known friend of the Natives says this, surely he may be believed. The Colony has passed through its Jingo period. The Frere-Sprigg *régime* has supplied it with the remedy, and has administered it, a drastic, but most effective one. At the hands of the Scanlen Ministry, now in power, the Natives need fear no unjust

treatment. The present Governor of the Colony, His Excellency Sir Hercules Robinson, will not consent to oppressive, aggressive, tyrannical measures becoming law. The newspaper press—the leading organs at all events—may be relied on to "guard the poor man's right." It is almost without exception on the side of moderation, fairness, and justice. The intelligence of the Colony condemns harsh, irritating, vexatious measures, cruelty and brutality, and, even in a Colony, it is the men of light who lead. The Colony has not the age, nor the experience, nor the enlightenment which centuries have conferred upon Great Britain, but in these days the sentiments of humanity and the spirit of civilization are in the air, and they are inhaled in the Colony as well as in the old countries. The Cape Colony has years ago been thought worthy of the boon of Self-Government; it humbly asks that it may now be allowed to work out its own destiny, and that it may be trusted while, earnestly striving to purge itself of the shortcomings and faults which are the necessary concomitants of childhood, it aspires to grow into a daughter not unworthy of the mother who has ever been an example to the world of justice, honour, and humanity.

D. P. FAURE.

Appendix III.

PHYLLOXERA.

An Old Roman having said: "I am a man and I consider nothing human foreign to me," it seemed to me that I could do no better than make this motto mine, and not to content myself with merely saying so, but to act up to it. Accordingly, when the Phylloxera Vastatrix made its appearance in the Colonial vineyards and threatened to destroy our wine industry, I informed the Government of a scheme, which had occurred to me by which vines could be protected against the attacks of the insect. My letter was referred by the Government to the "vine experts" for report, and six months afterwards, copies of their reports, all of which were unfavourable, were sent to me. Since then nearly all Colonial vineyards have been renewed and now consist of vines grafted on American stocks. I still believe in my plan, and if the experts object to certain features of it, it ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of such experts so to modify it as to make it practicable. This seems to me to be the more desirable, since experts, I believe, are agreed that American vines, though they offer more resistance to the attacks of the insect, than other vines do, are actually attacked by them, and must ultimately fall victims to it, so that grafting on American stocks is no permanent cure, and does not destroy or eradicate the Phylloxera, but in fact perpetuates it. Mr. Perinquey's remarks that I had forgotten to provide against the flying insect, caused one much surprise and annoyance. I felt that I had written in vain and that I had utterly failed to convey my meaning; for it had been precisely my object to make provision against the flying insect, and for that reason I had advised the pavement round the vine, and surely it cannot be impossible to find some substance with which effectually to fill up the space between the vine and the inner edge of the pavement.

This correspondence, which I cannot make to fit in any chapter of the book, I wish to rescue from oblivion, still thinking, as I do, that it is practicable, and that the time is coming when similar measures will be adopted:—

To the Hon. Sir Gordon Sprigg, Prime Minister.

Cape Town, December 16th, 1889.

Sir,—I herewith have the honour to submit to the consideration of the Government a scheme for protection of vines against the attacks of the Phylloxera. I start with two assumptions, which I take to be scientifically established:—

First, that the Phylloxera lives on and attacks only the roots of the vine; and secondly, that the insect cannot travel through sand.

In order effectually to secure the roots of the vine against the Phylloxera, I suggest the adoption of the following plan:

Dig a circular trench eight or ten feet deep and about two feet wide, at a distance of, say, six feet from the vine; fill this trench up with loose, white sand, cover the surface of the ground, from the outside edge of the trench up to within a few inches from the vine, with masonry work of flat stones, or brick, carefully joined with lime or clay. The space between the vine and the inner edge of the masonry, which it is necessary to leave in order to leave room for the stem of the vine to grow, to be filled up with gutta percha or some other yielding material. In this way the vine roots will be rendered completely inaccessible to the insect.

If it should be required to water and manure the vine, this water and manure may be introduced through holes left for that purpose in the pavement, kept well plugged. This, however, would seem unnecessary in the face of the fact that about Cape Town and all over the country, vines planted in paved or cemented stoeps thrive luxuriantly without artificial irrigation or manuring, and bear as much fruit as a hundred vines which are made to grow in vineyards, in disregard of the natural fact that the vine belongs to the creeping plants.

Of course, if this system is adopted, the method hitherto followed in planting vineyards will have to be modified, and the vines will have to be grown on trelliswork. This, however, will not seriously interfere with the harvest of the wine farmers, for they can gradually transform their vineyards by annually uprooting as many thousands of vines as they deem convenient, substituting for them the few trellised vines, which will yield as large a quantity of grapes as the uprooted ones, and which it will be cheaper to cultivate in the long run, since they require no digging, weeding, etc. The sketch annexed shows what seems to be the simplest method of setting about it on those farms which are not yet infected.

The farmers of this country object to the practice of vines on trellises because they fear their destruction by strong south-easters, but trellis work constructed of stout poles deeply planted in the ground and projecting only four feet above it, and mutually protecting each other, would run little risk of being blown over, and if this should happen on exceptional occasions, even then no great harm would be done, for they could easily be set up again, without being appreciably injured.

I feel quite convinced that by following the course suggested above it will be found to be an effectual safeguard for our vines against the Phylloxera, and that the wine industry, on which the prosperity of the Colony so largely depends, will be saved, and I trust that the "experts" will take the same view, and that whatever modifications they may suggest, the main idea, simple as it is, will be deemed sound.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

Stellenbosch, May 17, 1890.

Sir,—I have read carefully Rev. D. P. Faure's letters regarding what he considers to be the true check to the spread of the Phylloxera, and I have no hesitation in saying that the proposal submitted is very ingenious.

Very ingenious schemes are, unfortunately, very often impracticable, and I fear that the present one is impracticable.

"I start with two assumptions which I take to be scientifically "established" (Mr. Faure writes) "first, that the Phylloxera lives "on and attacks only the roots of the vine; and secondly, that the "insect cannot travel through sand."

Now these assumptions are not exactly true. The Phylloxera lives occasionally on the leaves where it forms galls; that peculiarity in the life-history of the insect is, however, seldom met with—the Phylloxera travels through sand—with difficulty, it is true, but still it travels through sand. The practice of placing some sand round the stems of the vines, but not at a great depth, has been applied in some of the Medoc districts, but without any success whatever.

Mr. Faure forgets that the dissemination does not extend so much by means of the ramification of the roots as through the flight of the winged insect, and I doubt very much if the gutta-percha or any other yielding material will be effective in preventing such a minute insect as the one issuing from the eggs of the flying female to penetrate the ground along the crevices of the vine-stem, were they blocked—which is an impossibility—by the several feet of sand recommended by Mr. Faure.

One might also ask if rings of gutta-percha or other material could stand weathering, if not for ever, at least during a long period of years, and, were it so, if the said material has such power of flexibility as to allow the growth of the stem—from $\frac{1}{4}$-inch to 5 or 6 inches in diameter—without being injurious to the plant which it is intended to protect.

This, however, I leave to specialists, also the question of growing vines on trelliswork. If the idea is a good one, and above all, a practical one, it will doubtless prevail.

I have only to point to Rev. Faure that the assumptions he started with are partially erroneous, and that he has forgotten altogether to take into consideration the most important factor in the dissemination or spread of the insect pest, viz., the flight of the winged female.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd) L. PERINQUEY,

Inspector of Vineyards.

Stellenbosch, May 19, 1890.

Report on the scheme of Mr. D. P. Faure.

This scheme is rejectable for two grounds:—

1. The Phylloxera cannot be kept from the vine. 2. The expenses would be enormous for carrying out the scheme. The proper material is not for disposal on many farms or in insufficient quantities.

1. The material for filling up the opening between the stem of the vine and the walling cannot be fixed perfectly tight without injuring the vine. This material would also be exposed to the influence and temperature by which it may contract and give way for the insect.

2. The quality of the sand which would be for disposal on most farms is not as pure as required; the quantity of sand required for each vine would be very large, about 700 cubic feet. The roots of the vine would grow through that sand, and of millions of Phylloxera one may find the way through it, and after increase destroy the vine. The pavement required would be a circle about 15 feet in diameter. The scheme carried out on one vine would perhaps not cost so much, but on 1,000 or 2,000 vines (equal to 50 or 100,000 vines) it should cost £1 only for one vine, it would be simply beyond excess. And if the trellis-work is added, too, it would cost still more. There will be a few farms only which will produce the quantity of wood required for the trellises per 1,000 or 2,000 vines, but also for renewing the wooden work, which has to be done often as the wood does not last long. In this climate a large quantity of wood is required. The principal idea of this scheme is very good, and experiments were already made to carry it out in Europe, but were unsuccessful.

The greatest difficulty in eradicating the Phylloxera lies in the nature of the disease; this is that a Phylloxera place in a vineyard is discovered only three years after the invasion, by the diseased appearance of the vines, and that during the time the insect remains undiscovered, it has caused new infection by the flying generation of the Phylloxera. Up to this moment we have only four remedies for this pest, most of which require particular conditions:

(a) Treatment with Bisulphide of Carbon, which can only be adapted when the wine produced fetches a very high price by its most superior quality, it cannot be used at the Cape.

(b) The submersion which can only be adopted where is sufficient water for disposal and the vineyard in a level position.

(c) The planting of vineyards in pure sandy soil.

(d) The grafting of European vines on American vines by observing the conditions required by the American resisting varieties and selection of the European varieties which grow on certain American varieties.

But none of these remedies can be carried out as long as infected vines have to be destroyed. The work against Phylloxera has to be divided into two parts: (1) the destruction of all infected vines in a district where the insect has not spread generally; (2) the replantation of the destroyed vineyards in a district which is generally infected with the pest.

(Sgd) CARL VON BABO.

Groot Constantia, May 19, 1890.

Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 16th instant, I have the honour to give the following explanation *re* Mr. Faure's letter "Phylloxera checkmated": The main idea that the Phylloxera cannot travel through sand is one that has ever since been experimented upon in Europe, especially in Hungary, but up to the present time no success has been shown yet. It is possible to work with the sand principle on places like the Cape flats, there being sufficient sand all round; but the way in which it is recommended in Mr. Faure's letter is practicably impossible to carry out by any one, except amateur viticulturists. Not only the plantation, but also the trellis-work would be for every farmer an inaccessible expense. If a wine-farmer were to plant 100,000 vines on Mr. Faure's idea, it would mean to cover about 50 morgen of land with trellis-work, besides planting 2,000 vines with all the mason-work and sand which is not so very abundant on every farm. To plant 100,000 vines in the usual way, will cost about £400, trenching included. To plant them in Mr. Faure's way it will be perhaps £2,000 to £3,000.

A more sensible way of carrying out the sand principle is recommended by a Hungarian viticulturist in a letter to the "Weinbau und Weinhandel" in which he recommends to plant as follows:

Before planting the cutting, a hole of about 3 feet is made, in which a tub with a diameter of 6 to 9 inches is put in. The space round the tub is filled up with ground, and holding the cutting intended for planting in the centre of the tub, the latter is filled with sand round the stem, through which the Phylloxera cannot travel, if in digging necessary care is taken not to mix up the sand.

This, of course, found also some objection, but it is likely to be successful in an improved style.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd) F. KUFFNER,

Assistant Viticulturist.

Appendix IV.

Off and on, as a recreation after more serious work, I have tried my hand—not at poetry, I do not aspire so high—but at versification. A considerable number of these rhymes, in English and Dutch, are in existence, some have been published in newspapers and magazines, others have never seen the light. Not for their intrinsic value, but to complete this history, a few are here inserted.

This ode to Table Mountain appeared in the *Mountain Club Annual*, of which club I was a member for many years :—

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

'Tis not of Alpine peaks which reach and pierce the clouds,
Which everlasting snow in solemn mystery shrouds;
'Tis not of giant ranges o'ershadowing other lands,
Andes or Himalaya, Mount Etnas or Mont Blancs;
'Tis not of Hartz, the weird resort, where witches love to meet,
And on their midnight Sabbaths the Evil One they greet;
'Tis not of Appenines, with loveliest verdure clad,
Of "Blue Alsatian Mountains" and others I might add—
'Tis not of these I sing, I choose the homelier theme,
'Tis grand old Table Mountain, majestic and serene.

I love thee when the vapours borne from the Southern Sea
Condense upon thy sunlit crags and fling a robe round thee,
A robe of dazzling whiteness, remaining ever new,
As old material drops away, fresh springing into view,
It surges, rolls, it swells and flows, it tumbles and it falls,
The mass of cloud increasing not, though fed by southern squalls,
Thou also hast thy glacier, thou hast thine avalanche,
Yet these do not destroy and crush, but happiness advance;
For forth from that stupendous pile, pregnant with life and health,
Issue the purifying blasts, the city's priceless wealth,
No chastening while present is pleasant to the soul,
But dust-provoking windgusts sweeten what men befoul.

I love thee, dear old mountain, when 'gainst the bluest sky,
Thy sharp defined edges which Time and Age defy,
Stand out in bold relief, each crag, each fissure clear,
However far removed aloft, apparently so near;
When basking in the summer's sun, calm, tranquil, and at rest,
Thou seem'st contentedly to smile, in light and beauty drest;
As guardian angel of the town, thou drawest near and close,
To fondle and to shelter those who at thy feet repose.

I love thee best when modestly, on so-call'd wintry days,
Retiring like a virgin chaste from too intrusive gaze,
Thou rob'st thyself in witching garb of soft ethereal hue,
Thine outlines covered by a veil of pale translucent blue;

That veil leaves just enough conceal'd and just enough exposed,
That fancy free may revel in thy beauties not disclosed;
Thou knowest that above all things, the vagueness which *suggests*
Th' imaginations of mankind most potently arrests,
Thus coyly draped in luminous haze, thou art most wondrous fair,
Thy rocks, like heav'ns and firmament, God's handiwork declare.

Thy hoary head and timeworn crags, O ancient of days,
Are mirrored in the waters of South Atlantic bays;
We, awed by thy majesty, are but of yesterday,
Thou hast been witness, ages long of life and sad decay.
The wild beasts of the field did once find shelter in thy kloofs,
And Table Valley was dotted o'er with marks of claws and hoofs;
Races of creatures long extinct have browsed at thy base,
These were succeeded by species new, and these again gave place
To human beings, wild and rude, who roamed around thy slope,
Till Riebeek claim'd the land around and named it "Good Hope."
And thou, till now, the faithful guard of Cape Town and its fate,
Shalt yet once see that Hope fulfilled at no far distant date,
When th' Excelsior proclaim'd by thee, at the Divine command,
Shall have become the watchword of the people of this land.

The three following are translations of De Genestet's "Onvermoeid," "Peinzensmoede," and "Jan Rap."

UNWEARIED.

Forced on by the lash of the driver,
Who heeds not our doleful complaint,
We run and we do grow so weary,
We walk and we do grow so faint.

The heat of the day overpowers us,
And gloomy falls many a night,
We depart from the regions for ever,
Where the sky was so blue and so bright.

Where the current of life flowed smoothly,
Unruffled by Future or Past;
Where the singing of birds was responding,
To the hearts, beating gaily and fast.

The flowers and suns have all vanished,
Few faces beloved are left;
Our social companions are silenced,
We move on alone and bereft.

We mourn for the dear ones departed,
But idle is every complaint;
We run and we do grow so weary,
We walk and we do grow so faint.

'Tis vain to recall the deceased,
And idle regrets to awake;
Why tarry? No rest is allowed,
No rest, though your heart were to break.

'Tis vain to seek comfort in mem'ries
Of an irretrievable Past,
Our strength will not be renewed
While gloom and despondency last.

We lift up our eyes to the mountains,
Our help we expect from above;
'Tis God who will comfort the weary,
And guides us with wisdom and love.

Farewell then, ye sweet, smiling meadows,
Farewell, balmy shade of the glen;
Uphill leads the path we must travel,
We march on with courage like men.

The disquieted soul may murmur,
And ofttimes the flesh prove too weak;
Compensation for toil awaits us,
When once we have reached the peak.

The merciless rod of the driver,
We kiss it, though footsore and weak,
We walk—and if we grow weary—
'Tis the City Eternal we seek.

Our wanderings here are not aimless,
To a definite port we are bound;
By struggling our strength is increased,
While straying, the right track is found.

A Mighty One helps and sustains us,
We stumble—but He is at hand;
We tremble and fall, but He bears us,
Through deserts, to the Promised Land.

Then fear not, go cheerfully onward,
Defying discomfort and pain;
Be hopeful and trustful and joyful,
And Faith in the Father retain.

We cling in devout expectation,
To our Father in Heaven the more,
And losses sustained in past days,
The future will amply restore.

The noonday sun's rays may scorch us,
God will overshadow His saint,
We walk and we do not grow weary,
We run and we never shall faint.

DOUBT AND FAITH.

No priest in the world,
  Him can explain;
And he who searches,
  Searches in vain.

Boast of to-day's Light,
  Loud as you will;
That Light makes eager,
  For more Light still.

Though clouds of error
  May disappear;
The Sun of Knowledge,
  Shineth not here.

Mystery all is
  Below and above;
Creation preaches
  No God of Love.

Nature—she feels not
  Thy joy or thy pain;
Soulessly lovely,
  She'll ever remain.

And He who excell'd
  All sons of men;
Left without answer,
  Our Why and When.

Our wisdom's contained
  In but one word;
We know but little,
  Too little, Lord.

But still, tho', sometimes,
  Woe me betides;
In Thee, my Father,
  My heart confides.

Not because everything
  Goodwill implies;
But e'en in spite of
  Doubts which arise.

Though many secrets
  Cause me to fear,
Many a mystery
  Never made clear.

Spite of all riddles,
Evil so strong;
Sorrow so bitter,
Mourning and Wrong.

Yet still I do think
That I have seen,
Thy hand in Life's ways,
A Father's, I ween.

And that my soul has
In stilly night,
Caught up Thine accents
And seen Thy Light.

After the elements
Their fury spent—
Though no Elijah—
Past me He went.

Thy starry heavens
Attract mine eye,
Thy whisp'rings carry
My soul on high.

Fainting and weary,
With grief I cope;
My hope is sadness,
My sadness hope.

And I surrender
My will and fate,
To Thee, my Father,
And labour and wait.

No priest in the world,
Thee can explain;
But no one seeks Thee,
On earth in vain.

JACK CADE'S LIBERALISM.

Jack Cade, a Liberal to the core,
Dislikes those pious duffers;
He cares for dogma not a rap,
The "cloth" he scarcely suffers.
No Christian spirit have, says he,
The narrow-minded masses;
Not Faith, but Love, the greatest is,
Ergo—he calls them Asses.

Jack Cade, a Liberal to the core,
Hates th' pious as a body;
And piety to him is nought,
But veritable shoddy.
Religion, Jack declares, does not
Consist in constant praying;
But wherein really it consists,
He'd be excused from saying.

I am no slave, Jack says, to Law,
My Liberty is sacred;
And on all despots, great and small,
He freely vents his hatred.
'Tis conscience only Jack obeys,
For Law, we know, he'd scorn;
A conscience somewhat roomy though,
And more or less outworn.

On all things judgment he doth pass,
What he says stands unmoved;
The morals of the clergy are,
By popular stories proved.
Men's motives and men's nature are
To Jack no hidden mystery;
No stauncher Liberal will be found
In all the books of History.

Jack Cade, a Liberal to the core,
A rowdy, most enlightened;
By jeering at the world's creeds,
Is his existence brightened.
How shrewd he is, how sharp his sight,
He swears not by the letter;
Jack Cade swears only by himself,
By Number One—that's better.

Truth is the sole alleged aim
Of this distinguished brother;
Who illustrates with droll cartoons,
The Bible of his mother.
His little sister's childish faith
In miracles disgusts him;
For his belief, Jack's own belief,
Is far superior, trust him.

No church for Jack, that's very clear,
For 'tis his firm opinion,
That men can worship everywhere,
Good Conduct is Religion.
Seek him not on the Sunday morn,
Where psalms and hymns re-echo;
Jack on the beach or mountain slope,
Devoutly smokes tobacco.

On Christian Missions, Jack delights
To be immensely funny;
Jack—no such fool—has better use
For his hard-earned money.
The heathen round us sore require
Our every exertion;
Convert these, Jack says, while he fails
To think of Jack's conversion.

Jack Cade, a Liberal to the core,
But of the class libidinous;
Like many another, thinks himself
Most Liberal when most frivolous.
Let Jack, then, live in this my song,
The impudent pretender;
And Heaven protect the Liberal cause,
From such a vile defender!

The following lines were written in my period of nervous depression. For the benefit of non-Capetonians it may be stated that Maitland is the site of the *Pere de la Chaise* of the Cape Peninsula.

"WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

The pure, white sands of Maitland,
They form a cosy bed,
Where the storm-tossed, footsore pligrim,
May rest his weary head.

O life is precious, glorious,
To live is bliss supreme;
To none but the ungrateful,
Life is an empty dream.

Be it spent in humble station,
Without renown or fame;
As leader of the nation,
With great and honoured name.

But when our health is vanished,
And vigour fades away;
When the frail machine is worn out,
And mental powers decay.

'Tis time then for sun's setting,
For night to follow day;
To rise again on the morrow,
In regions far away.

Then welcome is the summons,
Calling the wanderer home;
The "good and faithful servant,"
Whose task was so "well done."

Whose work will be resumed,
The new conditions more blest;
And passing from glory to glory,
No longer craving for Rest.

Then welcome the sands of Maitland,
Which offer a cosy bed;
Where the storm-toss'd, footsore pilgrim,
May rest his weary head.

The following is less a translation, than an adaptation, of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," to the conditions and character of the Cape Dutch farmer; the language is the vernacular Dutch.

DIE BOER ZIJN ZATERDAG AAND.

Die Noordewind waai koud in Junimaand,
Om vijf uur is die zon al weggezak,
Die osse, moe van ploeg, is blij dis aand,
Die kraaie trek ook huis toe oor die vlak.
Die boer gaat van die land af, klaar met werk
—Hij het dit zwaar gekrij, die laatste week—
Hij word al oud, hij voel nie meer zoo sterk,
Maar morge kan hij rus, nou gaat hij pijpopsteek,
En zoetjes, in die voor, naar huis toe hou hij streek.

Hij maak nog schaars die draai, kort bij zijn huis,
(Wat hij nog zelf gebou het toen hij trouw,)
Die kinders loop en kruip uit die kombuis,
En hang om hem en trek hem aan zijn mouw,
Zijn stoel staat klaar, zijn vrouw geef hem een zoen,
Die misvuur brand, die waterketal kook,
Zij kom ook zit, want daar's niks meer te doen;
Hij blaas zijn koffie en hou op met rook,
En hij vergeet zoomaar zijn werk en moegheid ook.

Die ander kinders kom ook almal thuis
Jan met een bok wat in die wijngerd plaa,
Martinus het gedokter een voolstruis,
En Gert het ver oom Piet om zaad gaan vraa.
Die oudste dochter Sannie kom toe net
Met rooie wange, ooge groot en zwart,
Zoos Kaapse meisjes net alleenig het;
Pa wil nog zeh: "Dag, Sannie, dag mijnhart,"
Zij zoen hem eer hij praat, en zit bij hem apart.

Die broers en zusters kortswijl met malkaar,
En praat oor wat hulle morge zal gaan maak,
En hulle is nog met nieuws vertel nie klaar
Of Gert zijn oog val toe al van die vaak.
Die ou man en zijn ou vrouw wensch en hoop
Dat al die kinders deugdzaam op mag groei;
Die ou vrouw stop die kouse, deurgeloop,
En zeg ver Jan: "Kijk al die gate, foei,
Wag maar, als ik mij nie meer met jou goed bemoei!"

Die ou man waarschuw vrindlijk en vermaan,
Die jong volk om toch goed en vroom te wees,
Om nooit lui rondteslenter en te staan,
Hulle plicht te doen en altijd God te vrees.
Om te blij staan, zeg hij, is bainkeer zwaar
Als die verzoeking kom om te verlei,
Maar vraa ver God, lat Hij ver julle verklaar
Hoe julle moet maak om goed en vroom te blij.
Mijn kinders, doet toch nooit wat met Gods wette strij.

Daar word geklop. Ma vraa, wie kan dit wees?
Dis al zoo laat, dis amper zeven uur;
Maar Sannie raai zoomaar, dis zeker Kees,
En haar gezig wordt net zoo rood als vuur.
Haar slimme moeder ziet hoe sterk zij bloos,
Zij merk dat Sannie rooie wange krij;
Zij vraa: "Wie's dit"? En zij ontstel haar boos,
Zij denk, dis zeker een wat hier kom vrij!
Maar toe zij hoor dis Kees, is zij gerust en blij.

Kees is een frisse kerel van oor zes voet,
Gedamasseerd met hande grof van werk;
Dit is een goeie keus wat Sannie doet
En daadlijk het die ou vrouw alles gemerk.
Die ou man praat met hem van boerderij
Van paerde en van koeie en van ploeg
Al het Kees ook gekom om hier te vrij,
Hij moet zit aanhoor, maar is lang al moeg;
Die moeder merk dat Kees by Sannie hem wil voeg.

Die liefde is een wonderlijke ding
Die grootste zaligheid wat kan bestaan;
Ik het al bain op aarde doorgebring
En dis die les wat ik het opgedaan:
Daar's niks nie wat 'n mensch zoo wonderlijk lat voel
Niks wat een mensch zijn hart zoo goed kan doen,
Als 's avonds als die lucht is afgekoel
Een jonkman ver zijn meissie te zien zoen
Als die maan schijn op die boome, uitgeloop en groen.

Is daar een mensch wat hart het in zijn lijf
Een schelm, een schurk, zóó innerlijk versleg
In list en slinkschheid zoo geheel verstijf
Wat meissies bring op die verkeede weg!
Vervloekt is hij, met zijn geslepe taal!
Het hij geen eer, geweten en geen God?
Als hij haar later met een hart van staal
Verstoot en oorlaat aan haar bitter lot,
Dan kom daar rouw en wanhoop zeker aan die slot.

Die tafel word gedek, en hulle zit aan,
Daar's ryssop van van middag oorgeschiet,
Een schottel stoofvlees nie ver daar van daan,
En dikmelk zoos een mensch maar zelden ziet.
Om ver die vrijer vrindelijk te wees,
Haal tante boegoe zoopies uit die spens
Zij vraa: "Hoe drink dit"? "Voorentoe," zeg Kees;
Zij zeg dat boegoe goed doet ver een mensch,
Dat almal matig drink is net al wat zij wensch.

Die meid neem nou die kos weg en die sop;
Eerbiedig wag die kinders almal stil,
Pa slaat die groote Statenbijbel op,
En zoek in al zijn zakke naar zijn bril.
Uit die ou erfstuk lees hij hulle voor,
Die oue psalme wat ver almal stich;
Die kinders zit andachtig aan te hoor
Hoe die ou man met een ernstig gezicht
Die woorde lees van Leven, Liefde, Vrede, Licht.

Die oue Testament word eers gelees
En toe een Hoofdstuk uit die Nieuwe ook.
Oor hem wat eens op aarde was gewees
En door zijn volk, door priesters aangestook,
Onschuldig werd gekruist als moordenaar.
En toe zit Sannie in die aandgezang
"O Groote Christus"—die wijssie 's te zwaar,
Om te blij steek, nee, daarvoor is zij bang,
Zij zing die liederenwijs met draaie regte lang.

Toe kniel hulle almal voor hulle stoele neer;
Die huisgezin zijn hoofd doet een gebed,
Hij bid dat onze Vader, aller Heer
Van kwaad en van gevaar hen toch wil red.
Zóón vroomheid, dis wat onze God wil heh
Geen aanstellings en geen dwaze huichelarij
Daar 's bain wat bain lang op die knie leh
En wat Gods wette heelmal gooi op zij,
En doen wat heelmal met die wil des Vaders strij.

Die zeuns zeh ver die oudjes nou: goe nag
En Sannie gaat ook naar haar kamer toe.
Hulle ouers kan ook nie meer langer wag
En voel ook regte afgemat en moe.
Gerus gaat hulle leh in stille hoop
Dat Hij die ver die vogeltjies wil klee
En ver die lelies langs die waterloop,
Ook al wat noodig is ver hulle zal gee
Hij zorg toch net zoo goed voor menschen als ver vee.

Dis die eenvoudigheid waarvan ons lees
Die kinderlijkheid wat het Rijk beerf,
Wat stil zijn plicht en recht doet en God vrees
Rijkdom wat mot en roest nie kan bederf.
Grootheid en geld span net ver ons een strik
Geen schande is dit om gering te wees
Daar is geen grooter werk van God als dit:
Een eerlijk man, wat zonder menschenvrees
Zijn naaste liefhet en zijn God het allermees.

The next was written after the conclusion of the Transvaal War of Independence, suggested by Macaulay's "Ivry."

DES TRANSVALERS LOFZANG.

Geef eere aan der Heeren Heer, wiens zegen op ons daal'
En eere aan de strijders voor de Vrijheid der Transvaal!
Vol dankbaarheid en blijdschap weerklinken nu door 't land,
De tijding van het heil gewrocht door 's Heeren sterke hand;
Men zinge van Schuinshoogte, Lange Nek en Bronkhorstspruit,
Maar 't nemen van Majuba blinkt ver boven alles uit.

Hoe klopten onze harten toen bij 't breken van den dag
De vijand op Majuba's kruin gereed scheen tot den slag.
Daar waren de Huzaren, versterkt door Mariniers,
En verder af kanonnen en ruiters en Lanciers;
Sir George, die zelf hun leidsman is, vreest thans geen nederlaag,
En zegt: "Mijn leger lang weerstaan, neemt Langenek van daag!"
Wij riepen tot den sterken God, die d'oorlogskans gebiedt,
En zonder Wiens beschikking op aarde niets geschiedt.

Joubert verneemt de tijding nu: "De vijand heeft den kop,"
En roept terstond te wapen zijn medestrijders op;
Geen man die niet terstond begrijpt hoe vreeselijk de taak,
Geen man die 't leven hooger stelt dan de vaderlandsche zaak,
Geen man die niet terstond begrijpt, 't beslissend uur is daar,
Geen man die niet bereid is zelf te deelen in 't gevaar.

Joubert spreekt tot de zijnen een kort en krachtig woord,
Als dat door Puriteinen voor eeuwen werd gehoord;
" Hoe donker ook 't vooruitzicht aan allen schijnen moog',
" Vertrouwt op God Almachtig en—houdt uw patronen droog!
" Men noemt u lafaards, laat die smet niet rusten op uw naam,
" Toont thans aan 't trotsche Albion hoe onverdiend die blaam;
" Terwijl wij vrijheid eischen als ons onvervreemdbaar Recht,
" Bedenkt slechts hij is Vrijheid waard, die voor zijn Vrijheid vecht!"

Zoo sprak Joubert, en dadelijk begint het rifle vuur;
De Brit moet van den Kop verjaagd, al kost het vreeslijk duur!
De bergwand, die haast loodrecht leek en onbeklimbaar scheen,
Wordt door de Boeren thans bestormd door bosch and rotsen heen.
De Engelschman kon nauwelijks bij nacht de kruin bereiken,
Toen geen Transvaalsche macht hem trachtte te doen wijken.
Gelijk de leeuw, die onbevreesd den jager tegensnelt,
Als hij, gekwest, gevaar vergeet, en honden nedervelt,
Zoo stormden de Transvaalers dien dag op Spitskop aan,
En met de driemaal honderd en Colley is 't gedaan.
Met vaste hand en juisten blik wordt ieder schot gelost,
Dat wis en zeker een soldaat zijn dierbaar leven kost,
Noch Generaal, noch manschap, kwam ooit dien berg weer af,
Transvaalsche kogels velden hen, zij vonden daar hun graf.

Geen grooter overwinning werd ooit roemrijker behaald,
Geen Britsche onderneming is gelijk die ooit gefaald.
Van onze dap'pre helden viel slechts één in dezen slag—
Voorwaar het was der Vad'ren God die met ons streed dien dag!
O dochtors van Brittanje! o moeder harten teer!
Nooit, nooit ziet gij uw broeders, en nooit uw zonen weer!
Ook wij gevoelen 't diep hoe groot uw droefenis moet zijn,
Het denkbeeld, 't heb een goede zaak verzachtte niet hun pijn,
Hun krijgsmans plicht gebood hen bevelen uit te voeren,
Maar geen sodlaat die niet sympathiseerde met de Boeren!

Men zinge van Thermopyle, van Caesar's heldenmoed,
Van Wilhelmus van Nassauwe " ghetrouw tot in den doedt,"
Van Wellington en Blücher, van Napoleon Bonaparte,
Van Wallenstein en Fritz en Ney en Richard Leeuwenhart;
Maar geen Transvaalsche zoon vergeet den schoonen Vrijheidsstrijd,
Waardoor de faam zijns Vaderlands verspreid werd wijd en zijd.

Geef eere aan der Heeren Heer, Wiens zegen op ons daal',
En eere aan de strijders voor de Vrijheid der Transvaal.

The Excise on brandy which was execrated by the Colonial wine farmers, according to whom it was paid not by the consumer, but by the producer, was abolished in 1886. The victory was considered to be of such importance that a special thanksgiving service was held

by two ministers in the wine districts. This extraordinary proceeding called forth the following :—

DE DANKDAG VOOR DE AFSCHAFFING VAN DEN ACCIJNS.

Geloofd, gedankt zij Israel's God,
Ontsnapt zijn wij ons bitter lot,
D'accijns is opgeheven ;
Nu kan weer ieder burgerman,
Elk " schepsel " bij de volle kan
Weer recht genoeglijk leven.

Het land heeft zwaar en lang gezucht,
De Heer kastijdde ons geducht,
Omdat wij Hem vergaten ;
Wij hadden brandewijn belast—
Iets dat den Christen geenszins past—
God moest dat onrecht haten.

Nooit werd een Wet zóó goddeloos,
Zóó hemeltergend en zóó boos,
Ter wereld ooit vernomen ;
Onmisb're brand'wijn werd belast,
De drinkers in hun zak getast,
Het vocht belet te stroomen.

De schaapboer smacht, vergaat van dorst,
De graanboer zucht uit volle borst,
Want ledig is het anker ;
En geld is schaarsch en drank is duur,
Men wenscht d'Accijns Wet in het vuur,
En vloekt haar als een kanker.

Verheft uw dankbaar hart tot God,
Nu Kaffer, Boer, en Hottentot,
Weer goedkoop kunnen drinken ;
Het edel vocht gedaald in prijs,
Ons loflied dat ten hemel rijz',
Moet in de kerk weerklinken.

Kan men een meer verdienst'lijk werk
Verrichten in een Christen kerk,
Dan God voor " Dop " te danken ?
De Evangeliedienaar, die
Dit houdt voor valsche theologie,
Verdient slechts leege banken.

Noch hij die stookt, noch hij die drinkt,
Hoe luid hij ook psalmen zingt,
Nu d'Accijns is opgeheven ;
Vergete de Zion's wachters die
Oprecht in hun philanthropie,
Niet achterwege bleven.

Te Stellenbosch ging Neethling voor,
En dankte dat de "bottle-store"
Nu weer tot bloei geraakte;
Te Noorder Paarl dankte Louw
Voor 't nieuw bewijs van 's Heiland's trouw,
Die volk en kerk bewaakte.

Als ooit door 't dankb're nageslacht,
De Godsdiensthelden wordt herdacht,
Die thans op aarde leven;
Dan zij een woord die twee gewijd,
Die voor den brand'wijn in der tijd,
God dankten als een zegen.

I published a series of versified "Kaapsche Stories" in the *Cape Argus*, of which I here give one sample:—

HET WEERGLAS VAN HARPONIER SMIT.

De ouden van dagen vertellen
Van 't weerglas van Harponier Smit,
Waarin men vertrouwen kon stellen,
Geen glas zoo vertrouwbaar als dit.

Geen visscher die ooit het zou wagen
's Winters van wal te gaan eer
Hij Harponier Smit was gaan vragen,
Wat 't weerglas voorspelde van 't weer.

De eig'naar van 't glas hoogst tevreden,
Verheugde zich in zijn bezit,
En wie ook aan twijflingen deden,
Voorzeker niet Harponier Smit.

En toen nu op zekeren morgen
Het glas werd geraadpleegd door Smit,
Baarde hem het gezicht veel zorgen,
En kleurde zijn aangezicht wit.

De zon scheen wel helder en lustig,
En gansch onbewolkt was de lucht,
Maar Smit was toch vreeslijk onrustig,
Want zijn weerglas zakte geducht.

Onvermoeid was Smit in het kijken,
En lager en lager stond 't glas;
Hij dreigde van schrik te bezwijken,
Zoo'n zakkerij was hem te kras.

Hij verbleekte bij "veel wind en regen,"
Hij beefde toen 't kwik stond bij "storm,"
Maar "orkaan"—daar kon hij niet tegen,
Hij kronkelt van angst als een worm.

Hij waarschuwt aan 't strand elken visscher,
Dat z'n glas nooit zoo laag had gestaan,
Niets, kermde hij, niets is gewisser
Dan dat de wereld zou vergaan.

Met kind'ren en vrouw bleef hij waken,
Al was er geen wolk aan de lucht;
Zij waagden het niet te gan slapen,
Voor 't naderend onheil beducht.

Zij zongen gezangen en psalmen
Den ganschen oneindigen nacht,
En eind'lijk verflauwden de galmen.
Want uitgeput was hunne kracht.

Ook waren er geen meer te krijgen
Toepass'lijk op zulk eene zaak,
Maar liever dan verder te zwijgen,
Werden ze toepass'lijk gemaakt.

En: "Is de nood zoo hoog gerezen."
Veranderd door Smit en zijn vrouw,
Wordt: "Is het glas zoo laag gerezen,"
Als meer aan de feiten getrouw.

Dat duurde tot de zon in 't oosten,
Een prachtigen dag hun voorspelt,
En 'n wolklooze lucht hen kwam troosten,
Door 't weerglas zoo vreeslijk bekneld..

De visschers dien nacht thuis gebleven,
Waren boos en uit hun humeur,
Daar zij gehoor hadden gegeven
Aan Harponier Smit zijn gezeur.

Een dag voor de snoekvangst verloren,
Geen enkele penny verdiend,
Dat komt er van het zich storen
Aan 't glas van een angstigen vriend.

En Smit stond beschaamd en verlegen
Met het mal figuur dat hij sloeg,
En hij gaf dien morgen zijn zegen
Aan ieder die naar 't weer hem vroeg.

Vooral was hem 't denkbeeld ondraaglijk,
Dat zijn glas zijn roem had verbeurd;
Doch het was hem hoogst onbehaaglijk,
Toen d'oorzaak door hem werd bespeurd.

Het glas was gebroken van ond'ren,
En uitgelekt was al het kwik,
Vandaar die voorspelling van wond'ren
Door 't weerglas van Harponier Smit.

The following is an attempt in a lighter vein: But the appeal was successful. The truant returned home next day.

MIJN GEDESERTEERDE KAT.

Mijn kat, mijn kat, mijn witte kat,
Waar dwaal je zoo in 't rond?
De wind waait hard, de straat is nat—
Je vinder krijgt een pond.

Heeft het je dan te huis verveeld?
Was 't bed niet zacht genoeg?
Heb 'k niet genoeg met je gespeeld?
Was ik je soms te stroef?

Beviel mijn schoot je ook niet meer,
De kost niet naar je smaak?
Och, keer terug, keer weer, keer weer.
'k Beloof dat 'k beter maak.

Je speelgoed liet je in de steek,
Je kogel en papier ;
Ik zucht bij 't maken van mijn preek,
Och, was mijn kat maar hier!

Je zeilgaar, touwtjes en de rest,
Ze liggen ongestoord,
Mijn jas en morning gown en vest,
Geloof mij, op mijn woord.

Zijn zonder modder, zand en haar,
Mijn schoot drukt je niet meer,
Maar zonder je kom ik niet klaar,
Waar blijf je toch? Keer weer!

Je vriendjes leiden je verkeerd,
Je wordt zoo slecht als zij,
En al wat je van 't wijfje leert,
Is 'n leven veel te vrij.

Zoon'n nachtelijke wandeling
Doet lang niet altijd goed,
Zoo menig kat reeds vóór je ging
Uit wand'len vol van moed.

Maar keeerde uitgeput terug,
Vermagerd en vermoeid,
Zoo zwak en krachtloos als een mug,
Gezondheid gansch verknoeid.

Keer dus terug! Het is nog tijd,
Je zult ons welkom zijn,
Maar zorgt dat je dan voortaan mijdt,
Zeed'loosheid en haar pijn.

Kom, maauw maar weder aan de deur,
De deur zal open gaan;
't Zal blijken dat ik om je treur,
Al heb je zwaar misdaan.

Mocht je verharde kattenziel,
Vermurwd door mijne klacht,
Vol wroeging dat je zóó diep viel,
Je houden thuis bij nacht.

En komt het wijfje dan eens weer,
Aanlokkend en bekoorlijk,
Zeg: Neen, 'k blijf liever bij mijnheer,
Want dit is meer behoorlijk!

The last is a patriotic school hymn, which has been set to music by Dr. J. H. M. Beck, and is likely to be introduced in the elementary schools of the Colony.

ONS LAND.

Wij zingen u ter ee,r o Land van onze vad'ren,
Wij minnen uwe bergen. uw vlakten en uw veld,
Het Afrikaansche bloed stroomt zuiver ons in d'adren,
Een schat van hooger waarde dan al het aardsche geld.

Al blijft een donkre wolk de zon voor ons bedekken,
Al wordt het Zuiderkruis zelfs verstoord in zijnen loop,
Al blijven tegenspoed en rampen schrik verwekken,
Zuid Afrika, gij blijft ons het Land van Goede Hoop.

Uw grond zij ons steeds lief. een erfgoed ons steeds heilig.—
Wij kennen en wij willen geen ander Vaderland;
Als wachters kloek en trouw bewaren wij u veilig,—
Jong Afrika verdedigt het Afrikaansche strand.

Onz' toekomst willen wij blijmoedig toevertrouwen
Aan God, die 't lot van volken heeft in Zijn Vaderhand;
Zijn trouw is d' vaste Rots waarop wij veilig bouwen:
God zal de Vader blijven, ook van ons Vaderland.

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